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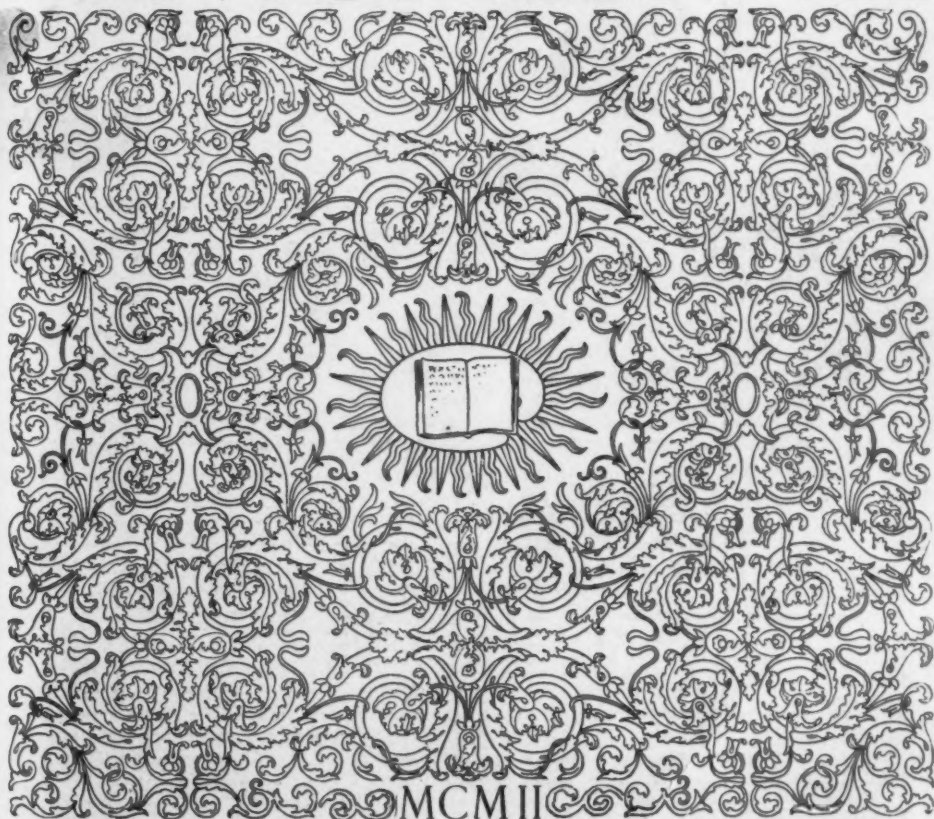
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THE WHOLE ART OF PALMISTRY

THE MOUNTS on the Palm are: MERCURY, signifying Science and Art; APOLLO, Wealth; SATURN, Provident, Wise in Council; JUPITER, Happiness; MARS, Warlike, Robust; the MOON, Romance, Fame; VENUS, Loveliness of Person.

THE PRINCIPAL LINES ON THE PALM bear the following significance: THE LINE OF LIFE well colored and clear, presages long life and indicates a robust constitution and good character. Small lines crossing it are evidence of illness, and a strong indentation means a violent death. THE LINE OF THE HEART shows the strength of the affections; too long is bad, as it indicates excessive affection and a jealous tendency. A break in the line is weakness or fickleness. The cause of an abrupt break must be sought in the mount under which it is broken. Under SATURN, Fatality. Between SATURN and SUN, Folly. Under SUN, Pride. Under MERCURY, Avarice. Bright Red, Ardent Lover. Pale and Broad, Profligacy. THE LINE OF THE HEAD, if well marked, signifies sound sense and a strong will. If accompanied by a sister line throughout, is a very fortunate presage. If it descends too much to the mount of the Moon, it tends to folly.

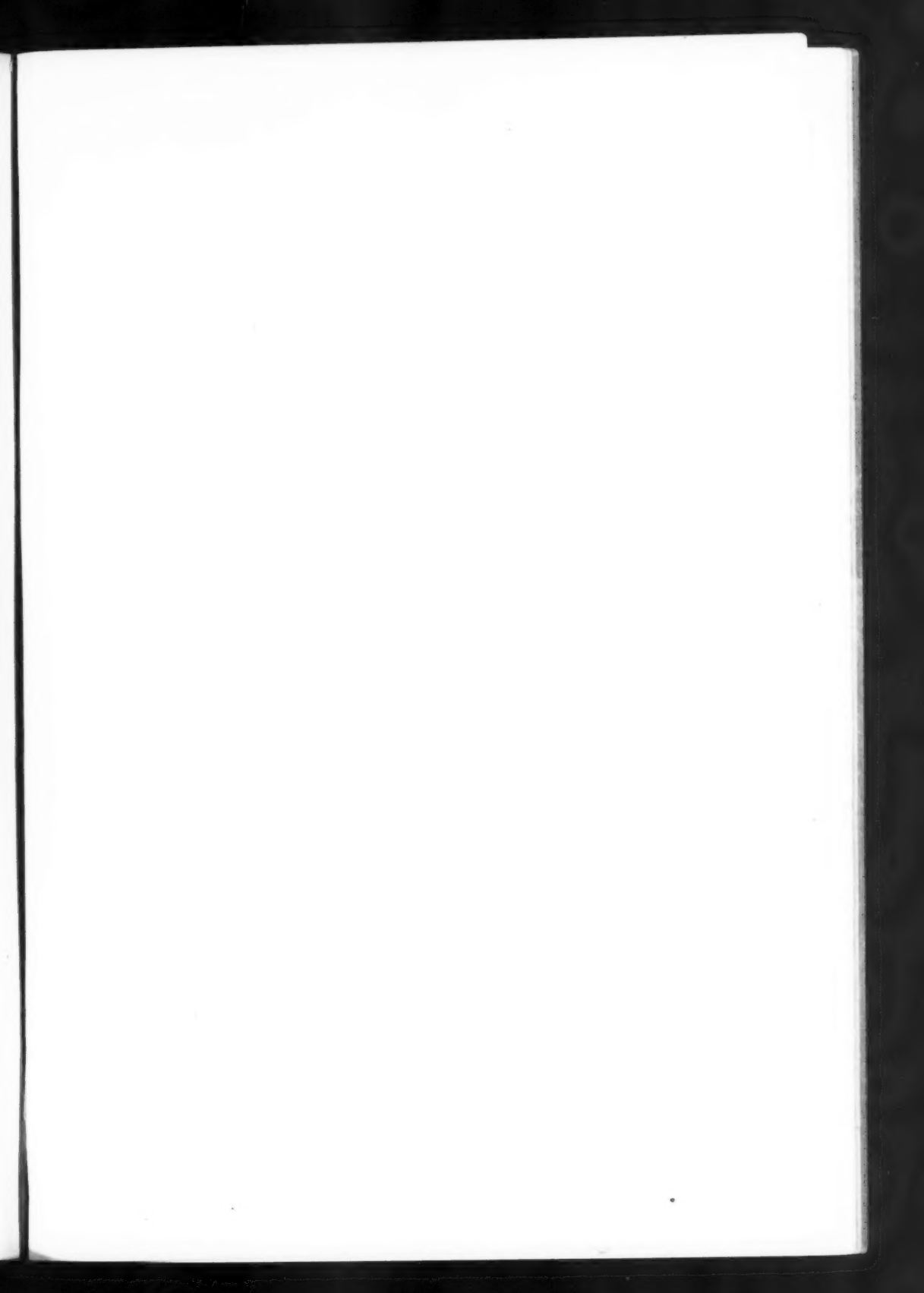
THE LINE OF HEALTH, if long and straight, indicates success and health. If an arrow cuts the health line, forming a cross, it indicates some malady. If broken and red, it augurs anger and biliousness.

THE SATURNIAN LINE, when clear from the wrist to Mount Saturn, is luxuriant good fortune. Stopping at the line of the heart it is happiness destroyed by a love affair. At the line of the head it shows good opportunities thrown away.

THE LINE OF THE SUN signifies celebrity and political preferment, great achievements in commerce or art.

A very long thumb denotes will power; a short thumb, simplicity; fat fingers, indolence and gluttony; long and slender and tapering, refinement and culture; hard, dry and knotty, avarice and envy; smooth and soft, with dimples in the hand, luxury.

But to be happy, use SAPOLIO in housecleaning, and HAND SAPOLIO for the toilet and bath.





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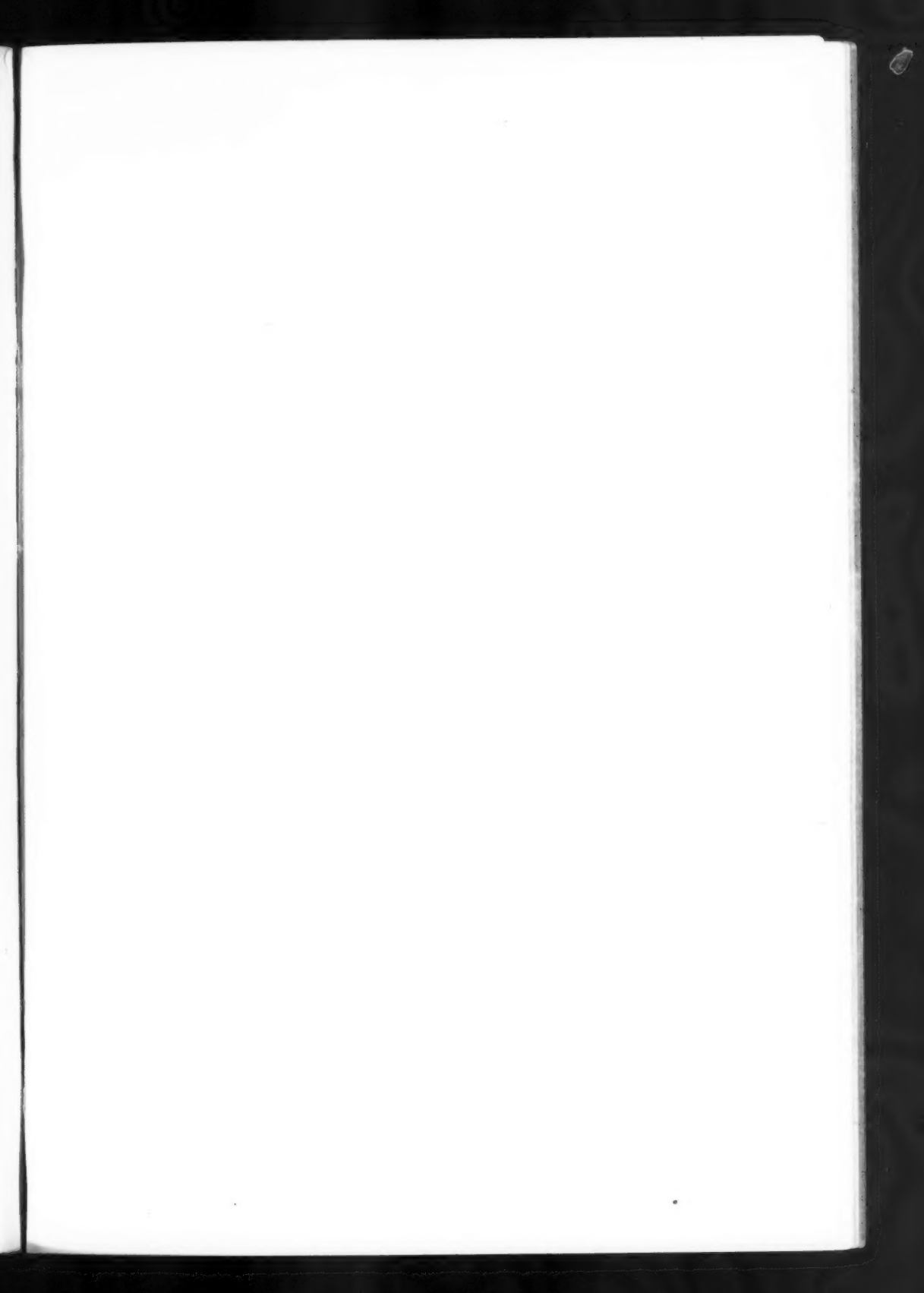
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PHOTOGRAPH BY CHESTER A. LAWRENCE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV.

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 6.



THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

WITH EXAMPLES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF 1902 OF THE PHOTO-SECESSIONISTS.

I. THE ARTIST AND THE CAMERA: A DEBATE.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

"OH, I know that you scorn these things!" said the photographer as he opened the portfolio.

"Not at all, my boy," returned the painter, cheerily. "I like to look at photographs—even the bad ones, though I suppose I need not expect to see many bad ones here in the sanctuary of a connoisseur in photography."

"You will pardon me," observed the professor, addressing the photographer, "but why should you expect the painter here to scorn photographs? Is he not every day indebted to them?"

"That is what I should expect him to admit. But I'm afraid, professor, that you are just aching to see us wrangle."

"As for that," interrupted the painter, "I have no objection to a wrangle, though I should fancy that most things have been said. Don't put me down for a photographer. Art is under too many obligations to photography to watch it indifferently, much less to despise it."

"And yet," declared the photographer, "you have just said one of the things which

to a photographer who is in photography for the love of it, for the best that can be had out of it, amounts to a declaration of war, for you have set art over against photography, as if photography were not an accepted medium of modern artistic expression. My friend, if you speak for art as from the Senate, at least permit me to do so as from the House."

"Hear! hear!" cried the professor.

The painter had picked up a study by Stieglitz. "I'm afraid," he said, "that you have assumed too much from my well-intended protest. I speak as representing one of the arts, and you must forgive me for the candor of saying that I always have regarded photography as one of the sciences. Mind you, I don't go so far as the man who said he would like photography better if it were not for the pictures. I do like the pictures."

"A great concession!" commented the photographer.

"What riles me," continued the painter, "and you will know how impersonal I am, is the assumption that a man who makes pic-

tures is an artist. You know the sort of men who are most likely to set up that claim. Of course I don't mean that you—"

"Excuse me," interposed the professor, "but before you gentlemen say another word you should agree upon terms. What is art? A man who creates a work of art is an artist. Define your terms. It seems to me, as a mere outsider, that if a picture is a work of art it cannot make any difference how it was produced. That is a question for the artist himself. Say, for the sake of brevity, that art is the expression of ideas. What then? A picture is a work of art in the proportion of its success in expressing ideas. The rating of an art is established commonly by an estimate of the relation between its medium of expression and the ideas expressed. If we place poetry highest among the arts, it is because it is all ideas—pure soul. All other arts are hampered by their agency of expression. Photography, to the extent in which it may be an art, expresses ideas through pictures. How far does it do this? How far *can* it do this?"

"No." The painter was shaking his head. "I can't altogether accept that excellent proposition you have been building. We may express ideas through a medium without making that medium an art."

"Unless," suggested the photographer, "you do this habitually and designedly, in which case it seems to me that any form of expression becomes an art."

"Are you sure," asked the painter, "that you are not confusing the expression of ideas with the transmission of ideas? A phonograph, transmitting spoken words, is not a work of art. It is a scientific implement. Are you sure that this confusion is not appearing in more than one phase of modern photography? See what some of them are doing,—and the trick is n't new, either,—putting their pictures out of focus to make them look like paintings! Could anything be more absurd? So much nightmare, neither art nor nature, a decoction that is no drinkable brew, but only spoiled water."

"And yet," said the photographer, "you painters have done much to encourage this sort of thing. When you look at a lot of photographs,—when you are placed on a jury at a photographic exhibition, for instance,—you pass over an accurately made negative in which good composition is supplemented by an intelligent application of the principles of photography, and pick out some slip, some failure, some fogged image, and rave over it as the most 'artistic' in the lot.

Yet you would be the first to question the artistic value of accident."

"But it certainly is true," protested the professor, "that accident is an element of every art; there is no way in which we can eliminate it or should wish to eliminate it. Art should have nature's privilege of profiting by accident, unless you are going to reward art, as you punish crime, on the basis of its intent."

"It seems to me," mused the painter, "that we must find the intent; that if art is the thing the artist says, not the thing he merely transmits, accident counts against the product, if we know that it is an accident. Now, we quickly detect, or think that we quickly detect, these elements of accident in our own art without quickly suspecting them in another. If the painter admired one of your fogged plates he probably would admire it for its increased suggestiveness to him. If he knew that you had fogged it, or if he knew that you had resorted to any merely mechanical trick, his enjoyment of the product might diminish."

"Why?" demanded the photographer. "Since this would add an element of intent or meaning."

"Well," returned the painter, "I suppose because it always would remind him that you were begging the question."

"Yet you permit to yourselves a broad or a minute style."

"I know; yet the broad or the minute style of the painter is autographic throughout. It constantly discriminates, is always under his control. No style is so broad as to neglect concentration: at the critical moment it hits the mark definitely. The point of emphasis and the area of indefinite treatment thus give significance to each other. But your picture out of focus is all out of focus, there is no—"

"Hold on!" cried the photographer. "That simply is not so. Look at this head. The photographer has intentionally thrown everything into soft line but the eye. He even has used the swing-back to prevent the collar and tie, which are on the same plane, from being equally sharp. Thus the pose and composition are supplemented by focal emphasis. Nor does the autographic modification, as you call it, stop here. When he comes to the printing, the photographer chooses from a multitude of processes never dreamed of by Fox-Talbot or Daguerre—processes touching a great variety of colors and tones—the one which seems most fit to carry the theme; and in using this process



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH T. KEILEY, 1898. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

SIoux INDIAN GIRL.

he again modifies the lights and shadows by hand-manipulation, tissue screens, tints on the back of the negative, direct or diffused sunlight, water-friction (as in carbon-printing), and in a score of other ways produces a final picture that is only less autographic than a painting or an etching."

"And I should like to ask in all candor," challenged the painter, throwing himself back in his chair, "do you call that hybrid a photograph?"

"For the want of a better name, yes."

"I must say," the professor observed, "that it always has seemed to me a little absurd to call such a product a photograph. I can't get away from the idea that a true photograph ceased to be art and began to be science as soon as the exposure began—that the art was expended before that moment."

"Mere bigotry!" the photographer exclaimed. "Why should the art stop there? The art of the *tableau vivant* plus the science of photography—as illustrated in the 'picture plays'—is but a single form. And I have n't said a word about the modifications of the mechanical image in the developing. Even the primitive processes of half a century ago did this, bringing out this part strongly, undeveloping the other, developing quickly for grayness, slowly for brilliancy, and so on. The range of possibilities in developing is extraordinary. A score of different developing-agents will give as many different qualities to the image, qualities transmitted to the print. There is not a single feature of the photographic process from selection and lighting to trimming and mounting the print that is not subject to control, to purely personal modification."

"Excepting the lens," muttered the painter.

"Not excepting the lens, my friend. Does not the photographer select the lens? There are a hundred sorts. Does he not control the lens both in its general and in its local definition in different parts of the plate? If these things were not so, if every phase were not capable of expressing the personality of the artist behind it, how should I or any other person familiar with the photography of the period be able to tell at a glance a picture by Eugene, or Käsebier, or Craig Annan, or White?"

"Now, don't scold me," laughed the painter, "but I must tell you that I have had a house-painter say to me that he could tell by the appearance of the surface which of his men had worked on a certain house-

front. But that is downright mean of me, I know."

The photographer smiled grimly. "That is very painter-like," he said. "You remember that Emerson says somewhere that if you wish to be misinformed about a man, if you wish to learn what he is *not*, go to his cousin. Now, photography holds a sort of cousinly relation to painting. It is a poor relative, perhaps, but a relative, and it would be sheer optimism to expect a good word from the well-to-do cousin."

The painter had been staring for some time at a study which early in the talk he had placed in a conspicuous position on a near-by cabinet. "Don't think that I have either theories or ill feeling in the case. I am talking from evidence. Maybe I have n't seen all the evidence or the right kind, but I do know, and other folks will tell you the same thing, that a photographic portrait wears out. You soon get all there is in it, and then it is empty. Even a thing you liked at first becomes tiresome."

"But is this not true of many painted portraits also? Are you not placing all photographic portraits over against some painted portraits?"

The professor quite evidently had something to say. "We all observe," he remarked analytically, "two facts about faces in considering the possibility of transferring them or preserving a counterfeit by the agency of art. First, that, generally speaking, a portrait is not successful unless it expresses a composite of moods. In the execution of such an undertaking the painter has an immense advantage. Second, that there are, on the other hand, moods, perhaps rare,—according to the person,—that are in themselves composite, that express in a gleam, a flash, the personality of the person, that epitomize life. Every painter has wished to seize such a moment, which of course he cannot. This precious flash is possible to photography, if the flash happens at the right moment. There is not only the general chance against it, but the particular hazard that if the orbit of personal feeling and the orbit of photographic readiness happen to coincide anywhere, the formalities will freeze or frighten the coveted mood. But when the moment is seized, we have a precious, a unique thing. When the photographic portrait has continual revelations for us, like a masterful painted portrait, it is, I fancy, by this miracle."

"I suppose," said the photographer, "that this miracle, as you call it, happens oftenest



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSE CLARK AND ELIZABETH FLINT WADE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

OUT OF THE PAST.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK EUGENE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

in the case of children, who oftenest are unconscious. Hawthorne has a whimsical paragraph somewhere, in 'The House of the Seven Gables,' I think,¹ in which he ascribes to the daguerreotype a capacity for searching the secrets of the face, things that a person would not confess nor a painter dare to paint. But it seems rather droll to fancy a daguerreotype doing anything of the sort when you think of the circumstances under which, in those days, photographic portraits were made. If they express anything, it is the outward forms plus—suffering."

"Don't despise them," the professor urged; "some of them are marvelous."

"To me," pursued the painter, "the professor has expressed the situation exactly when he calls the success a miracle, an accident. The product of this accident is indeed precious, but does this make it art? Are not the best things in photography the accidental things?"

"I certainly think not," declared the photographer. "You are wholly overlooking the perception needed in the seizure of the favorable moment. You don't deny credit to the poet for that perception which is the soul of poetry, though he express himself however quickly or easily."

"Yes, perception is the grand, the basal thing, but are not your accidents in photography as good as your intentional things, to say the least? Even untutored people sometimes see beauty and even express beauty astonishingly well, but we don't call the expression art. A child may say or do a wonderfully beautiful thing, but, as I have already said, is not intention a fundamental element of art?"

"I suppose that is a good theory," admitted the professor, "but you will get into difficulty there when you come to estimate the productions of genius. On the one hand, we have the suggestion that nature with God's intention behind it is divine art. On the other hand, we have the claim that the product of real genius is natural. We place the great genius in partnership with nature."

"Look here," the painter exclaimed; "you don't suppose that I am insisting that only self-consciousness is intention. The thing I hold is this: that there is a vast, a final

difference between the accidental personal expressions of a man and the accidental impersonal expressions of a machine. It seems to me, — with no disparagement of you, Mr. Photographer, — that if you stuck up a camera anywhere, and had it worked by clockwork long enough, you would occasionally, by some accidental combination of light, time, season, or incident, get as good a thing as a man could get by his added discernment. The beauty of these things being based on a natural reflection of nature, it is a question whether mere chance might not do more than personal interference."

"My answer to that," retorted the photographer, "without expressing opinion as to the length of time you might have to wink the machine, is that if you were mechanically to spatter different colors of paint on a series of canvases, you would undoubtedly, in time, get an effect quite as expressive as some of the things you are willing to call art. It seems to me that whether or not both of these things are true, the fact remains that effects can be wrought, that things can be said, intentionally in photography. The fact that nature does some wonderful plastic feats has n't hurt sculpture. In fact, no art is or can be hurt by the circumstance that nature is more than a successful rival in the creation of forms. I don't see that the photographic accidents hurt the photographic intentions, and I think that when you have studied the expressions of recent photography you will not fail to find signs that photography, a science *per se*, is a medium of artistic expression, and that when it is so used, and in the degree in which it is so used, it is an art. In other words, I can't see for the life of me why the fact that photography has been a science shall forever stand in the way of its admission as an art."

The painter picked up a portrait of Lord Tennyson. "Let me ask you: What is photography aiming at? What is it doing that Mrs. Cameron did n't do?"

"I take it that Mrs. Cameron, in an effort to add the element of art to photography, to add the element of comment to the primary reflection, was doing what all artists who use the camera will go on seeking to do.

Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," written when photography was very young, whimsically speaks of

"the knife of some critic assassin,
Who stabs to the heart with a caricature,
Not so bad as those daubs of the Sun, to be sure,
Yet done with a dagger-o'-type, whose vile portraits
Disperse all one's good and condense all one's poor traits."

¹ Holgrave is made to say to Phœbe: "Most of my likenesses do look unamiable; but the very sufficient reason, I fancy, is, because the originals are so. There is a wonderful insight in Heaven's broad and simple sunshine. While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would ever venture upon, even could he detect it."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED STEIGLITZ, 1884. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY N. DAVIDSON.

GOSSIP-KATWYK.

That is to say, she saw that she must not tell all if she was to tell most. If the essence of humor is the thing not said, but which completes the triangle of elements with the giver and the receiver, art always assumes some element supplied by the observer. Even primitive forms of art placed demands upon the imagination—very heavy demands, we sometimes think! But in general it may be said that the higher the art the more is demanded from him who shall apprehend it. Even a photographer may understand that a picture which says all says nothing. Mrs. Cameron set out to leave something to the imagination. A work that does this—that leaves out and that leaves in just the right things—cannot be exhausted in a moment, for since some elements are being supplied by ourselves, these elements are constantly subject to change, and we see new things in the work from time to time, just as we see them in any work of art."

"But," protested the painter, "I have seen failed photographs, accidents, that looked just like these intentional effects of Mrs. Cameron, and that were fully equipped with the quality of giving our imaginations opportunity for absolute riot."

"This would be true of the elements of every art; but there comes a point in photography, as in other arts, where the obvious intention of the artist meets the imagination of the spectator at the right moment and in the right way. When the apposition is perfect we have art."

"You probably will think I am mean," laughed the painter, "but I have a feeling, after all you have said, and after all that seems to be true of photography, that makes it easier for me to believe that the photographer can be an artist than that photography can be an art."

"Quite reasonable!" cried the professor. "I often have felt that very thing."

"In other words," the painter went on, "you have done things that have made me know you for an artist. The things you speak of are perhaps art, but I can't call them photography. Have you read Stillman on this? 'Photography,' he says, 'is the absolute negative of art; and if to-morrow it could succeed in reproducing all the tints of nature, it would only be the more antagonistic, if that were possible, to the true artistic qualities. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life, and though artistic creation does not involve the creation of the prime material, no more does, so far as science teaches, the creation of the world;

the old material takes new forms, that is all. The idealist gets his materials from nature, but he recasts them in expression; the realist who is no artist repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist.'"

"Stillman is speaking of photography in the primary sense," replied the photographer. "When the photographer 'recasts them in expression,' he is doing an artistic work with his materials. Visible nature is not all of nature, and I don't see why, in the interest of expression, a man may not use as much or as little of nature as he chooses. Take the art of the stage. Is n't it accomplished by much realism? We cannot even say that the stage always is used to vocalize written art. The other night I heard Bronson Howard declare that the best thing he ever did in a dramatic way existed in a situation unaccompanied by words. Now, the art of that situation lay, first, in the idea, second, in the expression of it. The agency of expression was an absolutely natural, realistic appearance. If a man does the same thing in photography, why must he be condemned because the means of expression includes a literal reflection of nature?"

"You have n't made a better point than that," said the professor, judicially, "but you must let me say that we don't seem to be able to get much beyond this: An artist may express himself through photography, he may even create a product that includes the action of a lens which may be called a work of art; but the product does not prove that photography is an art, and that the man who is able to overcome, by interference with them, the mechanical obstacles to artistic expression—that is, to personal expression—in a picture, might not do a better thing without using the lens at all."

"Is n't that splitting a hair?" demanded the photographer. "First you admit the photography, and say that it is n't art. Then you admit the art, and say that it is n't photography. It all is because you can't get a preconception of photography as a mechanical process out of your heads. However, I am grateful to have made you admit the beauty, the art, in some of these things, even if you think it is art of questionable parentage, and even if you think it is not photography."

"You must permit me another word," insisted the painter. "I fancy painters and others who are not painters resent certain movements in photography, not for the reason

which appeared in the exclamation of the Frenchman, when Daguerre's invention was exploited: 'Painting is dead from this day!' but for the reason that these movements seem to be less interesting to the world than those things which photography has been producing as a science. I need not mention these things—we hear a great deal about them, about all that photography does as the handmaid of painting—I had almost said *art*, again!—as the handmaid of various sciences. Photography seems to desire too much glory."

"Well," summed up the photographer, "photography does n't seem at all likely to

stop being these other things because it is trying also to be an art."

Somehow all three, the painter, the photographer, and the professor, found themselves looking at one of the last pictures in the portfolio. It was a portrait study of a grizzled old man. All remained silent for some moments, and there was admiration in the silence.

"When all is said," mused the painter, "it is a quarrel about a label, after all."

The professor nodded, and the photographer smiled. "I have always liked that about as well as anything he ever did," the photographer said.

II. MODERN PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ,

Founder of the Society of Photo-Secessionists.

FOR some years there has been a distinct movement toward art in the photographic world. In England, the birthplace of pictorial photography, this movement took definite shape over nine years ago with the formation of the "Linked Ring," an international body composed of some of the most advanced pictorial photographic workers of the period, and organized mainly for the purpose of holding an annual exhibition devoted exclusively to the encouragement and artistic advancement of photography. This exhibition, which was fashioned on the lines of the most advanced art salons of France, was an immediate success, and has now been repeated annually for nine years, exercising a marked influence on the pictorial photographic world. These exhibitions mark the beginning of modern pictorial photography. Exhibitions similar to those instituted by the Linked Ring were held in all the largest art centers of Europe, and eventually also in this country. America, until recently not even a factor in pictorial photographic matters, has during the last few years played a leading part in shaping and advancing the pictorial movement, shattering many photographic idols, and revolutionizing photographic ideas as far as its art ambitions were concerned. It battled vigorously for the establishment of newer and higher standards, and is at present doing everything possible still further to free the art from the trammels of conventionality, and to encourage greater individuality.

In spite of all derision, prejudice, and opposition, the serious character of many of

the exhibitions, and the distinct individual worth of many of the pictures shown, together with their artistic promise, eventually attracted the interested attention of some of the more liberal-minded artists and art critics. The organization of artists known as the Munich Secession, one of the most progressive, liberal, and influential art associations in the world, was the first officially to recognize the possibilities of pictorial photography, inviting to exhibit at one of its own exhibitions certain of the pictorial photographers of Austria, Great Britain, Germany, France, and America. Following in these footsteps, the Art Committee of the Glasgow International Arts and Industrial Exposition, in 1901, opened its arms to receive pictorial photography as a legitimate member of the family of the fine arts. In view of the importance of Glasgow as an art center, the welcome thus accorded was of special significance.

In the spring of the present year the painters and sculptors of the Vienna Secession likewise threw open their exhibition to photography, allowing photographs to be submitted to the jury of selection on the same terms as paintings, drawings, statuary, and other examples of individual artistic expression. Twelve pictorial photographs, representing the work of four Austrian photographers, were hung in this exhibition. They were not only well received by the public, but were favorably commented upon by many of those painters and art critics who had up to that time been among the bitterest opponents of recognition of the



PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KÄSEMER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE RED MAN.

possibilities of photography as a medium of serious and original artistic expression.

Simultaneously we find the jury of the Paris Salon (Champs de Mars)—probably the most popular of all the annual art exhibitions of the world, which up to this time had accorded no serious thought to the claims of the pictorial photographer—coming into line through its action of accepting for hanging ten photographs which had

been submitted by a young American painter, Eduard J. Steichen of Milwaukee, together with examples of his painting and drawing. The arbitrary refusal of the management to hang *photographs* even after they had been adjudged by the jury as worthy of a place upon the walls of the celebrated art exhibition well illustrates the bias of those who allow their prejudices to influence their fairness of judgment in such matters. This



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLAND DAY. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

STREET IN ALGIERS.

refusal in no way affects the official recognition accorded pictorial photography by the artists of France. The liberal spirit shown in most of the more progressive European art circles has been sadly lacking in our own country, notwithstanding the exceptional recognition accorded abroad to the photographic work of many Americans.

In order to understand the general and sudden recognition of photography as a means of artistic expression, two things must be kept in view: first, the essentially artistic aims of the modern photographer; second, the means with which he endeavors to attain them. The modern photographer, through the introduction of a great number of im-

proved printing methods, has it in his power to direct and mold as he wills virtually every stage of the making of his picture. He can supply, correct, or eliminate; he can even introduce color or such combinations of color by means of successive printings—similar to those resorted to in lithography—as to produce almost any effect that his taste, skill, and knowledge may dictate. Years of study and practical application have familiarized the creative photographer with the possibilities of these processes, which originally were purely mechanical and automatic in their application, and as such comparatively simple in their use, and have made them pliant tools in the hands of the artist for the carrying out of his ideas.

With the modern methods at command, there are virtually no limitations to the individuality that can be conveyed in the photographic print. These methods are extremely subtle and personal in character. For this reason each individual print has a distinct identity of its own that reflects the mood and feeling of its maker at the time of its production, and, in consequence, it rarely happens, in the case of the modern pictorial photograph, that two prints identically alike are produced from the same negative. This fact has special significance for the collector. The Brussels and Dresden art galleries were among the first to realize the individual value of pictorial photographs as original artistic creations, and have for some years been purchasing examples for their permanent art collections. Large prices are frequently paid for choice prints, as much as three hundred dollars having been refused for a picture exhibited this year at the National Arts Club of New York, in the exhibition of the Photo-Secessionists, probably the most radical and exclusive body of photographers.

In the large world of photography, with its myriads of picture-makers, there are already many men and women, using the camera instead of the brush or pencil as a means of individual artistic expression, who have won an international reputation because of the pictorial merit of their work, every example of which is readily distinguishable by its personal style and characteristics.

In Austria three photographers, Heinrich Kühn, Hugo Henneberg, and Hans Watzek, have done Trojan work for the cause of pictorial photography. Their pictures are on a bold scale, and as a rule are executed in that medium popularly known as the "gum-bichromate," which allows greater latitude to the photographer than

any other. With it it is possible to work in monochrome and color, as these artists have successfully demonstrated. In Germany, Theodore and Oscar Hofmeister, following in the footsteps of the Austrians, have produced many remarkable pictures, not a few of which, like those of the Austrians, have been purchased by art collectors and art galleries. France has few notable pictorial photographers, Robert Demachy being the most eminent both as producer and teacher. It was he who introduced the gum-bichromate process into pictorial photography, demonstrating through his own pictures the facility and range of this most pliant of art photographic mediums.

Great Britain, too, has her photographic celebrities, who have done their share in furthering the movement in pictorial photography by the individuality displayed in their work; the foremost are J. Craig Annan of Glasgow; A. Horsley Hinton, George Davison, Eustace Calland, and P. H. Emerson, of London.

Our own country, which has played so prominent a part in the advancement of art photography, and where the secession from the conventional ideas has been most extreme, boasts of a goodly number of active pictorialists, whose individual work, while not as large in area as most of the European, has, as a rule, more verve and is undoubtedly more subtle and delicate in both conception and treatment. Prominent among these are Eduard J. Steichen of Milwaukee; Gertrude Käsebier and Frank Eugene of New York; Clarence H. White of Ohio; Mrs. Eva Watson Schütze and W. B. Dyer of Chicago; F. Holland Day and Mary Devens of Boston; Rose Clark of Buffalo; and Joseph T. Keiley of Brooklyn, to whom the photographic world is indebted for the practical application of the glycerin manipulative platinum process, now so generally in use. Of these Steichen, Clark, Eugene, Käsebier, and Schütze are painters by profession.

It has been argued that the productions of the modern photographer are in the main not photography. While, strictly speaking, this may be true from the scientist's point of view, it is a matter with which the artist does not concern himself, his aim being to produce with the means at hand that which seems to him beautiful. If the results obtained fulfil this requirement, he is satisfied, and it is to him of small consequence by what name those interested may see fit to label them. The Photo-Secessionists call them pictorial photographs.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT OF EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

ON THE LINKS.

BY GEORGE HIBBARD.

WITH PICTURES BY C. J. TAYLOR.

IT was a trying moment. In the clear sunlight the links lay trim and clipped before me. At varying intervals the little red flags dotted the course, while here and there the vermilion coats of the players shone brilliantly against the emerald grass. The scene was a pleasant and peaceful one, but I did not enjoy it. My heart sank, and my hands grew cold while my head grew hot, for Emily—only in the last few days had I dared to think of her as Emily—stood looking on.

My visit to the Harrisses had at first been delightful. If Emily at times appeared indifferent, at other times she was gracious, and I was not hopeless. Then suddenly the blow had fallen.

But, in order to be understood, I must explain the state of mind of the Harrisse family. I saw, a short time ago, a book, "The Manias of the Middle Ages." I am sure that no medieval persons were ever more thoroughly "possessed" than the members of this very modern household. They were all golf enthusiasts, or fairly golf mad. Harrisse *père* never thought of anything else, and Emily of but few other things. I had tried to appear interested, and they had been politely indulgent. Then the fateful moment came. One evening, on entering the drawing-room dressed for dinner, I saw that Mr. Harrisse held a letter in his hand. I could not help noticing a singularly beaming smile on his jolly old face, and with some astonishment I detected a new light of interest gleaming in Emily's eyes.

"My dear boy," he cried, hastening forward in his impetuous way, and grasping me by the hand, "why have you been so modest? To have one of the best golfers in the country here in the house, and not to know it! We can't forgive you."

In an instant I saw what had happened. Some person, knowing that I was staying in the house, had mistaken me, Launcelot Schaw, whose reputation as a minor poet, I will confess, extends beyond my own country, for my cousin "Sam" Schaw, whose

collection of cups, won at everything from tennis to polo, is almost as great as my collection of first editions. The same thing had occurred before. I should have been equal to the occasion, but I was not. I saw Emily's admiring glances. These were something I had never hitherto encountered, and, in my delight, I yielded to temptation. Not actively. I did not assert anything; still, I did not deny anything. In a moment I wished earnestly that I had; but then it was too late. Almost at once I began to discover the difficulties and dangers into which I had plunged myself. Dinner was a torture. With an air of profound deference, I was asked questions by my host, and even by Emily, that I could not answer, and that, indeed, I could not in the least understand. It was delightful, but distressing. After-dinner was for me something like a session of the Inquisition. I do not know how I passed through it; but the worst was yet to come.

"There's one thing you must do," whispered Emily's father, pushing his chair toward mine; "you must beat Stewart Elyot for us."

Beat Stewart Elyot! Beat a man who did nothing but talk golf, who did not attempt to make any concealment of his victories, and who was clearly my rival with Emily!

"I tell you," said her father, "ever since he has been staying at the Blakeleys' his boasting has been insufferable, and you must take him down a bit. You must do it for me."

What could I do? I was asked by Emily's father to "take down" my own rival, and to do it for him. No human being could have had the strength of mind or character to own up then and there. Better go on and be found out, since I had already committed myself, gaining at least a few days in which something might happen.

But nothing had happened, and there I stood. A caddie was beside me with my bag, holding a number of knobby sticks, that reminded me, with my disturbed imagination, of the bunch of instruments from which



"HUSH!" EXCLAIMED MR. HARRISSE."

my dentist made selections before he said, "A little wider, please." Emily's father was there, intently absorbed; Emily's friend Miss Allyn was there, coldly critical; Emily herself was there, charming in her loose golf cloak, and looking maddeningly enigmatical. Stewart Elyot, my opponent, was there, and, to my surprise, visibly anxious. I knew what they expected me to do. I had seen many do it. With one of those sticks I was to knock that miserable little pebble of a ball some altogether absurd distance. What if I had only the night before written the lines beginning,

In ambient loveliness my goddess queen,

a poem I think not unworthy of Emily, and certainly one that will take its place among the sonnets of the early twentieth century! "Watch the stance," I heard her father whisper.

The hour had come, if not the man. But I must act or stand confessed the impostor—the unwilling one, to be sure, but still the impostor—that I really was. I did not know what the "stance" was. I did not care. I seized a club.

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Harrisse as Miss

Allyn giggled in the way that always annoyed me.

A solemn silence fell on the party. A silence seemed to fall on the universe. There was a certain haziness before my eyes. The ball was there, for I had seen the caddie put it on a little heap of sand. I grasped the club despairingly. I also shut my eyes firmly. I drew back the stick, and seemed to swing it through illimitable space. Suddenly I heard a dull click. I opened my eyes.

"Where is it?" I demanded wildly, scanning the heaven.

"There," said Emily.

Looking down, I beheld the glittering little thing peacefully reposing on the grass, and as the sun shone on its brilliant surface, it would seem, almost winking at me in derision.

"I'll venture you don't 'top' it often like that," said her father, consolingly.

"Very strange," I stammered.

I glanced at Elyot. The anxious expression that I had noticed on his face lifted a little. He came forward, placed his ball, and with an airy swing sent it rolling—at most fifty feet. I felt perceptibly encouraged. If a great performer like Elyot did no

better, I might for the moment escape. I caught a surprised whisper as I advanced to take another stroke. I hit the ball this time. I actually hit the miserable little object, taking, to be sure, a good deal of ground with the stroke, but still sending it, with a rise, on and on down the side of the hill.

"That's better," said her father, critically.

I had thought it something wonderful, and was distinctly disappointed. However, I re-

"Look!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Mr. Elyot is going to play."

I glanced in the direction of my opponent and my rival. I watched him as he drew back his club, watched him with growing anxiety, and saw him miss his ball altogether. I could not understand it at all. Was he so "rattled" because Emily was there?

There was a queer light in Emily's eyes that I did not comprehend. Elyot tried



"I HEARD A HUMMING SOUND; IT SEEMED WITHIN A FEW INCHES OF MY EAR."

mained silent. The walk was short to the place where my ball had fallen, and I tramped on, with Emily by my side. I could seldom manage to speak to her alone, and I blessed the occasion which gave me the chance.

"There is no other game in the world that would give me such an opportunity—such a blessed opportunity as this," I said tenderly.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "can you play and talk? So few great players can."

I found I was in the wrong, but I braved it out.

"Of course, under ordinary circumstances; but to speak to you—alone—I can do it so seldom."

She was silent, but did not seem displeased.

again. This time he did not miss. It was my turn. Once, twice, thrice, then I hit the ball squarely, and away it spun. The mocking glance in Emily's eyes increased. I was decidedly troubled by it.

"You must see," I said with what I considered great presence of mind, "that there is an influence that makes accurate play for me difficult, and golf is a game requiring perfect poise."

"Have you a headache, or is it the day?" she asked in her direct way.

"It is you," I replied bluntly.

"Then I will remove the influence," she said haughtily, and joined the others.

I had made a fool of myself when I had thought to do so well. Viciously I hit the ball, and, to my amazement, it rose grace-

fully. It fell, rolling hardly six inches from where it struck the ground, and rested within a foot of the flag.

"Bravo!" cried her father. "A splendid approach!"

And I would have given worlds not to have made that shot exactly at the moment Emily left me, after I had said what I had. I thought I saw in her face an expression of displeasure, also of surprise. In the next I

At the next hole Elyot led off, or, as I heard them express it, he had the "honor." He did well. His ball rose with a sudden up slant and shot off into the air. Her father applauded; so did Emily. Again I missed altogether. Miss Allyn giggled. I liked her less than ever. Clenching my teeth, I hit wildly, and missed again. It was getting serious. They must see the truth.

"Curious game—golf—very," commented



"I FELT IT STRIKE THE SOD, AND BELIEVED THAT ALL WAS LOST."

"holed out"; no one could have helped it. I had won. I did not understand how it could have happened.

At the next tee I started first. I say "started," for that was all. I may have gone ten feet. I doubt it. This time Elyot missed altogether. I was puzzled. So was Emily's father.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he exclaimed reproachfully, "you're both woefully off your game."

It really hurt his kind old heart to see such golf. I don't wonder.

This time Emily walked with Elyot, and I plodded on, cursing my blundering stupidity. Before, my desperation had enabled me to make a good shot; now the result was quite the opposite. I swung over the ball, I hit behind the ball, I went on both sides of the ball. My score on the putting green was something awful—fourteen, I think. And Emily and her father were looking on. However, Elyot, although he won easily, was eleven. I was certainly perplexed.

her father. "There are days when I am almost as far off myself."

They would not find me out. There seemed some malevolent destiny in it, some diabolical play of Fate, to make me suffer to the uttermost for my deception.

At last I got away; not very far, in truth, but it was something. I glanced at Elyot. He did not seem to be having very much better luck. What was the matter with the fellow? Suddenly I found Emily again with me. She was distinctly smiling.

"Oh," she exclaimed, as I looked at her, "I am so amused!"

"It's serious enough for me," I said gloomily, and I have no doubt that my looks proved the sincerity of my words. "But you misunderstood me," I hurried on, "about the influence. You inspire me. I can do better. I want you by my side—always."

I had never ventured to say so much, and I was terrified by my own boldness.

"There!" she cried as I again missed the ball, "is that my inspiration? You pay me

a poor compliment to play so badly. You must do better, or I will go."

What could I do? The ball was so painfully small, and the space about it where the club's head might go so absurdly great. I felt that I must concentrate. There were times when I had been mildly facetious about golf. I wished that I had not. I did not feel that way now.

"Stay, stay!" I besought wildly. But by some accident the next shot was a fairly good one, and as we talked I advanced little by little. At last I found myself on the green.

Elyot was a stroke or two "more," as they put it, but after going past the tin-lined orifice several times, and once or twice over it, I was even with him. At last, when in despair, I went in. He missed, and I won.

We had played two more holes. Suddenly I found Emily again by my side.

"I have concluded to forgive you," she said sweetly.

"For what?" I gasped.

"I don't know exactly, but for something."

"You are so good!" I murmured.

"Besides, I want you to beat."

"You do!" I exclaimed ecstatically.

"I like Mr. Elyot so much, but if he beats you," she said seriously, "he would be made so vain that it would not be good for him."

The more I considered this sentence the more I was puzzled as to whether I should be pleased with it or not. There was certainly one for me in this accented "you," but were n't there two for Elyot? Emily was often maddening.

"See!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Elyot has lost his ball!"

I expected she would go to look for it, as all were doing, but Emily was unexpected. She sat down on the grass near me. I sat down too. There was no reason why I should look for Elyot's ball; moreover, I had quite forgotten about him and it and almost everything else. With Emily's last glance all prudence fled.

"I have so few chances to speak to you," I murmured, "and I am going away."

"Not at once," she said quickly.

"In a day or two," I said, sighing hopelessly.

"I know."

There was something in her tone that encouraged me.

"Emily," I said tremulously.

As I spoke the name a perfect panic seized me. I was appalled at my own daring; it seemed as if something must happen,

but nothing did. Emily remained motionless, with her head averted.

"You know I never want to go away from you—that I want to be always with you—that I only live in the hope of winning your love—that—"

"Fore!" cried Stewart Elyot, and I jumped perceptibly.

I heard a humming sound; it seemed within a few inches of my ear. The next moment they were all down on us, and her father announced that it was my play.

I was too dazed to understand as I staggered to my feet. I had spoken,—not in the poetic words in which I had fancied myself speaking, but still I had spoken,—and I was appalled by my temerity.

I appeared only to regain consciousness at the "quarry." I had seen it before, and viewed it merely as an ordinary excavation of some size, with water covering its rocky floor, and luxuriant vines trailing along its steep sides. Now it seemed endless in width, bottomless in depth. I was thankful Elyot had to go first. I was more thankful that his ball, when hit, rolled gently across the intervening grass, over the edge, and into the stagnant water below.

I stepped forward. As I did so, I passed Emily.

"He is two up," she whispered.

The fact that Emily had listened to me encouraged me. I felt that I could do anything. What I did was to drive the ball into the water with a sounding splash. I saw Emily clasp her hands. Elyot's second attempt was no better than the first, but no more was mine. Elyot's third was even worse. I had given up all hope as I stood again over a new ball. I was astonished, therefore, as I opened my eyes, to hear a burst of applause.

"Neatly placed!" said her father.

Emily's eyes sparkled, and I tried to look as if I were not surprised.

"I might be starting on," I said airily.

As I spoke, Elyot cast a glance at me that, for utter downright loathing, I never saw equaled. I moved away. As I did I heard the rattle of Elyot's fourth ball as it rolled down the stony bank.

I have had my rare moments, when the "Athenæum's" praise—but never mind that; when the third edition—but let that pass; still, I had never experienced such a period of perfect bliss as was mine when I stood on the opposite shore while Elyot sent ball after ball into that water. I had often derided my cousin Sam when he had described to me

the delight of feeling an opponent's arm slip over one's own in a neat parry in boxing, the pleasure of taking a stiff jump in the lead of the field, the joy of gaining a well-contested yard at foot-ball, or a long drive between the flags at polo; but at that moment I felt that I had been wrong. The bays of the poet are good, but there are more exhilarating conquests.

At the eleventh hole a long stretch of over four hundred yards lay before us. Both Elyot and I drove miserably and wildly, he to the left, I to the right. I expected Emily to go with him. She did not. She came with me. I could feel my heart beat. I did not care about the game, for I was with her. But her first words troubled me.

"You *must* win," she said decidedly.

"But my mind—my heart is so full of so much else," I replied gloomily.

"Of course," she replied as we strolled along. "I have been thinking of what you said just now—and of course you did n't mean it—"

"But I did," I interrupted quickly; "and you know it," I added impatiently.

She seemed a bit taken aback by my tone, and went on more meekly.

"Why, if you did, I must think it all over again—in a different way," she murmured.

"But don't you know?" I continued, emboldened by my success.

She looked at me for one short instant, as I thought, appealingly.

"I know that this is no time for me to speak," I continued desperately, "but there are so few times when I can."

"But if I—give you other times?"

What I felt was beyond utterance.

"You see, I did n't understand," she said slowly; "I did n't know what you thought—or," she concluded slowly, "what I did."

"And you do now?" I cried.

"Y-e-s," she answered.

I started with joy, and then it occurred to me that what she thought might easily be unfavorable to me. I was assuming too much. Instantly I was cast into the deepest gloom.

"But you must play *now*," she urged.

"How can I," I exclaimed, "with this awful suspense—if it is suspense," I concluded mournfully.

"Don't you know what I think?" she said again, glancing at me.

"No," I cried.

"But—but I can't tell you now," she continued, looking about.

"When, then?" I demanded.

"I had made up my mind to tell you—before you went," she continued.

"Then you knew what I was going to say!" I exclaimed joyfully and stupidly.

"How could I?" she replied, rather disconcerted, but haughtily. "Still," she went on, "if you will not let him beat you—"

"Yes," I said breathlessly.

"—I'll tell you—" she paused, "twenty-four hours sooner."

"Won't you—without?" I begged.

"That's my condition," she said, and quickly left me.

I looked, and found that, while I had been pounding the ball along, Elyot had already reached the green. I gathered myself together. One stroke hit the sod; the next, though, brought my ball beside his.

"What's against me?" I demanded.

"Ten," said her father, reproachfully.

I was nine, but in a distant corner of the green. I putted.

"Dead!" he cried delightedly.

I did not understand, but I felt it were better so. Elyot was within six inches of the hole. His next shot would put him in it. With deliberate care he bent over, for he was afraid of hitting too hard. Miss Allyn again giggled, and this time I did not mind. His putter just stirred the ball. I went in. Elyot was again only one up.

Elyot won the twelfth hole. The thirteenth we halved. I saw that my state was desperate. Twenty-four hours—how could I?—twenty-four hours, when it lay with me to shorten the time!

"Two up and five to play," muttered her father.

Elyot, of course, had the honor, and marched proudly to the tee. After he had placed his ball, I saw him glance rather anxiously before him. The hazard in front was a peculiar one in this: the end of a narrow pond came half across the course, thus leaving any player a choice whether to drive over its hundred yards of water and its sandy shore, or go round the bend, where there was open land with smooth grass. I saw Elyot hesitate, then gently drive his ball off the tee in the safer direction. My blood boiled. In my heart I said it was a most unsportsmanlike thing to do. I had hoped that he would attempt the pool and go in. It was my turn. I felt that in boldness was my only hope. Anyway, I had noticed Mr. Harrisse's disapproving look as he had seen Elyot's action, and it was better to fail grandly, since fail I must. I made up my mind to try to drive directly across.

"Take the cleek, sir, take the cleek," my caddie whispered. I had feed him well before we started.

I took what the boy gave me, and hit. Again, as I opened my eyes, there was applause. I had gone over. I had gained a stroke, at least, on Elyot. All might not be lost. I was on the green.

"Your mashie," suggested my caddie.

I took the proffered club, and brought it down with all my strength. I felt it strike the sod, and believed that all was lost; but no: almost straight up the ball rose, and going higher and higher in the air, fell finally, beyond the hole, to be sure, but still within putting distance of it.



"'YOU 'RE STYMIE!' CRIED HER FATHER."

Passing Elyot angrily pounding his ball, I waited at the hole until he came up. Then I went in on the fourth stroke. It was a glorious moment.

I was excited, I will confess. Never, even when I wrote "Roland at Roncesvalles," had I felt so thoroughly stirred by the white heat of intense emotion. I had the honor. I understood what that meant now. The cleek had saved me before, so I took it again, although I saw Mr. Harrise's astonishment. I clung to it as my only hope. I hit, and hit well; at least, the ball rose and then rolled. In the semi-unconsciousness of many mingled emotions I walked forward.

"Fore!" cried Elyot, and I dodged.

His ball, I saw with consternation, had gone farther than mine; but I might gain on the next stroke. I did. He missed his ball altogether. I swung the club once, and once more I hit. Elyot was away behind. I was almost on the green. Suddenly I heard a buzzing in the air, a whir, and something passed me. It was Elyot's ball; he was beside me.

"That's something like," commented her father.

I was too dazed for utterance, for the strain was telling on me. As I putted, a dozen holes danced before me. It was not golf; it was roulette. But I went in. I expect Fortune to take it out of me some day for that outrageous piece of luck; but I went in.

The hole was mine. We were even.

Even! Even! It seemed incredible to me, when I considered with whom I was playing. But I had to play. Golf, it seemed to me, was a constant repetition, with infinite variation. In this case the variation was not great. I abandoned my cleek, and my drive was as bad as ever. But, again, so was Elyot's, and there was no advantage for either of us. As I walked forward, I felt, rather than saw, that Emily was beside me.

"Don't you *want* to know sooner?" she whispered.

"*Don't* I want to know!" I exclaimed almost angrily. "What would n't I give to know—the best!"

"Then play!" she commanded, and left me.

I groaned inwardly. I may have groaned outwardly, for my caddie looked at me curiously; but it was only for a moment. He was evidently accustomed to all possible expressions of human emotion on the links. But I felt perceptibly better. If it should be that she really—

"Fore!" cried Elyot, and again his ball whizzed past—hurrah! only to bury itself against the post of a fence far out of the course. I watched him with delight as he dug at it, beat at it, pounded at it. At length it rolled out. He had counted seven strokes. Made careless with delight, I hit jauntily, lodging under the very same fence. I had thought what a fool he was to get excited. As I look back at it, I must have become quite frantic. In a sort of automatic frenzy I used my club. At last I, too, was free, and together we played for the green. Why go into detail? We halved the hole.

Still even, and still my honor. I felt as if I were staggering up for the last round. But the end was near. I had made a brave struggle. As I looked back it seemed almost pathetic to me that all my efforts should at last go for nothing. I found myself pitying myself in anticipation.

"An exciting game," said her father, rubbing his hands, "although I must say, gentlemen, it might have been better played."

Again the honor was mine. The stream that we had crossed in coming out again lay before me. It was at a distance nicely calculated to catch all balls not well driven. I could not drive at all. I was safe so far, for I fell short of the hazard by fifty yards. I saw that Elyot was preparing to follow my example. His idea, evidently, was not to hit hard, but he did what he had not done before. He hit cleanly and truly, and the small force accurately applied was enough to land him squarely in the ditch, for it was little more.

"Hard luck, old fellow, for a fairly good stroke!" I cried.

He glowered thunderously at me and passed on. A stroke more took me to the edge, another over. He tried three strokes, paused, and wiped his brow; then tried two more. My heart bounded. I am sure my eyes lighted up. But he was across, and we were pounding in for the green. I got in a rut. I got in a thistle. When we reached the verge of the green we were even.

"You're farther off," said Mr. HARRISSE.

I obediently took the club my caddie gave me, and, stooping, played. Elyot's ball was within a foot of the hole, and our strokes were even. I saw I was lost, but I played. My ball stopped directly between Elyot's and the hole.

"You're stymie!" cried her father. It sounded like a deadly insult, but I knew that he could not mean it.

Still, I did not know what this was, and for a moment I thought all was over. But it was all right.

Elyot had to play round me. Mr. HARRISSE said something about lofting a stymie, but it was after Elyot had played. This stroke left him as far from the hole as he was before, but one more. He played again and missed—missed by half an inch, but missed. He had played too hard, and his ball was still farther off than mine. I could see his hand tremble. He played. Again he missed! At the next putt I went in. The hole was mine.

I was dazed, but I played. Playing had become a second nature to me, and I believe that I could have played in my sleep. Indeed, there was something of a somnambulist character in my action. At least, it seemed almost as if I awoke when I heard Emily speaking.

"I am so glad!" she said.

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"Why," she replied impatiently, "you're dorny now, and he can't beat you."

She seemed to describe my condition, but I understood that she was speaking of the game.

"Why?" I gasped.

"Because you are one up, and there is only one hole to play."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, with a glance of intelligence. "But I have n't beat him yet—and I suppose I can't know."

"I—I," she murmured, "only said that you must not let him *beat you*."

"Oh!" I cried, this time rapturously. "And I may—you say he can't beat me. Then tell me. I have waited so long. Tell me. You are not unwilling to have me love you."

"What a way to ask me!" she said impatiently.

"How should I ask?" I demanded anxiously.

"So that I could answer you properly," she said gently. "You should say, 'Do you love me?'"

"Do you?" I cried.

"Yes," she whispered.

It was exasperating. I could not take her in my arms then and there out on the broad expanse of the sunny links. I had dreamed of quite another scene when I learned my fortune. But I did not care. I had her. She was mine at last for good and all. I wanted to say something intense, poetic.

"This is a beast of a game," was all that I managed to answer.

She smiled.

"Do you think so?"

"No, no," I exclaimed hurriedly; "I'll always think of it with gratitude, with rapture. It has made me the happiest man in the world. But, thank Heaven! there's only one more hole, and we can walk to the house."

"Yes," she said shyly; "and now beat."

"I can't," I replied hopelessly. "I only wonder that I have done so well."

"Do you?" she said, with the same curious smile I had noticed at first.

"Yes," I replied, "against such a great player as Elyot." I could afford to be generous now.

"Why," she said, "did n't you know?" Then she laughed outright. "He never had a club in his hand before to-day. I found it out, and I have been so amused. He was only boasting, and that is why I wanted him beaten."

I was astonished. And I had been pluming myself on coming off so well against a "crack." Suddenly my conscience smote me.

"Do you know," I said contritely, "I think perhaps I ought to tell you something. No more have I ever played."

"I was *sure* of it," she said calmly, "and I thought it was so fine and strong and brave and noble of you to go in and try to do it—when papa made the mistake about the letter—for my sake."

I had been thinking all the time that it was rather a mean and sneaking performance, but of course if she looked at it in that way! And it is curious how a woman will look at a thing when the man happens to be the right man.

"It has been an awful experience," I said boldly.

"Poor dear!" she whispered tenderly. "I am so sorry!"

Of course we told her father, when we told him the other news, that Emily had consented to marry me. He was so pleased with my having won the match that he did not seem to mind. Since then I have played the game with such diligence and enthusiasm that he is now entirely contented. Indeed, the day when I beat him four up and three to play, I could feel that he was perfectly satisfied with me as a son-in-law. I do not abuse golf any more. I won too much in my first game ever to do that. Moreover, I am quite as mad about it now as all the rest of the family.

ARTIST LIFE IN VENICE.

BY HARPER PENNINGTON.

WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.



HERE were five of us who started to go on foot, more or less, from Munich to Venice in the early autumn of 1880. To be sure, one of the party meant to turn back at Innsbruck, having decided to resume his studies at the Academy in Munich; so we were really only four and a fraction.

"Students" we called ourselves in a general way; "art students," if we wished to be very particular; "artists" or "painters," when we were unusually boastful and cheeky. The latter was felt to be much too grand a

term, however, for any but acknowledged masters—those whom *we* acknowledged, be it understood. I remember we refused the title to Raffaello Sanzio.

We must have been a queer-looking party when we reached Verona. Each man carried a pack, and, quite unabashed, wore whatever best suited his convenience.

After seeing the sights of Verona, we resumed our journey. Squeezed into a stuffy compartment, smothered in dust, under a blistering sun, we bumped slowly along the rails toward the Adriatic. It was night when we reached Venice, and became aware of a



"THERE WERE FIVE OF US WHO STARTED TO GO ON FOOT, MORE OR LESS."

silence strange to us in cities—the total absence of the usual street-noises. I think nothing could have quite prepared me for our progress down the Grand Canal.

There was a full moon, and music somewhere at a distance. Later, as we slipped past the Mocenigo Palace, a song with cello obbligato (a favorite of mine in those days) came floating out to meet us, far sweeter and more touching than it had ever sounded before in any other place. You will laugh, most likely, when I tell you the name of the air, new at that time—"Consule Planco."

At last we swung round the final turn, flitting past Santa Maria della Salute and the Dogana, to come presently abreast of the Piazzetta, brilliantly illuminated, full of holiday-makers, and reëchoing with the blare of brazen trumpets and the clash of cymbals—all the wonders of Venice *en fête*.

The four found lodgings on the Riva degli Schiavoni—large, comfortable rooms, clean, well aired and lighted. A certain gentleman, the *avvocato* A—, who bore a strong likeness (carefully cultivated, we suspected) to poor King Humbert, rented the upper floors of his house to us. Dear old Menighina, the housekeeper, looked after our well-being. We were served delicious coffee, rolls, and butter on old republic silver; there was as much sweet, fresh linen as we could use; and yet the bills for all this luxury, in spite of their prodigious length (Menighina scrupulously jotting down every item), were so very small that we found it hard to believe the long columns of figures could foot up such ridiculous totals, especially in a currency so

depreciated that one French louis brought us I don't remember how many more than twenty lire at the banker's.

It took us nearly a week to catch our breath after that first glorious night. None of us even pretended to sketch. We scarcely dared to go into the palaces or galleries for fear of being overwhelmed, satiated, with loveliness. Having learned the Italian words for "go ahead," "stop," "home," and the names of certain parts of Venice, I used to sneak off and lie for hours alone in a gondola, gliding through the little canals.

For several years I had been studying with the settled purpose of seeking at last the guidance of a certain master—Mr. Whistler. Fancy my joy on learning that he, too, was actually there in Venice! It seemed almost more good fortune than was possible.

Imagine what it meant to a young fellow just out of the *École des Beaux-Arts* to sit daily at the same small table with one whom he believed to be first among living painters: to hear his talk—the talk which is so celebrated now; to pick up the crumbs—often whole loaves—of knowledge, sometimes dropped half jestingly, in his witty criticisms.

After a while the four did buckle down to work, and shocking rubbish they produced, no doubt. For my own part, I began by discovering that my palette appeared to be set with varied shades of mud. At first no pigments seemed bright and gay enough for Venice. Cleansing fires have long since turned to smoke and ashes the hideous red-and-yellow daubs with which my canvases and panels were smeared.

It is impossible to describe how gently Mr. Whistler, poking a little kindly fun, taught us to see the stupidity of our garish efforts. Never once was there a word spoken by him which could offend the touchiest of touchy geniuses. With unending patience, by his own example chiefly, the great man led the small ones on from point to point until some of his own sweet reasonableness was grasped by his eager followers.

One evening, when we were sitting in front of Florian's, Mr. Whistler asked me what pictures in Venice I most liked, a question which brought out the shamefaced confession that I did *not* care for those held in highest esteem by painters. I mentioned honestly, though rather timidly, certain favorites—inferior pieces, it is to be feared.

"You do not include Tintoretto. Don't you like him?"

"No; I don't. It is all wrong, of course; but I cannot see what they find to admire so much in Tintoretto."

Mr. Whistler thought for a few moments before replying:

"Well, that 's all right. Some day it will come to you. You will understand by and by."

Six months later, after a season of diligent study in Florence, the prophecy came true. Tintoretto's pictures seemed absolutely to burst upon my sight like marvelous masterpieces which I had never seen before. I cannot explain this change of view. It happened just as I tell it.

After several enchanted weeks in Venice, a group of us went down to Florence with Frank Duveneck, who had promised to give us lessons. Very excellent lessons they were, too. It was to them, perhaps, that I owed a better appreciation of the "little dyer."

THERE is a little *trattoria* in the Via Guelfa where we ate, and drank the wine of our host's vineyard—good, sound Tuscan wine, with songs and laughter, but no headaches, in it.

We had in a piano, appropriating a back room of the little restaurant to it and to ourselves. One of the boys played well upon the violin,—poor fellow, his nimble fingers

are long since dust!—and another "beat the box," i.e., accompanied upon the piano. We made a fake exhibition at Christmas, decorated our small dining-room fantastically, and let in the polite public, the American colony, and whoever was curious about us or our impromptu show. Little by little the whitewashed walls were covered by Duveneck himself with astonishingly clever caricatures of all the class and of the very few outsiders who were sometimes admitted to our board.

We lived pretty regularly, with hard work as long as there was light, a walk for fresh air and exercise, and the evenings spent as only students can spend them, happy with frugal fare and flagons, in the reek of olive-oil smoking in ancient little brazen lamps. It

was a favored corner of bohemia, true bohemia, to which most of us have forever lost the road. The little room would be filled with ghosts for me if I went back to it; but I shall never go. They say it still exists as the "Monkey Box" of to-day.

Duveneck's class dissolved in the spring, the members scattering forever. Some of us wandered back to Venice with Duveneck, where we all set to work at once, painting and etching industriously. It is to these two summers—1880 and 1881—that the world owes some of its best etchings. Whistler's exquisite "Venice," and those fine plates by Duveneck over which there was such a contention in London, are among them.

As the season advanced and the weather became warm, hordes of tourists swarmed

on the tepid canals and spread over the lagoons. The royalties dropped in for a few days, during which there were grand doings: serenades, illuminations, opera. And with summer came the real Venetian nobility and gentry, the owners of the old palaces, the crumbling façades of which grew gay with colored awnings, gondolas clustered about the painted posts, and gondoliers lolling in the sculptured doorways.

The Lido beach was daily crowded with bathers and spectators. Night was turned into day. Following the national custom, we



"A CERTAIN MASTER."

arose in the afternoon, breakfasted on coffee, fruit, and bread, and toward five o'clock went over to the Lido for a plunge in the sea, sketching afterward until the sun went down. At about 9 P.M. we dined in one of the restaurants about the Piazza, sipping iced coffee and nibbling candied fruit at the little tables outside until half-past ten or thereabout, when we went visiting. Ten o'clock was the hour for formal calls in summer. One dropped in on one's intimates toward midnight, and regained one's gondola somewhere near 2 A.M. We generally stopped in the Piazza for a few minutes to drink another cup of coffee on our way home to bathe, change our clothes, and prepare to paint from sunrise until eight o'clock,—high time for all respectable persons to be in bed,—when we turned in and slept the sleep of the young and happy until afternoon again brought breakfast and more work.

During the autumn foreigners filled the city, Cook's "personally conducted" in their thousands, as well as fashionable travelers who dipped into Venice on their way—or, rather, a good deal out of it—up from Switzerland, or down to Rome and Florence. Friends and acquaintances from home bumped into one unexpectedly on the Piazza, or popped familiar faces suddenly between the curtains of hotel gondolas. Of course we, considering ourselves old residents already, had learned to keep our gondolas covered with the *felze* (that black cloth hood) like real Venetians. One learns very soon to prefer the *felze*, although I once heard a lady exclaim that she felt as if she were driving to her own funeral in a hearse. However, that was on a stormy night, during her first ride in a gondola.

With shorter days, and Venice full of Americans and English, the visiting-hours became more normal. Five-o'clock tea at the Casa Alvisi was the event of nearly every afternoon. I am sure we all went there as often as we dared, and so did everybody else.

Lowell, Browning, William Story, Sar-

gent, Richard Wagner, Henry James, Meissonier, and many more celebrities, were long in Venice that year. Whistler, alas! had gone up to London to battle with the Philistines.

Sir Henry Layard's palace, a veritable museum, was often hospitably open. I remember very well the night on which I found myself

standing in amazed admiration before the little picture of a hook-nosed Turk, and realized that I was staring at Gentile Bellini's long-lost portrait of Mohammed II. Sir Henry came up as I was examining the portrait almost incredulously, and told me an interesting story of its discovery, by himself, under a rough daub which covered what is surely one of the most beautiful and valuable of historical documents. After that, if Sir Henry had produced a roc's egg, the original seal of Solomon, or the key to the gate of Eden, I should not have been much astonished.

Studio work was resumed as the weather became cool. What a place Venice is for models! Stand at your door and beckon, or, like characters in the "Arabian Nights,"

just tap on the shoulder of anybody you would like to paint, saying, "Follow me," and he follows as a matter of course. Men, women, and children, they all appear willing to sit, and seem to understand perfectly what is required of them—at least, this was true twenty years ago.

I soon acquired a working comprehension of the Venetian dialect, which I took care to conceal. Many an amusing conversation have I overheard—indeed, the words were spoken aloud before my face often enough, under the impression that I could not translate them.

Pretty girls abound. Most of them are called Gija, and the rest Marietta. A Marietta, accompanied by her friend Gija, was sitting to me one morning for the inevitable study of bead-stringers. She grew so restless after an hour's work that I became rather cross with her. Then Gija told me that Marietta had not eaten that day.

Full of remorse, I rushed out and bought



CARICATURE OF MEISSONIER AS SEEN IN
THE PIAZZA, VENICE.

at the nearest shops whatever I found that was instantly edible, and bade the little girls fall to. They were both hungry, but they ate daintily enough, deliberately, temperately, without greed. Having satisfied themselves, they curtsied very prettily, and thanked me for treating them like *princesse*.

From these children and from others I learned, little by little, the hardships of the Venetian poor, their means and ways of living. They had meat twice a year; coffee, not good or strong, without sugar, with perhaps a slice of polenta, in the morning (too frequently the polenta is lacking); a little fried fish and more polenta at noon; another cup of coffee, or possibly a little sip of wine greatly diluted with water, at night; and always with no butter, no milk, and often no salt. And work, work, work, all day long, at stringing beads, when they are lucky, for which they are paid in centimes—so few of them that it is a wonder how the poor creatures manage to keep the souls in their bodies. Yet, somehow, they look plump and well, and often even happy.

As winter approached, the birds of passage wandered south, or went back to hibernate in the family nests, wherever they happened to be. Three of our original four dropped off. Two of them went away together northward, the third toward Naples, I believe, or Capri; yet I lingered, so strong upon me was the charm of Venice. I would go next week, next month—any time. There were still many pleasant persons loitering along the canals, and the five-o'clock teas grew more cozy and welcome. Mr. Browning, at the request of a charming lady, consented to give me some sittings for a portrait. I was in the seventh heaven of delight, though almost paralyzed by fear of failure.

Be sure the studio was freshly scrubbed and garnished when the dear old gentleman came trotting in. His cheery "Good morning, good morning! How are you?" made everything easy. The portrait was begun before there was time to realize any trepidation or embarrassment. Mr. Browning was so

generous about sitting that I took plenty of time over the picture. We had many cheery mornings together in San Trovaso.

Obviously it would not be fair to publish stories told by the poet under that imaginary rose which hung over us. There were anecdotes of Mr. Ruskin and of many other personages interesting to young artists, but never a word about the very great in any land, so many of whom were proud of Mr. Browning's friendship. There were little jokes at the expense of autograph fiends, and—yes, of some Browning Societies, too.

In the autumn evenings we usually gathered together for dinner at the Hotel Britannia, going afterward wherever fancy called us—to the theater, to visit, or to saunter under the arcades of the Piazza. Often we sat listening to Mr. Browning as he talked so charmingly to an admiring circle gathered about him in the Casa Alvisi, that pleasantest of houses.

Mr. Browning could say the most gracious things so heartily that his compliments seemed perfectly well deserved and natural enough to the pleased recipient.

Two years after that autumn in Venice I went to see Mr. and Miss Browning in London. While we were chatting, a burning log fell from the andirons, and I took the tongs from Miss Browning, who had caught them up to mend the fire. Just as I was about to

replace the fallen log, I said laughingly over my shoulder: "You know, sir, they say, 'One may not stir a man's fire until one has known him seven years.'"

"Ah, well," replied the poet, "you must let the intensity of my regard make up for the time which is lacking."

Late in the autumn the Minerva, a tiny theater off the Calle San Moisè, was opened with a troupe of marionettes. My friends publicly twitted me with having fallen in love with the *prima ballerina assoluta* because I spent so many evenings gazing at her, often with tears in my eyes—genuine tears of laughter. Never was anything so astonishing as the serious attitude of the audience in that theater. Grown-up men and women



CARICATURE OF RICHARD WAGNER
AS SEEN IN VENICE.

listened gravely to the love-making of *Ernesto* and *Erminia*, hissed the villain, and shouted with pleasure at the pranks of *Arlecchino* or *Faccanappa*.

The most tremendous tragedies, gorgeous pageants, side-splitting farces, and elaborate ballets, were all performed by rudely made puppets, to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

It was of no consequence that the actors jerked about the stage a couple of inches or more above the boards, that the wires and strings were always in plain view, and that the voices (such voices!) fell from the flies.

The finale was invariably a grand *pas de trois* executed by the prima and two inferior assistants, who were "discovered," as the curtain rose, standing in the air, with preposterously turned-out toes. The prima had jointed ankles. She was nightly received with thunders of applause. There were springs concealed in her legs which caused her feet to wiggle so absurdly that I usually laughed myself out of breath. The thing never palled upon me or grew stale; hence the accusation of my friends.

By and by I made the acquaintance of the mere human beings who owned and ran the show. I was permitted to go behind the scenes whenever I felt so inclined, and soon had a touching acquaintance with all the actors.

The workings of a marionette theater have been described over and over again; but I do not think sufficient stress is laid on the fact that, in Italy at any rate, certain dollies always play certain parts. The villain, in different costumes and under different names, is ever the same marionette; so with hero, heroine, heavy father, and the rest. The people know them and become accustomed to seeing familiar wooden faces (generally most unprepossessing ones) under different wigs, and attach quite real per-

sonalities to them. Another curious thing is that the comic characters of the old Italian drama and their local variants are made much smaller than the serious personages of the plays.

As long as the sun shines warmly the abject poverty in Venice shows itself as merely picturesque raggedness. When biting winter winds and chilling rains soak and flutter the thin cotton skirts of old women waiting to be passed over the toll-bridges by benevolent persons to whom two centesimi are unimportant, squalor stalks out, ugly and heartbreaking. Hunger and cold wear furrows in the piteous faces; hollow coughs sound loud and frequent in the narrow alleys. Once it snowed that year, and these poor children of sunshine suffered more than we, wrapped in furs and well shod, could know.

When the sun broke out, the church steps would be covered with scrawny crones, squatting over their *scaldini*, telling in shrill cracked voices of their rheumatics and other woes. Many and many a pathetic story came to my ears during the winter. The Casa Alvisi was a veritable refuge for the poor creatures starving with cold and hunger. The people called the good lady of the Alvisi "Baronessa Benefitrice." That is a title which I think any one might be very proud to bear, especially when it is fairly earned.¹

Wagner, who died in Venice a little later, and Meissonier were both short, stout men, and used to walk about accompanied by ladies taller than themselves. Those *petits grands hommes* looked rather alike when seen from behind at a little distance. We often stalked them around the Piazza. I am ashamed to say that I cannot remember how the ladies looked. Frau Cosima's face remains a blank behind her veil and in my sketch-book; so, too, does Mme. Meissonier's.

It used to be rather amusing to catch Meissonier at work in San Marco. He was



MARIONETTES AT THE MINERVA THEATER.
(PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA AND CORYPHÉES.)

¹ The late Mrs. Arthur Bronson, whose articles on "Browning in Asolo" and "Browning in Venice" appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1900, and February, 1902.

popularly supposed to have been painting for seven years a picture of the interior—on a panel four inches long by three inches wide. At any rate, he certainly worked for hours with a tiny box and brushes. He grew very cross when any one came within ten feet of him, hid his box, and growled audibly. We used thoughtlessly to tease him, just for fun. Some of the more audacious would sometimes pretend to be sketching him. At that he always fled, snarling.

Venetians are fond of singing, and even of whistling. They cannot be called musical, exactly, very few of their voices being at all tolerable; but they sing a great deal and extremely loud.

"Lohengrin" was performed at the Fenice that year, the very first Wagner opera ever sung in Italy, I believe. The really beautiful theater was lighted by day with wax candles. Every woman in the boxes looked a beauty—a hint to those who sit under the cruel, disfiguring glare of electricity in the Metropolitan Opera House.

All Venice was there, of course, and applauded sufficiently. The opera was not ill sung, though many of us had heard it a good deal better done elsewhere.

On the following morning silence fell upon the population. No singing or whistling smote upon the sensitive ears of foreigners. There was no performance on the second night, but in the morning of the third day one began to hear snatches of the bridal song,—"Tum—tum, tum-tum—tüm—tum, tum—tüm,"—ending anyhow, nohow, in vagueness or a purely Italian flourish.

After the second performance, however, Venice had caught that air entire, with scraps of the swan-song and other odds and ends—no, not ends; beginnings. It was the ends that bothered them—there were none. One air ran into another in such exasperating fashion. How could anybody sing a song whose last note was only the commencement of something else?

Although they made satisfactory terminations of their own before the week was out, "Lohengrin" cannot be said to have sprung into popularity. The people soon returned to their old loves. "Santa Lucia," "Funiculi," and the rest were daily squalled and bellowed by whoever felt the need of melody, while "Lohengrin" remained a thing to hear and wonder at between the walls of the Fenice, but not to sing outside.

After a while another spring came creeping along from the south. There was a rather dismal carnival, followed by Lent, which, as the population fasted habitually, seemed to make little difference to anybody. People who had wintered in Rome or farther off came back again, and for a few weeks Venice became fashionable, almost "smart." The *merceria* woke up and sold bogus old silver, while dealers in imitation antiquities reaped their semiannual harvest from foreign letters of credit.

Ah! the pleasant times. The Festival of St. Mark; the memorial illumination of the cathedral; the Feast of the Redentore; the gaiety of the very funerals, with red-gowned attendants and crimson velvet palls. Sunshine dried the paupers' rags and warmed their bones; one was no more oppressed by the sight of suffering; winter was forgotten for a time by common consent.

I worked faithfully all through that spring and following summer. The studio was piled high with sketches and studies. But at last,

one autumn day, I knew my time was up. Beppo was set to mixing a bucket of white lead with other things, while his master looked critically at the twenty-four months' work—more than a hundred canvases and panels. Beppo's mixture was ready before long. We selected two large brushes, and deliberately blotted out nearly everything I had painted during two whole years. "Burning the ships," I called it; but I sometimes regret the loss of that little navy, because of the pleasant days it might recall.



MARIONETTES AT THE MINERVA THEATER.
(ERNESTO—PANTALONE—ERMINIA.)

The five were utterly scattered. Two of them came for a little time to Venice, then went home to the United States. I packed my traps and boxes, locked the studio, said good-by to Menighina and the other friends, and went my way, promising to come back soon. That was eighteen years ago. I have not yet returned.

There were some sketch- and note-books, and a few little paintings—carried off, from

time to time, tucked under the arms of sympathetic visitors—which escaped the general destruction of those last days in Venice. From the books, in which outrageous caricatures abound, I have dragged this wreckage—the salvage of burnt ships. Even the sketch-books are looted every now and then; a page is missing here and there. I wonder what becomes of them? Probably the studio charwoman takes them to light the fires.

AUTUMN MATINS.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

I WAKE this morning, and my heart is singing
 In the full chorus of the great world's joy.
 The fresh leaves thrill with joy, the dew is stringing
 Joy-pearls along the grass, and birds upspringing
 Fling song back, from their overplus of joy.

Outside, the last dead autumn leaves are falling,
 Rain drips on city stones, and no birds sing;
 But in my heart the joy of spring is calling:
 Love's freedom laughs at place and time's enthralling;
 Love-joy is in my heart, and makes it spring.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN POETS.

BY WYATT EATON.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

WYATT EATON was born of New England parentage at Philipsburg, a village on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, May 6, 1849. At the age of eighteen he went to New York and began the study of art at the National Academy of Design, under Samuel Colman, Daniel Huntington, Leutze, and other Academicians, who criticized each in turns of two weeks, there being, in those days, no regular professors. At the same time he painted in the studio of Joseph Orion Eaton, in whom he found the rare combination of helpful instructor and kind, interested friend.

In 1872 he went to Europe, and after a few weeks in London, where he had the good fortune to meet James McNeill Whistler, from whom he received many valuable suggestions, he went on to Paris, and entered the atelier of Gérôme at the École des Beaux-Arts.

For the next four years his time was divided between Paris and Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau. In Paris he became acquainted with Munkácsy, who gave him occasional criticisms, and was on intimate terms with Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and other young men whose names have since become familiar to us.

It was during this time that he had the rare privilege of much intercourse with Millet, being a constant and welcome visitor at the artist's home, and treated by Mme. Millet with the familiar affection almost of a son. The master, taking a liking to the young American, suggested that he

should bring him his work for criticism and advice. This was all the more remarkable as Millet was then in poor health, and was very reserved on all matters pertaining to art. But sometimes of an evening, over a game of dominoes, he would overcome this reticence and discuss art freely, both in its pictorial and its higher meaning, and these rare and happy occasions were always a delight in the memory of the pupil. [See his article about Millet in the *THE CENTURY* for May, 1889.]

It is not strange, then, that, with such an exceptional early training and influence, but little thought was given to his study at the school, the greater part of his time being spent out of doors making landscape studies, painting portraits and peasant subjects.

Some of the work done at this time naturally bears a striking resemblance to that of Millet, but, as it requires a strong hand to follow a great master, so will that hand eventually work out its own individuality.

At this period the "Reverie" and the "Harvesters at Rest" (now in the gallery at Smith College) were exhibited at the Salon, these being followed, a few years after, by a portrait of Mrs. Hawkins which was said to be one of the very finest canvases in the Salon of that year.

To those acquainted with the history of art in America the name of Wyatt Eaton must always be familiar, for after his return to New York, he, together with Augustus St. Gaudens, Walter Shirlaw, and others, founded, in 1877, the Society of American Artists, of which he was the first secretary, and later the president.

His first work in America included drawings from life of the poets Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, and Dr. Holland, for *THE CENTURY*. These were engraved by Timothy Cole, and were considered, at the time, a real innovation in magazine work. After these came portraits of Bishop Horatio Potter, Mr. Roswell Smith, President Garfield (after his death) for the Union League Club of New York, and of many of New York's most prominent citizens.

One of his most cherished desires was to become a painter of the nude. His works in this line are few, but they are marked by great purity and charm.

We have from his pen some valuable writings, among which are his "Notes on the Early Italian Masters."

His best work in portraiture was done in Canada, where he was called in 1892 to paint a portrait of Sir William Dawson, the well-known geologist, then principal of McGill College. This was received with such general approval that it was immediately followed by other important orders, and the rest of his life was spent chiefly in Canada.

Among the best known of his Canadian works are portraits of Sir William and Lady Van Horne, Sir Donald and Lady Smith, Mr. Angus, Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter, and the Hon. Archie Gordon, youngest son, of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Mr. Eaton died at Newport, Rhode Island, June 7, 1896, in his forty-eighth year.

CHARLOTTE EATON.

IN the winter of 1877-78 I was asked, by the editor of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, to make a portrait of William Cullen Bryant. At that time I thought of Bryant as the most painted man in America, and the order would have given me less pleasure had it not been accompanied by the suggestion that it might also be desired that I make portraits of other poets, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

Now, the person of Emerson had always been as mysterious to me as Bryant's had been well known, and since the beginning of my study of art it had been one of my most cherished desires to make a portrait of Emerson. For this reason principally I joyously hailed the opportunity to do another portrait of Bryant.

Bryant was then in his eighty-fifth year—in fact, the last year of his life. My most vivid recollection of him was the first time I saw him, when I called with Mr. G— at his house on Sixteenth street, a few doors west of Fifth Avenue. It was on

Sunday afternoon. Bryant came from the back parlor to the front, rather tall and gaunt, high-shouldered, his whole figure somewhat detached from his white, bushy head. The color of his face was fresh, owing perhaps to his having just finished dinner, or having had a nap; for the habitual color of his face was bleached. But I could not free myself from the memory of the ruddy color, and put too much in a painted portrait.

Bryant's manner was marked by great quietness. He willingly consented, if I remember rightly, to Mr. G—'s request for sittings for the portrait. I offered to work at the house, but he chose to come to my studio, which necessitated the climbing of four difficult flights of stairs. This did not seem to be an objection to him, and an appointment was made for Monday mornings.

In my studio Bryant's head came out with wonderful picturesqueness. I had never before had such a model. It would have been a delight to make oil-color studies of it, strong in effects of light and shade; but

this was not what Bryant had come for. I chose a view of the face which I thought was getting most directly at the man, though not his most characteristic appearance; but still, with the beautifully formed head and face, the long white hair mingling with the flowing white beard, there was no lack of the pictorial element. From a habit of making studies in crayon, from which I painted pictures, rather than painting direct from nature, I had acquired a greater facility in the use of the crayon than of the brush in portraiture. I therefore began my portrait with crayon on a heavy, rough-surfaced, warm-toned water-color paper. I was so much pleased with the suggestion given in the first sitting that I had the sketch photographed; and I continued to have the drawing photographed after each sitting, for something is always lost in working over the same picture. Besides, these photographs enabled me to work at my drawing without the sitter, for if I lost anything that I wanted in the drawing I could find it again in the photographs. I found that the tendency in my drawing was to keep as nearly as possible to the effect of my first day's work, striving always after a more perfect construction of the head and greater solidity, but with the simplicity of the first sketch.

I began at the same time a portrait in oil-colors, but upon this I worked only once from nature, and this was principally upon the beard and hair, and particularly about the mouth, where the brush proved more subtle than the crayon. I think that I had nine sittings on the drawing. I found Bryant's presence too overpowering to leave my mind free for work, and therefore I usually had a friend with me, to relieve me of conversation. Mr. G—— came frequently, and succeeded admirably in keeping Bryant in the mood I wished for my portrait. The sittings were at nine o'clock, and usually lasted until after eleven, as Bryant wished to be at his office in the "Evening Post" building, forty or fifty blocks away, at twelve o'clock. I found that he walked in all weather. He always arrived at my studio exactly on time. Once he disappointed me. I called on him the following Sunday, and found him inconsolable at having forgotten his appointment.

He told me that he took a couple of hours' exercise every morning, swinging chairs, dumb-bells, etc. He said he supposed that he no longer needed so much exercise, but having had the habit so long, it was difficult to discontinue it.

Bryant's manner was always very formal. He once began to talk to me of the trees of Canada, but found me very ignorant of names. Once, in an absent-minded way, he repeated some poetry—I think it was poetry—in a ponderous, sonorous voice, like the rumbling from a deep cave.

Bryant seemed very old to me—noteighty-four, but a hundred, or even two or three hundred. I felt myself as much a stranger to him at the end of the sittings as at the time of my first meeting him.

It was arranged that I should go on with the portraits of the other poets. I was not able, however, to free myself from other work until late in June of 1878, the summer following the winter of the Bryant portrait.

On the morning of my arrival I found Longfellow at his house in Cambridge, and presented my card of introduction from the associate editor, who, I think, had written Longfellow of the work I was desired to do. He also had a letter concerning me from his brother and my friend the Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

The poet readily consented to the sittings, and an appointment was made for the following morning. A corner of the library adjoining his study was chosen for the work, the light coming from the window looking out upon the grounds. The weather was very hot, and I was much hampered in the effect of my drawing by the light but stiff clothes which Longfellow wore. However, I succeeded at my first sitting in getting what I thought to be a characteristic, if not a poetic, pose. I was struck by the great intentness, almost a stare, with which he looked at one in pauses of the conversation. His eyes were so brilliant that he really seemed to be looking one through. It was this gaze that I tried to get in my portrait.

I was to have had a sitting the following morning, but found myself unfitted for work by a bad headache. I called upon the poet to excuse myself, and at the same time to have another opportunity to study his face when he was not actually sitting. I found him in his study writing letters. I spoke of my own negligence in writing to friends, saying that I could never decide what to write about. To this Longfellow said he thought that if one who had a letter to write would sit down, write the heading, with date, etc., and begin, "My dear John," by that time there would be something to say, and the letter would run on without difficulty.

The next day I found myself still suffering

from the headache, or rather from the intense heat of Cambridge. I accordingly took the train for Concord and Emerson. I arrived at the wrong station, one far away from the town. No conveyance of any kind was to be had, and I therefore had to make up my mind to a walk in the hottest sun, across the most unsheltered and sandy of wastes. This, at least, is my recollection of the arrival at Concord.

The only hotel gave me but little comfort. In fact, I can remember nothing of the place except that it looked like all other hotels in New England, and that I could get nothing I could eat. Coming down for breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, I would find everything cleared away and the dining-room locked.

However, I was enchanted with the sloping hills, the broad valleys, the sweet meadows, Walden Pond, and its road through the fragrant woods, the walk by the Old Manse down to the battle-ground at the river, the cattle on the banks, and the naked boys in swimming. Ah, the river, winding and twisting, encircling the town like a great serpent, the quietest, the most peaceful, the most shaded, the most inviting of rivers!

That afternoon found me on my way to Mr. F. B. Sanborn's, to whom I had a note of introduction. I was told that he lived up on the Main street. I was then in the shade, for which I was abundantly thankful. I passed house after house, all surrounded by thick-leaved trees, with a little fountain or lawn-sprinkler playing in each front yard. All the time I hoped that Mr. Sanborn's house might be like one of these, and that I might find some excuse to sit on the veranda for the rest of the afternoon. As I went up the street, I became interested in an old gentleman ahead of me. He was much bent by age, but still walked with a firm tread. He wore a silk hat and a somewhat antiquated black broadcloth suit, and had long, flowing white locks. His whole appearance was venerable, benevolent, and fatherly. Later I learned that it was Mr. Alcott, then over eighty years of age. I found Mr. Sanborn's place just as I had hoped, sprinkler and all. Mr. Sanborn was in town, and not expected until a late afternoon train, so I asked permission to wait, and sat down where drops from the fountain would occasionally blow over upon me, and read Charles Dudley Warner's account of killing a bear in the Adirondacks, until my headache passed and Mr. Sanborn arrived.

Mr. Sanborn entered heartily into the project of the portrait, but with misgivings as to my opportunities. He told me that Emerson had not taken on the usual picturesqueness of old age, and had been failing rapidly of late, and was much broken in appearance.

This did not discourage me, however. To me, at least, I was sure he would still be Emerson.

That evening Mr. Sanborn took me over to Emerson's house. We awaited the poet in the large drawing-room, which, in fact, was rather a sitting-room. It was not yet dark, and the lamps were not lighted. We came forward as he entered. It was, indeed, the real, the living Emerson. Where another man would hardly have been recognized in the dim light, with him everything was accented. His tall, slightly stooped figure, his long neck and sloping shoulders, his strong features and well-formed head, came out with prominence in the quiet light. But it was not this so much as it was his large but simple manner that impressed me. I felt myself in the presence of a truly great man.

The greeting was cordial. Emerson made some inquiries as to which college I belonged to, evidently thinking me one of the many college men who came to see him. But little time was lost in formalities. Turning to Mr. Sanborn, he said he had promised to read him something from his notes made during his visit to Washington in the early part of Lincoln's administration, and, if he would like, he would then read them. Mr. Sanborn was deeply in sympathy with Emerson and his work, and this was evidently a long-expected treat. Lights were brought in. Emerson readily found his note-book in his study adjoining,—a square book, a little smaller than letter-paper, with stiff paper covers,—and seating himself by a large lamp, was soon in the midst of the perplexing times at Washington. I found, in the course of the reading, that Emerson had been the guest of Charles Sumner, and it was evident from the lack of reserve in speech, in Emerson's presence, by Lincoln and all those intimately associated with him, that the character of the man was well appreciated.

With Lincoln, as well as with the members of the cabinet, he must have been at once upon terms of the closest intimacy, and must have been allowed to come and go at his pleasure. Never in the notes, however, did Emerson refer to his own relations with Lincoln or his conversation with him

or the other chiefs, but made himself always the listener.

The time of Emerson's visit to Washington was marked by the seizure of Mason and Slidell, vivid in the memories of my early childhood as the "*Trent* Affair." Every line that he read was brimming with interest. A circumstance which most impressed me was Lincoln's anxiety and nervousness as to the tone of the demand which they were awaiting for the surrender of the two men. Upon this, Lincoln seemed to feel, must rest the question of refusal or acceptance, war or peace.

It will be remembered that in some account of the last illness of the Prince Consort the Queen showed him the draft for the demand. The Prince declared that it would never do, and dictated a much more pacific paper. This, together with Lincoln's attitude, gives great significance to the Prince Consort's intervention.

I was seeing Emerson in his days of full vigor, and in a rare mood, for while reading of these scenes of earlier years, he again lived in that time, surrounded by old friends and men of the same great aims, whom he admired and revered.

I called upon Emerson again the next morning, this time accompanied by his son, Dr. Edward Emerson, whom I had met in London in our student days. Dr. Emerson explained my mission. To this his father paid little heed; the matter had no weight or interest for him. But when he saw that I, his son's friend, personally wished to make a portrait of him, his manner changed, and from the kindness of his heart, from his inability to be otherwise than courteous, he consented to give me sittings.

My engagements took me back to Longfellow after a preliminary sitting from Emerson, and, for reasons which I am now unable to recall, I immediately went on to Danvers. A walk of half a mile or a mile over country roads, with stone walls and apple-orchards, brought me to a highly cultivated estate, with well-kept lawns, and trees of many countries. "Oak Knoll" was the name of the place, owned by ladies, cousins of Whittier, with whom he lived, and who petted and cared for him, and humored him like a spoiled child.

They once told me of the difficulty they had to make him attend his seventieth-birthday dinner given by his friends in Boston. They said they had actually to dress him, to force him into the carriage, and finally to shove him into the train.

Whittier received me very kindly, but was reluctant in giving his consent for sittings. My idea of Whittier had been formed by an engraving from a daguerreotype in a volume of his poetry. In this the face was closely shaven—a face large and rugged, with a strong chin, and a large mouth kindly in expression. I now found him with a full beard, excepting the upper lip, making the mouth seem small, and giving him a general look of commonplaceness and lack of character.

He brought a recent photograph, which he showed me with much satisfaction. It was one of the regular, hard, smooth, retouched things, almost unrecognizable. "There," said Whittier; "why can't you do your portrait from this?" I was so much disappointed that I felt like accepting his lack of consent as a refusal, and going away. But I had other things to consider besides my own inclinations, so I insisted upon the sittings, and soon everything was arranged.

I never found in Whittier that ruggedness which I had imagined, but soon grew to like him very much, and the sittings became most enjoyable. After a day or two with him I went back to finish the portrait of Longfellow, who was soon to leave for his native place, Portland.

Longfellow was then over seventy, and had recently had a severe illness; but he seemed wonderfully youthful and active, his mind always alert, and his speech ready. His head, of course, gave the appearance of age, but his eyes were those of youth. His body seemed forty years younger than his head, never fatigued, always active. He would stand or walk about the table while eating his cold oatmeal and milk for luncheon. He took oatmeal and milk for breakfast,—for he said one does not feel like eating much in the morning,—and oatmeal and milk again in the middle of the day, for a hearty luncheon destroys one's appetite for dinner. Never did I see him walk up the steps leading from the lawn to the veranda; it was always a skip. His conversation was full of bright remarks and apt quotations. An English earl had just visited Cambridge. Longfellow spoke of his interest in the fine arts, but I complained of the unfortunate art that Lord — had patronized in America, to which Longfellow replied: "He perhaps is like a certain other celebrity who was said to have had a great deal of taste, but, unfortunately, it was all bad."

Is it strange that I could never think of Longfellow as an old man? It made his years

of life and experience seem unreal and a mystery to me. But still I always felt a certain reserve with him which I had not with the other poets. One morning, when at work, the weather being excessively hot, my shoulders were suffering with the thickness of a too heavy coat; but I felt that it would not do to ask permission to take it off. During the morning some one was announced. Longfellow asked to have him shown in. An extremely carefully dressed young man, with a well-intoned, lisping voice, entered. He immediately told our host of a five-act drama or tragedy which he had just written, and of his hopes and fears regarding its being put upon the stage. Then the conversation turned upon the weather, and the visitor said: "Do you know, Mr. Longfellow, what the business men do in their offices downtown? They take off their coats."

"Why, really!" replied Longfellow. "And sit in their *shirt-sleeves*? At least, they might have some kind of light jacket to put on, to have the appearance of a coat."

I felt that I had very happily escaped committing a grave fault in the eyes of Longfellow.

While working from Emerson I would take off my coat, having too much consideration for his preoccupation or conversation to interrupt by asking permission, and I am sure that he was always oblivious as to whether my coat was on or off.

My talks with Longfellow were generally during the rests from our work or before or after the sittings, when he would take me about the house, showing me objects of interest, works of art, etc., and talking freely about poetry, poets, and translations, always bringing in quotations, and sometimes in French and Italian. Everything was a subject of reminiscence of other times and other countries. A picture of Thomas Buchanan Read occasioned the remark that he was a much better painter than poet. I had always heard artists who had known Read say that he was a much better poet than painter.

The weather continued hot, and Longfellow hastened the time for getting away from Cambridge. The day of the last sitting was again hot, but Longfellow put on a heavy coat, from which I hoped to get better lines for the shoulders. That I might have a little more time, he also allowed me to continue work in the afternoon. During the day a violent storm broke over us, and it became too dark for work. Longfellow went to some other part of the house to close windows, but I went out on a veranda, where I was

sheltered from the rain, but could enjoy the storm to the fullest. The whole place seemed to be enveloped in the flashes of lightning, and the thunder was terrific.

When the sky grew lighter I went back to the library, where I found Longfellow already in his chair. His manner was very quiet, and presently, in a deep, subdued voice, he said: "I believe I like nothing that is violent."

The finishing of my portrait was hurried, and I have often regretted that I did not follow Longfellow to Portland. My whole summer, rather than three weeks, should have been given to these portraits.

I went back to Danvers so tired and exhausted from the heat that I continued to sleep the whole of the next day, until six o'clock in the afternoon, when I went down for my first meal. The hotel at Danvers was hardly more comfortable than that at Concord. They never failed to have pies for breakfast.

I now had to hasten the completion of the portrait of Whittier, for he was suffering from the heat, and anxious to get away to the Isles of Shoals. I worked every day, and Whittier was a very good sitter, holding his position like a statue. But I was afraid of wearying him, and I think we spent more time out on the lawn than inside at our work. My friend Mr. Francis Lathrop, who was doing some landscapes having associations with Whittier, now joined us, and we were a merry party under the trees.

Whittier was a great novel-reader, it would seem, and much admiring the works of George Parsons Lathrop, was delighted when he found that the artist was the brother of the author.

Whittier was light-hearted and joyous at these times, and it was a charming experience, lounging through a hot summer's day, in the midst of the most beautiful verdure, with a sympathetic companion, a man of so great interest and so full of memories, who seemed to have no cares or preoccupations, desiring nothing but to sit with us in the shade on the grass, talking of writers and poets, and telling of the happenings of his life.

Among many other things I remember his having told us that he voted for Lincoln four times. At each of the two elections he voted as a citizen and as a Presidential elector. He told about a man from one of the Western States having made a pilgrimage to Amesbury to see him. Not finding him at the house, he went to the grocery-store,

where he was told that he might be found. Sure enough, there was Whittier seated upon a barrel, in the midst of a group of village people, telling stories. The man was so disgusted that he turned and went home without making himself known to the poet.

Whittier was much pleased that I had once attempted to make illustrations for his "Maud Muller," and that I had some acquaintance with his poetry. Of the "Maud Muller" he told me that he was once driving along a country road with his sister. They came upon a very pretty young girl making hay. They stopped, and he asked his sister to speak to her. While standing before them the girl raked a little hay over her bare feet.

Brightness reigned supreme at Oak Knoll. Whittier was one day making sport of his cousins' difficulties with their bonnets, to which one of them replied: "A man who has to go to Philadelphia to get his coat cut should not criticize women's bonnets."

Whittier's loyalty and generosity were shown by his concern at the fact that I was not also making a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was strong in his praises of all of his contemporaries, but particularly of Holmes. "Why," he would say, "Holmes is, in many respects, the greatest of us all."

This recalls a fact that had nearly passed from my memory. Holmes once said to me: "There is power and strength in sweetness and tenderness, as well as in the more heroic forms of poetry, and in these qualities Longfellow is preëminent."

My work went on smoothly, only I had great difficulty in getting the forehead and head large enough. Every day I had to add a little, and it was not until the very last that I found I had obtained the proper dimensions.

Oak Knoll and its pleasant inhabitants will always remain with me a fond memory.

I was now at liberty to return to Concord to finish my portrait without interruption, for the portrait of Holmes I was to do at another time, and Lowell was abroad. But, alas! Emerson, too, made a limit of time, and for a graver reason than the others. He said to me: "You must get through with this work as quickly as possible, for I am very old; I have but a little longer to live, and so much to do." He explained that it was not new work he wished to do, but to arrange the work of his past years.

One day Mrs. Emerson gave a tea at which I imagine all the friends of Concord were present. It was to be followed by a conver-

sazione. As the guests left the dining-room I went upon some errand to the study, where I had been at work during the day. There I found Emerson alone, deeply absorbed in his papers; for, as most of the people were standing in the dining-room, he had thought to get away unobserved, that he might accomplish a little work before joining the party for the evening.

When I was alone with Emerson he would address me so directly, or talk so interestingly, that work was quite impossible. Turning to me one morning, he said: "Who is your favorite poet?" He fortunately saved me from answering, for he went on to say: "Of course we must except Shakspeare and Burns." Taking up Burns, he spoke of him as almost as great, and in some qualities as great, as Shakspeare, and continued in this vein until I may say I was relieved by a friend coming in and joining in the conversation, while I went on with my work.

The subjects and men upon which Emerson had written years before were always new and fresh with him. He spoke to us one day of the poetry of George Herbert with as keen an interest as if he had but just come upon it.

It seemed strange to hear Carlyle spoken of in terms of comradeship. Emerson got up one day and pointed out Carlyle's works with the same interest with which a young author might show his first book. Emerson told me the number of years that they had corresponded: I believe it was forty. But he said that Carlyle had to have a young lady write for him then, so he had written his friend not to be to the trouble of writing him any more. It was in a different tone from that in which he spoke of his friends' books that he said to me one day: "I have always been a great writer. I have written all those books," indicating two shelves under one of his study windows closely packed with the square note-books to which I have already referred. This was said as a schoolmaster might have referred to the work of his leisure. "But now," he added sadly, "I write no more."

The only faculty I could see that Emerson had lost was the memory of names and words. His mind upon all other subjects seemed to be perfectly clear, and his freedom in expression would be interrupted only by the lack of a word. I think the consciousness of this failing made him diffident in speaking before a company. He took no part in the conversazione, but was always a most attentive listener.

Soon after Dr. Jones's arrival in Concord, the friends were invited to Mr. Sanborn's one morning. It was a maxim of Dr. Jones that the morning should be for work, the afternoon for chores, and the evening for social intercourse. Dr. Jones was to take up again the subject of Plato, which he had touched upon at a previous gathering.

At the close of his discourse he turned to Emerson, and asked if he would say a few words. Emerson, in very broken sentences, replied that he no longer had thoughts upon those subjects. To this Mrs. Emerson, who was seated by her husband, hastened to say: "You mean to say, my dear, that you no longer allow yourself to express your ideas upon these subjects in public," and Emerson answered: "Yes; that is what I meant to say."

Miss Emerson was constantly by her father, and was a great help to him in his conversation, almost always giving him the word or name he wished.

It was while I was at Concord that Dr. Jones made his first visit. He was introduced to Emerson at a *conversazione* at Emerson's house. Mr. Alcott opened the evening with a few words upon Plato and his philosophy, then called upon Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones stammered, and was unable to speak. Then Mr. Alcott asked him some direct question about Plato, to which he made an almost inaudible reply. Then Mr. Sanborn asked him a question, to which he replied a little more fully; and thus, by consideration and tact, the difficulties were overcome, and Dr. Jones got to speaking with some freedom.

It must have been evident to all present that Dr. Jones was a man of power. At the same time I could make but little out of his hesitating words. The next morning, however, Emerson, in speaking of him, said he did not know that there was a man in America who knew so much of Plato.

Mr. Sanborn was frequently with us while I was at work. He knew well the subjects that would keep Emerson interested. Mr. Alcott would also sometimes join us, and once he called with Dr. Jones.

Thoreau was always a favorite subject of conversation with Emerson. He would tell almost with pride of Thoreau's skill in woodcraft. One day Thoreau said to Emerson: "I have dropped my hatchet in the middle of Walden Pond." The next day he remarked: "Well, I have found my hatchet."

Here is another incident related by Emerson. A stranger who was visiting Concord

was walking through the fields with Thoreau. They were talking of Indian relics. The visitor said he wished he might see something of the kind, whereupon Thoreau stooped and picked up a flint arrow-head, and handed it to him.

Dr. Jones asked what books Thoreau had written. Emerson replied, giving the number,—eleven, I believe,—and he and Mr. Alcott began to enumerate them. Now, the evening before I had spent with Dr. Emerson, who had read to me some passages from Thoreau's "Maine Woods." I listened as they went on, expecting to hear it named; but they came to the end of the list, being unable to recall the name of this book. So I came to their relief with "Maine Woods." Emerson turned to me almost radiant. "Ah," said he, "you know *all* of Thoreau's books."

I was at Concord on the Fourth of July. I went, in the evening, with Dr. and Mrs. Emerson to see the procession of illuminated boats upon the river. We had just arrived at the bridge when we heard an alarm of fire in the village. Dr. Emerson started back on a full run, while I returned with Mrs. Emerson. At their house we found the doctor working over some one who had been injured. I then went to the scene of the fire, and there, up in front, separated from the crowd, amid the falling timbers and dashing water, whom should I find but Emerson, his head craned forward, intent upon every movement of the workers. I linked my arm gently in his, and, out of courtesy, he gave up what to him was an advantageous position, but to me a very dangerous one.

During the whole of the time that I was at work with Emerson he never seemed to become aware of the fact that he was sitting. This was, in a way, satisfactory, but it made my work difficult. I could never get his attention called in the direction I wanted his face, for he would not turn toward the person with whom he was in conversation, but would generally lean forward, looking down, or throw himself back in his chair and look intently at the light. I made the great mistake of not also having had in progress a drawing in the latter position, which would have been nearly in profile, with the light full upon the face.

I felt, while with these men, that a great privilege had been given me, but I had not the experience which would have enabled me more fully to avail myself of it.

The arrangements for the portrait of Holmes were made by Dr. Holland through correspondence.

I arrived in Boston on Christmas night of this same year, and called upon the poet the next morning. His cordial manner removed at once all feeling of being a stranger, and his bright face, and more particularly his large, full, open gray-blue eyes, shining with tenderness and depth, were irresistible, and gave me a sense of delight.

We fixed upon the study as a workroom, with the windows looking out on the Charles River, for the house was on the new part of Beacon street. It was a most delightful room, and a great enjoyment to Holmes. At this season the ice, in great blocks, was floating up and down the river with the tide, and covered with sea-gulls. I returned the same afternoon and began work, which was continued every day, and sometimes both morning and afternoon, until New Year's. This time I needed no one to help me, no relief from the weight of conversation. My sitter did not need entertaining; he entertained me, and kept me in the mood for work, and his face never diminished in its brightness.

My week's experience with Holmes would lead me to say that the charm of his wit was that it came from a man of seriousness, and of his seriousness that it came from a man of wit.

It was an entertainment in itself, the pleasure and interest that Holmes would take in another's stories, and I never before knew how many I could tell. In fact, I believe it was an inspiration that lasted for that week, and never returned.

I was fresh from the Latin Quarter of Paris, and this revived the poet's memories of his own life there, upon which it was a pleasure for him to dwell. At times he would try his memory of French. A closet opening into the study was filled with all varieties of his boots, which recalled a remark of the elder Dumas upon his son: "Alexander will never amount to anything: he has nine pairs of boots, and keeps them all in a row"; and a later saying of the son: "My father is a baby which I had when very young."

Things like these would delight him, and he would try to put them back into French. "Mon père," he would say, "c'est un enfant que j'ai eu quand j'étais très jeune." I suggested "lorsque." "Ah, yes," he said, and repeated, "lorsque j'étais très jeune. That is better."

Our talks were of literature, the fine arts, anatomy in its external forms, people, places.

In fact, I think there are few subjects we did not touch upon or discuss.

He had, I thought, some feeling for and appreciation of the fine arts, which I could not say of the other poets, not even of Longfellow. He brought out and showed me what he called an "etching" of an elephant by Rembrandt—but which, in fact, was a Braun photograph of a slight but masterful drawing with the point of the crayon. This would have appealed only to an instinct for the essentials in art.

The portrait of his great-grandmother, "Dorothy Q.," was hanging in the study. She was a person of great interest to him. I think he thought that he resembled her, at least in character, and her ninety years seemed to him only a fair allowance of time for one's life. He showed me the first models of his improved stereoscope, the one which finally came into general use. He seemed to have no regrets at not having patented his inventions, which would have brought him a fortune.

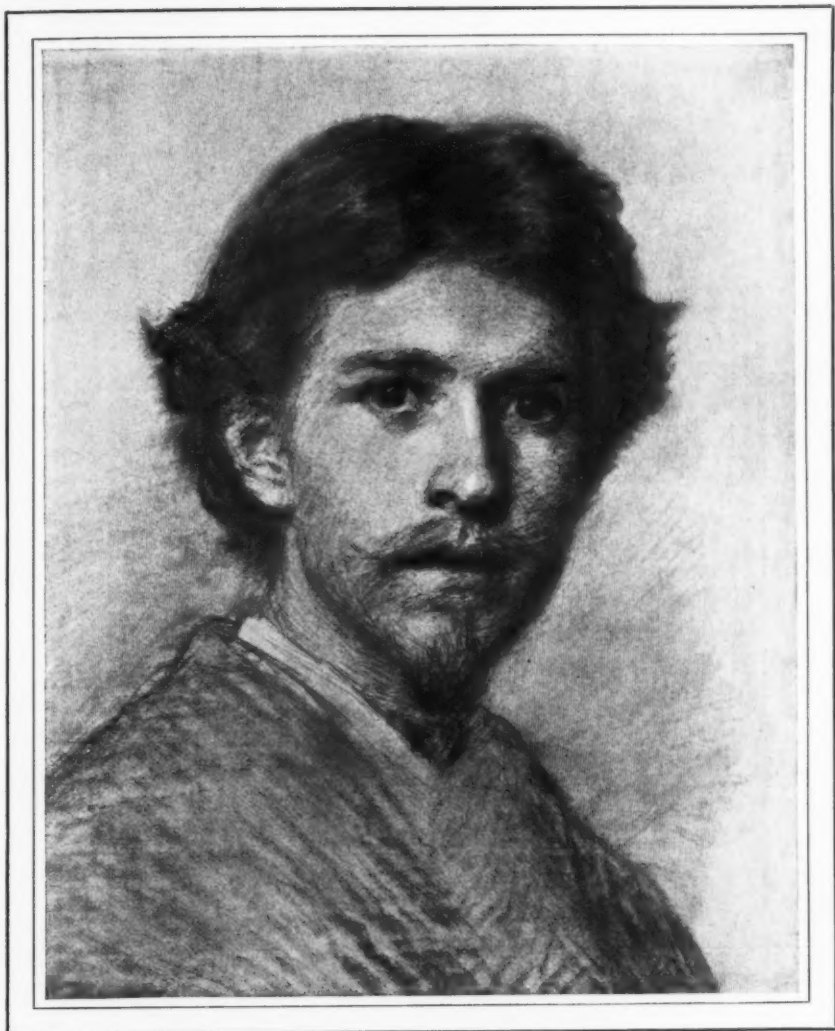
It was just at this time that his biography of his friend John Lothrop Motley came out. In it the author felt that he had particular difficulties to deal with between loyalty to the Republican party and to the President, General Grant, and justice to his friend.

He made his severest comments upon the action of Grant under the guise of pleasantries; but his view of Grant's part in recalling Motley from London was there all the same.

Dr. Holmes was anxious, even agitated, as to the way the book, particularly the parts referring to the relations of Grant and Motley, would be received, and he was much gratified with a paragraph which I brought him in regard to the matter from George W. Smalley's London letter to the "Tribune."

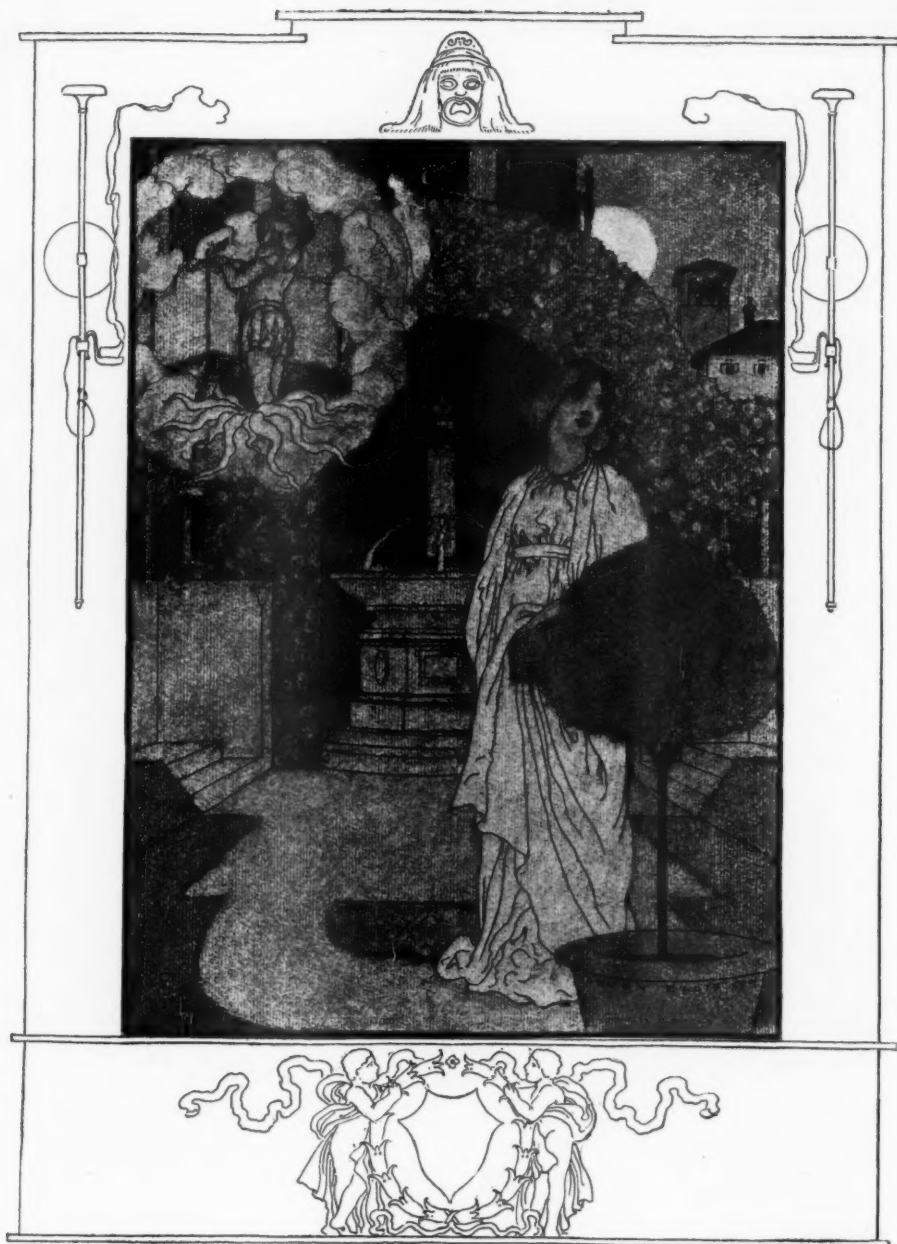
I had never asked any one for his autograph. I had a great desire, however, to have one of Holmes; but still I could not ask for it. But, on going away, he gave me a copy of his "Life of Motley," with a full inscription upon the fly-leaf, a photograph of the first model of his stereoscope, and a photograph of the portrait of Dorothy Q., and upon this another autograph. I was therefore rich in souvenirs as well as in memories.

In all the ground we covered in this week of diversified talk, Holmes never once repeated a story or remark; but it is still more exceptional to say that there was no sign of fatigue at my long sittings, neither had the interest begun to flag.



DRAWN BY WYATT EATON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WYATT EATON.



DRAWN BY HARVEY ELLIS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.



"A VOICE IN THE SCENTED NIGHT."

(VILLANELLE AT VERONA.)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

A VOICE in the scented night,
A step where the rose-trees blow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

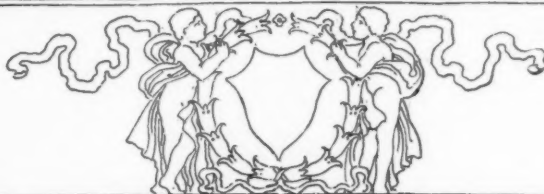
Cold star at the blue vault's height,
What is it that shakes you so?
A voice in the scented night.

She comes in her beauty bright,
She comes in her young love's glow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

She bends from her casement white,
And she hears it, hushed and low,
A voice in the scented night.

And he climbs by that stairway slight,
Her passionate *Romeo*:
O Love, and O Love's delight!

And it stirs us still in spite
Of its "ever so long ago,"
That voice in the scented night:
O Love, and O Love's delight!





A BIRD-CAGE MAKER'S SHOP IN SEVILLE.



DUTCH CAGE, CHIP-CARVED.

THE QUEST FOR CAGES.

BY
ROGER RIORDAN,
WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED BRENNAN.



EAGLE-CAGE AT ZUÑI.

First, when birds were gods, the cage was a shrine. Such is, at this day, the eagle-cage at Zuñi, pictured and described by Mr. Dellenbaugh.¹ This "cage" is, rather, an artificial aery, constructed of two walls of adobe against the side of a house, with a cage-like grating of wooden bars in front. In the picture, the eagle roosts untrammelled on the top of his temple, a guardian priest standing near; for he is a sacred bird, every feather of him. The larger quill-feathers, as they are shed, are gathered up for ceremonial head-dresses and other emblems, and the small, downy feathers from the breast for the white "prayer-plumes" which, ac-

cording to the poetic belief of the Zuñi, waft their petitions to the greater deities.

Birds appear to have been domesticated before any were caged. Savages, who do not make cages, frequently have pet birds that accompany the tribe on its wanderings. On Assyrian reliefs, where one may see lions and other dangerous beasts strongly caged, the tame birds are shown free in the branches. The bird-cage is, in fact, a warrant that the owner is of gentle disposition, a home-keeping man, a lover of birds, and, on that account, unwilling to part with them. He has usually felt it incumbent on him to supply some artistic adornment as a substitute for the infinite variety of nature of which the domesticated creature must be deprived. Much of our own love of ornament has no other root. It is this that brings "The Quest for Cages" within the scope of the collector's activity.

A new field, its history is unwritten. The

¹ In "The First Americans," by F. S. Dellenbaugh, "St. Nicholas," October, 1889.



BIRD-CAGE OF THE AZORES.

only comprehensive collection known to the writer is that from which the accompanying illustrations by Mr. Brennan have been drawn. It is the work of an American collector who has taken spoil from Holland, the Philippines, Canada, France, Japan, Russia, Spain—a little from everywhere.

As in all collecting, the chase at times gives as much pleasure as the game. It may take the enthusiast into old, old by-lanes at Avignon, where Madonna Laura may have passed on her way to mass the day Petrarch saw her bathe her feet in the river; or in Héloïse's footsteps, to those last recesses of the Quartier Latin, where, in some gloomy street of the Fishing Cat or of the Poor St. Julien, he may halt before a cobbler's stall, festooned within and without with the clumsiest of foot-gear, attracted by the song of birds in some green interior court; or by Spanish barber-shops, where the traditional brass basin gleams above the lintel and the placard of the bull-fighter decorates the door-jamb, while a ragged, one-eyed minstrel, squat on the door-step, vies with the caged chaffinch on the wall, and Gipsy Carmen dances for them both. Weird

tales of bedeviled cages may send him to make the acquaintance of Neapolitan sibyls, worthy descendants of Canidia; and rotting warehouses, that beetle o'er their base into the canal, are explored for the cage of sinister aspect which may have housed, in times gone by, the disreputable raven of Hille Robbe of Haarlem.

Vast patience is needed, much diplomacy, and sometimes a little force; for the possessor of a curious cage generally regards it as the apple of his eye, and often will not part with it for love or money. He will let you have it copied; will himself copy it for you, if you wait till doomsday; but he cannot exist apart from the original. One would say he kept his soul in it, and not a bird. While sketching in the Azores, S—— had had the great fortune to break a leg: while it was a-mending, time was of as little account to him as to the cage-maker; and yet the latter wore him out. Here is a page from his diary:

August 5, 1901. Samples looked over.

August 9, 1901. Design selected; order given.

Cage promised in a couple of weeks.

September 1, 1901. Man states he has not been able to find right kind of bamboo.

September 12, 1901. Found some of material; must wait until he visits other end of island to get small cane.

September 25, 1901. Has secured all material required—now waiting for the right season of the moon to steam the cane in the hot sulphur springs.

October 25, 1901. At the right season forgot to put cane in spring, but there is no hurry; the cage will be finished long before the rich (?) Americano's leg will be strong enough for him to travel.

November 1, 1901. Corn festa—when no man can work.

November 18, 1901. Husking festa—when no man can work.

December 3, 1901. Church festa—no man or woman can work.

December 18, 1901. Getting ready for pig-killing festa—no man and no work.

December 25, 1901. Pig-killing festa—general joy—no work.

December 27, 1901. Bird-cage maker astonished that I wanted the cage in such a hurry; if I will only wait another week or two he will finish it.

So I finally carried off



OLD DUTCH BIRD-CAGE—DELFT BLUE AND WHITE.



DUTCH BRASS CAGE—SHOWING CROWN
AND BUNCH OF GRAPES.

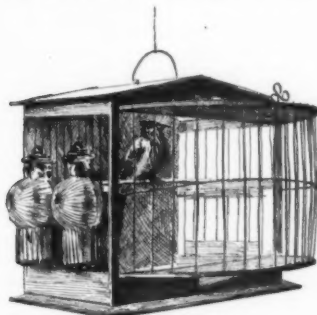
his original cage, which he did not want to part with; and I hope it will please.

The tastes and manner of life of each country are plainly reflected in its cages. Quaintest of all are those of glazed pottery-



GERMAN CAGE.

ware made in Delft. Painted in cobalt under the glaze, they are worthy of being themselves painted into the backgrounds of Dutch interiors with casements opening on the sky, in which cavaliers flash their rapiers, or ladies knit long stockings, or alchemists eye strange liquids in crooked vessels of glass—all in the key of blue. A few of these—an authority says only half a dozen—were made as early as 1764. One, we are told, belongs to Mrs. Alma-Tadema, in London; another has belonged to a Dr. Mandel, in Paris; a third, which is here illustrated, is in the New York collection already mentioned. The landscape painted on the base, with its windmills, its quaint pleasure-houses among the kopjes, its ducks and boats and other aquatic features, is carried along all four sides, pleasantly interrupted by the conventional design upon the seed-drawer, and strongly framed in by a striking pattern in dark blue and white. The manufacture, it seems, was intermitted for a long time, but has been resumed in recent



ENGLISH SKYLARK-CAGE.

years. A modern example is in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

Other Dutch cages, of hammered brass and of carved wood, show abundant ingenuity, taste, and boldness of invention. The chip-carving of the large wooden cage here shown has a character at once classic and barbaric, denoting influences from overseas and from across the Alps. Is there a symbolic intent in the arrow aiming at the sun, which bears the date 1714? Not unlikely; for the Dutch at that time were much given to allegories and emblems. The imperial crown and the bunch of grapes boldly hammered out of brass in our third example of Dutch cage-making may, also, have had a meaning to the original possessor, but, more likely, have no more significance than they would have on a vintner's sign. This is a



MODERN CHINESE BAMBOO CAGE.



CHINESE CAGE WITH CARVED FEET.

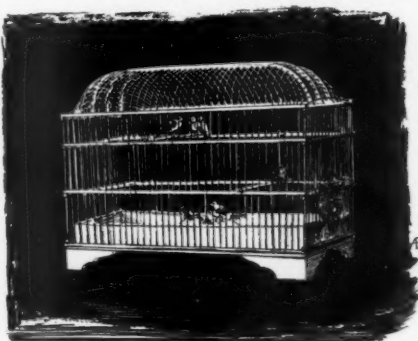
charming cage, exquisitely proportioned and simply but effectively decorated.

It is easy in many instances to trace the architectural antecedents of a people in its cage-work. In the islands north of the Channel, the blackbird's osier cage, hanging outside many a peasant's door, is a reminiscence, perhaps, of the wattled house of the ancient Celt. The magnificent bow-window of the English skylark-cage here shown recalls the house-fronts of an old English town, such as Bath or Chester; and the German cage of wood and wire affords, in its round arches and huge bins for food, some suggestion of the fair proportions of the German Romanesque and of the German stomach. Russians show considerable originality in cage-building. The bulbous domes of the Kremlin and the long balconies of the Russian villa are reproduced in certain examples. One of the Russian cages in the collection — Russian in character and style — was made by a Yiddish boy on the East Side of New York city. It has a roof of perforated tin with a curious cresting, many doors and windows to be illuminated, and a balcony to be filled, on gala

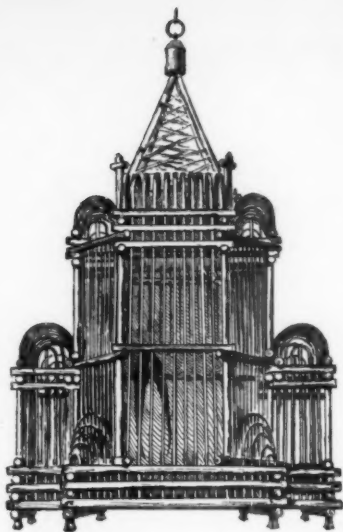
days, with toy flower-pots. But Filipino cages defy architectural analogies, though they indicate the aspiring nature of that race in their lofty steeples and arcades fashioned of twigs and bamboos. The inhabitants of Java have a similar proclivity, but the habit which they have of attaching little tassels of gaudy colors to the projections of their towering cages may perhaps give the needed clue as to the original type; for may it not be the Buddhist pagoda, with the bells and glittering pendants hanging to its eaves?

The ingenious yellow man shows in his cages his penchant for poetic suggestiveness and intricate and clever designs. See you not the hint of spring in the carved plum-branches on which the bullfinch's cage rests? The bird is provided with his emblematically painted porcelain cup to hobnob with

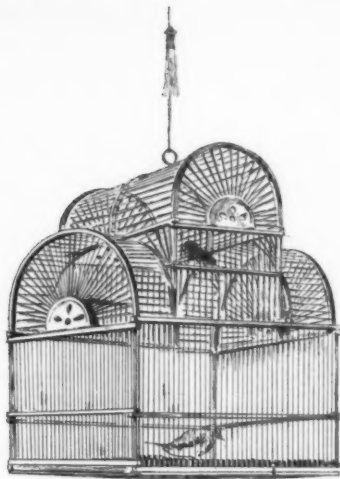
his friend and patron in drinking a health to the flowering season and in singing its praises. Imagine the happy pair at their game of *bouts-rimés*, intoxicated with beauty and with poetry, and then turn to the cleverly stayed and trussed and buttressed and corbeled front of the larger cage: you have before you two main features of



A JAPANESE CAGE.



REED CAGE FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

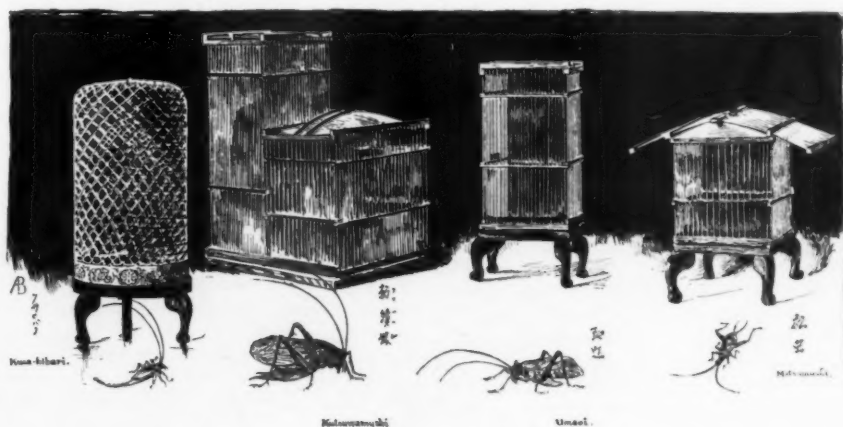


MODERN JAPANESE BAMBOO CAGE.

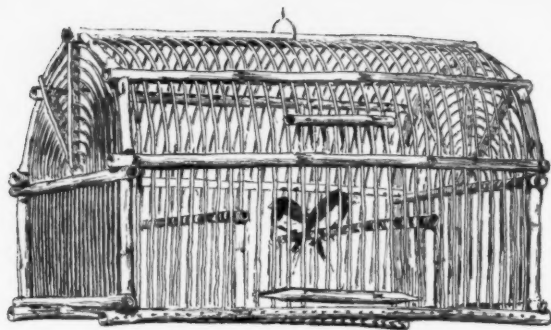
the Chinese character—the joy in nature, the joy in artistic ingenuity. And now note one of the many differences between the Chinese and the Japanese: the latter are a nation of purists. The severity of their native Shinto style, which will not have anything in the structure of its temples but unpainted wood, nor any symbol but a mirror and a rope of straw, shows in the Japanese cages of bamboo, unadorned save by the neatness and skill of all Japanese workmanship.

This is even more evident in the cages for insects than in those for birds. For, as the reader will readily admit, not birds

only should profit by the art of the cage-maker. In Latin countries still, as in old Greece, the fighting crickets have their cages of woven rushes; and in Japan, the land of singing *mushi*, the manufacture of insect-cages is a more important industry than that of bird-cages is with us. Those miniature Japanese cages make no inconsiderable part of the collection which I have in view. Many kinds of insects are prized for their song by the people of the Dragon-fly Islands. Most famed is the *kirigirisu*, which has been part of the poet's stock in trade from the earliest times. His name is as



GROUP OF JAPANESE INSECT-CAGES OF BAMBOO, WITH NAMES OF INSECTS.



MEXICAN REED CAGE.

much a household word as is the cicada's in ancient Attica or the cricket's in modern England. He is the prophet of frost, and, if the poets are to be believed, of separation. The anxious lover addresses him, and gets no welcome response:



"PAPAGINO," IN THE
"MAGIC FLUTE."

"Kirigirisu,
On my bed's edge
singing,
What prophesieth
thou?"
"Cold nights; cold,
lonely nights."

I do not know if his cage shows any particularity. Several of those illustrated are manifestly made for leaping insects—high "vaulters in the sunny grass" when out of doors. The handsome one shown above the insect *kusa-hibari* in the cut on page 859 is the type of numerous imitations in porcelain.

Note the irregular filling in of some of the open squares, suggesting the so-called "grains of rice" decoration in porcelain made by cutting away the paste and filling the openings with the transparent glaze. It is not unusual for one of the latter material to serve, at the same time, as an ink-well. The little house of the *matsu-mushi*, the pine-tree singer, has a characteristic Japanese roof made of a bent slip of bamboo; the *kutsuwa-mushi* has a tower attached to its abode in which to practise gymnastic exer-

cises; and the *umaoi*, like the border chief of old, has the tower without the house. May we be permitted to suppose that he is always "on the jump"?¹

To return to our bird-cages, a Mexican cage in bamboo is very like in style to that carried by *Papagino* on his back in the first act of "The Magic Flute." Here is a hint for the ingenious gentleman who would, at any cost, bring the land of Pharaoh into connection with the land of the Montezumas. May not *Papagino* and *Papagina* and the rest of that merry crew, under the holy



BIRD-CAGE OF SILVER AND SILVER-GILT, DESIGNED BY
ALFRED BRENNAN.

¹ Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, who has added so much to our knowledge of things Japanese, has written pleasantly and learnedly of the *mushi*, their habits, their cages, and the traditions concerning them.

guidance of Sarastro, have voyaged from Egypt to Atlantis, and thence to Anahuac, bringing with them the magic flute, which became a Mexican clay whistle, and *Papagino's* tall bird-cage, which the Mexicans straightway adopted, seeing that it was just the thing to accommodate the long tail-feathers of their favorite quetzals? The Mexicans have, from time immemorial, used cage-like structures of cane in which to carry merchandise of all sorts across the mountains; but, obviously, no theorist need stick at that: the general may grow out of the particular as easily as the particular use detaches itself from the general.

Our Northern neighbors house their pets in a very different style of cage. From Quebec come cages modeled after the houses of the French habitants, copying their huge squat chimneys, their narrow and infrequent windows to keep out the cold, and their high-pitched roofs to throw off the weight of snow. One of these is a squirrel-cage, the squirrel's wheel mounted like that of a water-mill beside the house. Out-of-the-way villages in Canada sometimes have peculiar customs in regard to cages. Thus at Sillery, near Quebec, the cages that cover the cottage walls are traps, and tame birds within entice the wild ones into captivity. This is more humane than the simpler traps used in Europe, which hold no decoy, for the companionship of the latter must needs be reassuring to the bird still unaccustomed to restraint. Better yet, but not always available, is the plan of setting aside a good-sized room for the captives, strewn with both herbs and branches, and wired as to the windows, where, as in a "Parliament of Fowls," vireo may talk with cedar-bird, chickadee with bobolink, and "the pewit and the tomtit" may engage in sprightly conversation.

The great cosmopolitan town of New York, to which immigrants of all nationalities bring their household gods, is a happy hunting-ground for the cage-collector. From the big and handsome cages designed by the late Calvert Vaux and the late Jacob Wrey Mould as ornaments for Central Park to the pill-box-shaped carrying-cages brought by sailors from unknown shores, everything is to be found here. The ordinary carrying-cage, let me say in parenthesis, is precisely that which Daphnis hides from Chloe in Hamon's well-known picture, "*Ma sœur n'y est pas.*" It is only by chance, in night rides along South street, that one happens upon odd characters carrying strange birds in



SPHERICAL CAGE, DESIGNED BY
ALFRED BRENNAN.



OLD AMERICAN WIRE CAGE.

these little, flat, round cages. Where they come from is a mystery. I have spoken of a Yiddish cage made in New York; the Dhoubortschi colony on Long Island is said to own marvels of quaintness, and the cellars and attics of the great East Side hold many more treasures for the fearless explorer.

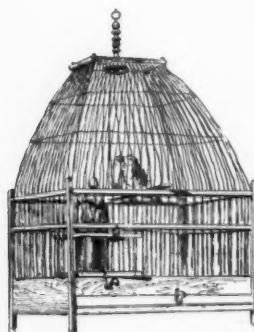
If the truth were known, it was doubtless from some corresponding London slum, from some grimy and fluffy offshoot of Bird Cage Lane, that was ravished the beauteous cage of wrought ivory which, tenanted by a wondrous bird of brightest plumage and of sweetest song, served as *surtout de table* at a charming *déjeuner* given by the most noted, if not the most notable, artist of our day, whose passion for all that is delicate and rare is celebrated throughout two continents. It may have been some poor Jewish

artisan who produced this cage, mindful, perhaps, of the ivory pavilions that closed in the musicians of the kings of Israel.

And may it not be that, having for centuries played with the forms of human habitations, the cage-maker may yet evolve that new style for which our architects are look-



IRON BIRD-CAGE, FORMERLY IN CENTRAL PARK.



OLD AMERICAN CAGE.

ing? Fancy a great singer lodged in a palace of golden filigree and scented wood and enameled porcelain and woven bamboo, in a garden of roses and acacias atop of a big sky-scraper, lifted above the clouds of steam and smoke and dust and all terraneous noises, the two rivers and the western and the eastern sky for scenery—might it not

be more inspiring than the grandest operatic stage? Such a fancy does not seem too extravagant in a room full of cages most of which recall, in a far-off, fantastic way, well-known architectural motives—in a room

where, ranged on shelves or hooked to them, or pendent from the ceiling, are scores of cages that remind one vaguely of rococo balconies and Turkish lattices and Yoshiwara gratings.



AMERICAN DOME-SHAPE CAGE.

JOHN HENRY'S LOBSTER TRUST.

(CAPTAIN OBED MARCY SPEAKS.)

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.



BROKER, be ye? Copper and oil stocks, eh? Sure y' ain't what they call a "promoter"? Oh, so ye have done somethin' in that line? John Henry Peaslee, him 't keeps the store and the post-office, he 'll be pleased to meet ye. He 's the one that trusted our lobsters.

Well, yes, I can tell ye some of it. I can't put in the fine touches, like some others could: I ain't a swearin' man, not as a general thing. As for tellin' ye "all about lobsters, to begin with," no livin' man could do that. Our young-ones is born web-footed, and our old folks al'ays go out on the ebb-tide; but great grief! says I, we don't pretend to know all about lobsters, for all we 're brought up with 'em. You take an old gran'ther lobster, foot 'n' a half long, say, rockweed kind o' growin' out of his back, and nippers that

could bite off the shank of an oar, and there 's more in his wicked old head than any man could study out in forty year. Brains? Course they got brains! I don't care a— As I was sayin', I don't care what the school-teachers think. I've handled lobsters. Why, it was mostly the lobsters themselves that busted up John Henry's trust!

Bein' 's you ain't acquainted with John Henry, mebbe I 'd ought to tell ye he 's a go-ahead feller, but notional; been a good deal more so sence he had three months' schoolin' at what they call a commercial college, up 't the city—though I don't blame the college for it, mind ye. He 's got kind of a friendly way, John Henry has, so 't anybody 'll talk to him; and a tonguey feller like himself—he 's got language, John Henry has—could feed him 'most anything, and get it swallowed. Consequence was, goin'

around, as he al'ays does, with his eyes and ears open, he muddled up what he see and what he thought he see; and he learnt a heap of things, the only trouble bein' that a good many of 'em wa'n't so. He was free-handed with 'em, too. I'll own up t' ye, as man to



CAPTAIN OBED MARCY.

man, I got mighty sick of havin' Portland notions hove into me. But I kind o' thought better of it all the night John Henry pupposed the trust.

That was a time when everybody was feelin' blue. We 'd had a hard season, y' understand. Lobsters was scarce, but the price had n't riz. Boarders had kind o' dropped off, for we 'd been havin' consid'able typhoid fever, and they blamed it on the wells. My part, I like water that has some taste to it; but you pass out a dipperful to one of these 'ere old women in breeches, and he 'd run a mile. Seemed as though John Henry was the only man in town 't was makin' any money, and he was n't gettin' none; he was chargin' it all up. And while a half a dozen of us was settin' around the store one night, sort o' mullin' over these things, in comes Abner Secard, lookin' uglier 'n sin.

"Hauled your pots, Ab?" says I, for the sake of makin' talk.

"Yes," says he.

"What 'd ye git?" says I.

"Well," says he, "I don't know how it come about,—I must 'a' struck into a reg'lar nest of old he-ones that had n't been stirred up for years,—but every lobster I got 'll average four pound."

Dave Bascom speaks up. "By the time them lobsters get to Boston," he says, "a man could n't buy one out of a market for less 'n a dollar. But you 'll have to sell 'em to the smackmen for eight cents apiece."

"I 'd jest been stewin' over that," says Ab. "I won't do it. I swan I won't! I 'll bile 'em out and eat 'em myself fust!"

All this time, y' understand, John Henry 'd stood at his desk, not lettin' on he heard anything; but when Ab spoke up so desprut he put down his pen and come over. Smilin' as a basket of chips John Henry was, and he had his language right on tap.

"I prediculate that lobsters is nourishin', Abner," he says. "It 's quite a chore to pick 'em out, but the flavor of a lobster's—ah—epidermix is succulent—succulent, the dubitable proposition, in my judgment, bein' whether it would n't be *too* succulent for a steady diet? Moreover," says he, "I apprehend that if you et all the lobsters yourself, and some philanthropist should bring an action on it, you might be condemned for restraint of trade, lobsters bein' essential to all civilized conglomerations such as this and Boston. Consequently *and* moreover," he says, "I should advise you to digress your lobsters into the regulated channels of commerce—at a satisfactory remuneration, or more."

"Huh?" says Ab.

"Why don't you all get better prices for your lobsters?" John Henry snaps out.

Nobody said anything. We waited to see what he was drivin' at.

"Our prosperity is based on lobsters and boarders," John Henry goes on, after a minute. "But boarders is—is a migratory race which ambitions to eat enough in one month here to last 'em at home the other eleven. At six dollars a week a boarder provides healthy and—variegated employment for the women-folks, but the margin of profit on him or her, as the case may be, is—is tenuous. The lobster," says John Henry, "is the brightest jewel in our civic crown, so to speak. In the lobster we have just such a community of interest that is the—the substratum of them towerin' aggregations called trusts. I," says John Henry, "have been cogitatin' a lobster trust. By organizin' and combinin'," he says, "we can notify the despots of the industrial consensus that we

are a free and untrified people, and," says he, "we can make the smackmen buy by weight instead of by count."

"Where do you come in?" says Dave Bascom. He ain't got any lobster-pots, Dave ain't—farms it for a livin'; and he's mighty plain-spoken.

John Henry bristled up a little. "I come in," he says, "if I come in, as underwriter and organizer and financier and promoter, all of which is indispensable functions in capitalistic undertakin's. And I want you to remember," says he, "that a trust will consummate my—my primary hypothesis!"

"Huh?" says Ab Secard.

"That you could get five dollars a hundredweight for your lobsters, instead of sellin' 'em for eight cents apiece, as they run."

Well, looked reasonable to me that if we'd hang together we could do jest that thing. This is about the only place betwixt Small P'int and Eastport where it's reelly wuth while for the smacks to call, where they get anything like a load; and if we held on to our lobsters, the dealers in Boston and Portland would soon begin to miss 'em and need 'em. We could keep 'em easy enough by buildin' a few more cars—jest floatin' boxes, y' understand, with the seams left open so the salt water washes right through 'em; and all there is to feedin' 'em is to heave in a bucket of fish sometimes. Looks easy as rollin' off a log, don't it?

"I'm in favor of tryin' it," says I.

"Thank you, cap'n," says John Henry. "We'll be pavin' the way for future generations, you and me will. Is there other co-operators? All agreed? This," says John Henry, "will go down in history, by gracious! as the night when we shook off the yoke of lobsters at eight cents apiece and planted ourselves on the constitutional palladium of American citizens!"

"Some well-meanin' but ignorant individuals is prejudiced against the name of 'trust,'" says John Henry, after we'd talked things over awhile. "Therefore I suppose that we do not incorporate,—the same also requirin' funds, of which none of us has too many,—but that we form an association cognosized as The Trusted Lobsters, that havin' a poetical sound and not too—too obnoxious of capittle. There bein' eight hundred lobster-pots, more or less, regularly set and hauled by this community, I suppose that the ownership and control of The Trusted Lobsters be vested in a thousand interests, or shares.

"I, bein' the promoter, and standin' ready to stand behind any reasonable expenses, will take two hundred interests. The cap'n sets sixty pots, by the same bein' entitled to sixty interests; Abner Secard, settin' eighty pots, bein' entitled to eighty interests; and so on. Furthermore," says John Henry, "I puppose myself for secretary and treasurer of The Trusted Lobsters, and Abner Secard for president, he havin'," says John Henry, "gifts in dealin' with the smackmen which in childhood's happy days I oft admired, me bein' deprived of 'em by ma puttin' pepper on my tongue."

Well, we done so. And inside of twenty-four hours we see all the lobstermen that wa'n't at the store that night, and they all come in. Unanimous as a cat and her kittens we was, and we sot out to begin right away, patchin' up our cars and buildin' new ones. Ab Secard and I was app'inted to do that, and we was tinkerin' at a job down at the edge of the beach when the fust smack showed up. Strictly speakin', 't wa'n't a smack; 't was the steamer *Mary Lizzie*, that comes down along the coast once a week, buyin' for a Boston concern. But, anyhow, she rounded to opposite us, and the cap'n sings out to Ab:

"Hello, you bald-headed old coot!" the cap'n says. "Got any lobsters for me, — ye?"

"Plenty for you or any other — thief, if you 're willin' to pay for 'em," says Ab.

"——!" says the cap'n. "How much?"

"Five dollars a hundredweight, — — —!" says Ab.

"—— —!" says the cap'n. "Is there pearls in them — — lobsters?"

"There 's goin' to be money in 'em for me, same 's there is for you, — — ye!" says Ab.

"—— —!" says the cap'n, and give the engineer the bell to go ahead. But goin' ahead did n't help him any. He went clean around the harbor, and hollered at every man he see; but he could n't buy a lobster. And when he turned tail at last and drove out through the middle channel, he was so mad the water was fairly b'ilin' under him.

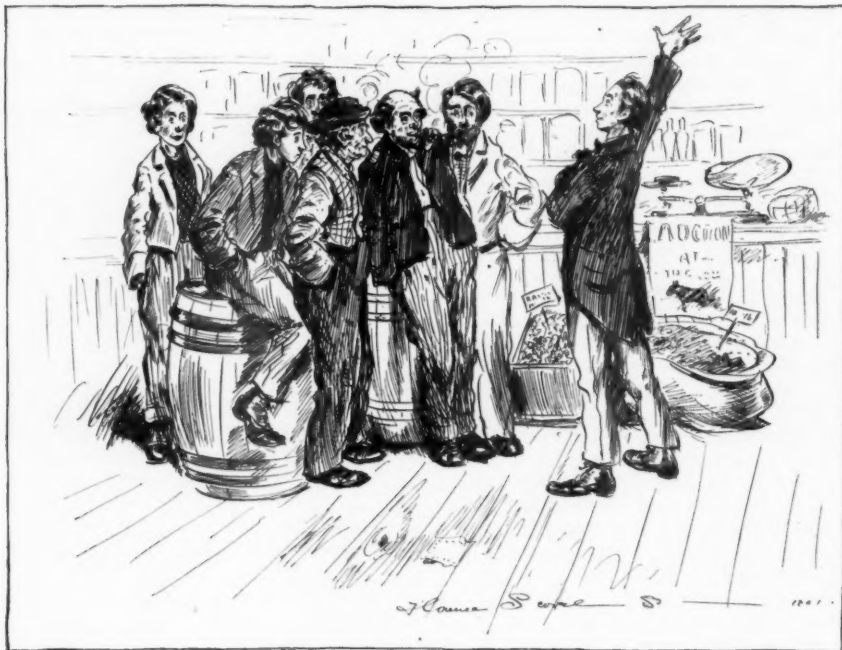
"So much for so much," says Ab. "He'll put in up above, and telegraft to Boston. P'r'aps they'll tell him to come back and buy, and p'r'aps they won't. The lobsters'll keep, anyway."

Sure enough, the feller did come back next day, and took everything we had, at

our price. Kind o' got out the way, I did, when I see him comin', not wantin' to hear the talk him and Ab would make. There 's times when cuss-words is comfortin', and when you 're sellin' lobsters they 're necessary; but you take a man as old as me, that's

half. There was fourteen-fifty to come out of that for lumber and labor—Ab's and mine; and John Henry divided the other fifty-eight dollars, fair and square, that night.

Old Mis' Peaslee, John Henry's ma, was in the store when he handed it out. Seemed



"OUR PROSPERITY IS BASED ON LOBSTERS AND BOARDERS."

got a family, and I be— As I was sayin', he hain't no business to encourage 'em. Ab 's a widower, and he and his boy baches it over there in the shanty, and not havin' any woman to remind him, I don't s'pose he reelizes how he does talk. I recollect, when we was all younger 'n we are now, old Parson Kellogg come along one night we was all settin' out in front of Ab's fish-house and he was tellin' a story. The parson stood and listened a minute, and then all at once he yells out: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Ab jumps up. "Where? Where?" says he. "In hell, for profane swearers," says Parson Kellogg. But that did n't have any effect on Ab, not any more than the wind a-blowin'. Great grief! says I, if he 'd married my woman—

But, as I started to tell ye, we sold that fust lot of lobsters for five dollars a hundred-weight. Fourteen hundred and fifty pound they weighed out, and the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie* handed over seventy-two dollars and a

as though she took a mighty interest in the goin's on.

"There bein' one thousand interests or shares to The Trusted Lobsters Association," says John Henry, "each share gets a dividend of five cents and four fifths of a cent out of this fifty-eight dollars. The cap'n, holdin' sixty interests for his sixty lobster-pots, is entitled to three dollars and forty-eight cents. Abner Secard, havin' eighty interests for his eighty lobster-pots, receives four dollars and sixty-four cents." And so he goes on with the rest of 'em, till at last he says: "And me holdin' two hundred interests, I take eleven dollars and sixty cents."

"Where's *your* lobster-pots, John Henry?" Ma Peaslee puts in.

"Why, I combined this combination," says John Henry to his ma. "I represent the power of capittle. My dividend is—is the wages of superintendence, me standin' ready

likewise to do the financierin', which," John Henry says, "is indisputable to all fiduciary corporations that have the faculty of—of salutary permanence."

Ma Peaslee looked us all over, and her mouth came open, and she begun to grin. Al'ays reminds me of a dogfish, Ma Peaslee does. "He, he, he!" she was laughin' as she went out the store.

John Henry colored up some, but that was all the notice he seemed to take. "I prognosticate we've made a good beginnin'," says he. "But, meditatin' here in my emporium, it has come across me that maybe we have been too—too salubrious to the consumer. Whether we could n't charge him ten dollars a hundredweight instead of five dollars, precedently restrictin' production, which if we would n't sell more than five hundredweight at a time would impress the impression that lobsters are—*are peterin' out*, so to speak?"

"They be," says Ab Secard. "They're scarce enough without anybody's say-so."

"I throw this out for reconsideration," John Henry says. "Other financiers assist their market by restrictin' production and advancin' prices consequentially. Lobsters come high in cold weather. If we could sequesterate a lobster famine, and hold a few tons of them—them amiable centipedes till about December, we'd ought to be able to make some money."

"Better see if we can't ketch enough to pay our bills fust," growls Ab Secard.

John Henry smiles. "Thank you, Abner," he says; "I did n't mean to speak of it, not bein' a mean man or a graspin', but, by gracious! there have been occasions durin' these last few lustrums of time when the sight of a nickel would have been prodigious, as it were. If you was contemplatin' say three or four dollars on account,—not to forbid any neighbor from likewise infractin' his liability,—I will not deny, Abner, that I am competent to employ the money."

Well, Ab did n't look any too tickled about it, but he handed over three dollars out of his four dollars odd, and most of the rest of

'em stepped up to the dough-dish the same way. I did n't owe anything to John Henry, any more 'n I do to any other man. When I can't pay for grub, I live on clams. As my woman says, clams is wholesome, but debt is n't. Great grief! says I, if I was fixed



"MEDITATIN' HERE IN MY EMPORIUM."

like folks I know of, never an hour in the day when some feller with a bill ain't playin' a tune with his knuckles on the front door, I'd go down and jump off the dock, I would so.

But that's nuther here nor there, as the old woman said when they asked her if the butter was a-comin'. Started to tell ye about the lobsters and the trust, did n't I? Ab and I talked 'em over a little as we was gettin' along towards home that night.

"I ain't in favor of advancin' prices jest yet," Ab says. "Lobsters is lobsters, but there's other animals that's good to eat, and we might easy run this thing into the ground. Another thing: if we get more money, so that John Henry's share of it

begins to kind of stick out, the combine is liable to get busted right there. You and me read the daily papers, and we understand that the man that backs a trust gets fust pickin's; but these other ignorant cusses don't realize.

"I'm putty good at dividin' money myself," says Jake Chandler, to-night, "and I'd do it for the sixty cents, and throw in the 'leven dollars.' I told him we was financierin' in reg'lar business fashion, and if John Henry done like some capitalists he'd take a third instead of a fifth: but Jake could n't see it. 'Capittle!' says Jake; 'my lobster-pots and yourn and the rest of 'em are the capittle!' So he went off grouty."

Now, you'd thought Ab had the root of the matter in him, would n't ye? And yet it was n't more 'n ten days before he was buckin' the trust himself! I was settin' in the store one afternoon, when in runs Looney Haskell, the young feller John Henry hires to do his deliverin'. Fitty and tongue-tied Looney is, and he stood there gogglin' his eyes and gruntin' till John Henry tells him, "Go out back there, Looney, and have your fit on them meal-bags." But then Looney got his breath and began to p'int over his shoulder down towards the shore. "Lobth! Ab—lobth!" Looney says.

"Something about Abner and lobsters," says John Henry to me. "Them bein' subjects of interest, lobsters preëminent, we'll lock up and menander down there."

And we done so.

"What ye got, Ab?" I sings out.

"Twenty-seven pounder," Ab says. "Jest bull luck, too. Started to back into the pot, he did, and he was too big to get any more 'n his tail through the funnel. Then, I cal'late, he thrashed around consid'able, aimin' to either get in or get out; but, as luck would have it, he was tangled up so 't the funnel-cord held him."

"Where is he?" I says.

"Cost ye five cents apiece to look at him," says Ab.

Well, with that John Henry hauls out a dime, and Ab spits on it for luck and puts it in his pocket, and then he oncovers the box he has the lobster in. Twenty-seven inches the old pelter measured from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and when you counted in the claws he was forty-six inches long. You'll hear of bigger lobsters,—there's plenty of liars in this 'ere community to tell ye about 'em,—but you won't often see 'em.

"Twenty—seven—pound!" John Henry says. "On behalf of The Trusted Lobsters,

I congratulate you, Abner, which at one fell swoop have added a dollar and thirty-five cents to its—its pecuniary collateral!"

But Ab speaks up quick and sharp: "Not much I ain't! Stands to reason it's the common run of lobsters we agreed to sell. This lobster is one by himself. Fust place, he's old and tough; I don't s'pose if you should bile him you'd be able to chew him. Next place, he bein' a curiosity, I cal'late to take a trip along the coast with him, and charge folks to see him. That's where the profit comes in ketchin' an animal like that." Ab was kind of stirred up, seemed's if, talkin' loud and cussin' lively; but John Henry kept smilin', and never stretched his lungs a mite.

"Mebbe you're right, Abner," says John Henry. "I don't know much about shows myself, ma bein' a Second Advent in my younger years, and strict accordin' to, and lambastin' me fearful whenever I reverted to the circus, not to speak of nigger minstrels. Howsoever, I can see that there might be more money for The Trusted Lobsters in a moral and instructive exhibition at five or ten cents a head than there would be in disposin' of this—this natural phenomena for five cents a pound."

"The Trusted Lobsters ain't got nothin' to do with it, I tell ye!" yells Ab, fairly jumpin' up and down. "This is a show lobster, and I ain't called upon to sell any but eatin' lobsters. ———!" Ab says. "If you should ketch a lobster that was striped red, white, and blue, would you heave him in with the green ones? Would n't you cal'late he was your luck, and you had a right to use him?"

John Henry jest looks at him—real mournful, and shakes his head.

"It ain't a question of how I might be seducted by selfishness, Abner," says John Henry. "Me bein' a young man which has yet to raise a family and engage in other—other expensive emoluments, I might be overlooked if I sometimes give way to temptation and drove a tenpenny nail through every cent that come to hand. But a man of your age, with few outlays to make, bein' moreover the president of The Trusted Lobsters, is relied upon to example us in—in pusillanimous liberality. I hope you'll think better of it, Abner; I do, indeed!"

So John Henry and me we come away. And Ab he rigged up his lobster-box, and got him a sign painted, and went off up the coast. Done pretty well exhibitin' his lobster, I heard, till he fell in with a feller he

used to go shipmates with, that had jest had some brandy smuggled over from the provinces. As I got the story, Ab went to tamperin' with the brandy and neglected his lobster, and the lobster died on him. Did n't fairly reelize it, Ab did n't, bein' obfuscated as he was, and he kept right on exhibitin'. But after two, three days the lobster got a leetle too dead, and it wa'n't a pop'lar show. So Ab he hove him overboard and come home.

Now the rest of us had n't done nothin', but, the way Ab acted, you'd thought we p'isoned his lobster. Funny, ain't it, how a man'll make a fool of himself and then lay up a grudge against somebody else for it! We'd been doin' well while Ab was away, and there was quite a sizable dividend comin' to him, but he steered clear of the whole caboodle of us. Don't know as he'd even come up to the store our reg'lar meetin' night if John Henry had n't sent him a note and told him to. Ab's boy Silas seemed to gone to lobsterin' on his own hook, y' understand, and we wanted Ab to straighten that out and tell us jest where he stood.

Oh, no; we did n't light right onto him. Course not. Fust business was the treasurer's report.

"Durin' the absence of the president," says John Henry, "Cap'n Marcy and I have disposed of four lots of lobsters averagin' seven hundredweight each—Cap'n Marcy doin' most of the—the fugacious conversation, and me supervisin' the scales, which is apt to favor the man that is nearest 'em, be the same a smackman or otherwise. We sold one lot for five dollars a hundredweight, two lots for six dollars, and one lot for eight dollars a hundred. There was once a master mind of railroadin'," says John Henry, "that told his freight agents to 'charge all the traffic will bear,' and we have strictly followed that golden maxim, which points the way to—to peace and plenty for them which," says John Henry, "is at the right end of it.

"We estimate that there is now sojournin' in various and sundry cars about a ton of lobster. Cold weather is comin' on. Whether we had n't ought to pursue that aforesaid maxim to its—its penultimate, and begin to store up more lobsters against the evil day when they'll be harder to ketch and more—more salubrious to eat? By accumulatin' lobsters now, and dishin' out only a few at a time to the smackmen, we might be able to get twelve or fifteen cents a pound before the winter is over, that bein' the time,

as the poet says, when the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of such.

"Lastly," says John Henry, "I have to illume reluctantly to a complication in our midst produced by young Silas Secard. Durin' the absence of our president young Silas hauled his father's pots and duly contributed the outgivin's thereof to the assets of The Trusted Lobsters; but we learn that young Silas has likewise put out forty or fifty pots which he claims to be his own, and is cuttin' under, sellin' his catch to the smackmen on private terms, thereby abrogatin' the—the monetary standards which our labor and sweat has created. Has our respected president any remarks to offer?"

"I've give Sile his freedom papers and I hain't got any control over him," Ab growls. "He's become an independent producer, that's all. Don't every trust run up against 'em?"

"Commercial institutions is truly thus exposed," says John Henry. "But The Trusted Lobsters bein' fraternal as well as aggrandizin', we'd ought to be able to squelch the independent producer in the—in the bud, so to speak. As for our respected president losin' control of a boy eighteen years old, more or less, there is ways and means, rangin' from moral persuasion to a stick of cord-wood, which our forefathers relied on in the happy days of yore, if not sooner. The question is, admittin' that Silas could be crippled if necessary, whether our respected president is willin', as I said before, to abrogate the monetary standards which our labor and sweat has created?"

"I ain't seen you laborin' and sweatin' none," says Ab.

"Obnoxious personalities bein' out of order," John Henry tells him right off, "I leave my deeds and doin's to the judgment of posterity, which," says John Henry, "will not have its head muddled with Canuck brandy."

Settled Ab, that did. He did n't make any answer, yes or no; jest cursed a blue streak, and went out the door after it.

"I predicated this when he caught the big lobster," John Henry says to the rest of us. "Sech a—a cataclysm is liable to be onsettlin'. Notwithstandin', if Abner withdraws from this aggregation, and he and the boy sell their lobsters as fast as they get 'em, they'll supply just about enough to keep the smackmen's mouths waterin', so to speak. We bein' all the time accumulatin' lobsters, when the smackmen want a—a tangible sufficiency, they'll have to come to us and pay our price.

"True," says John Henry, "while we are

waitin' and accumulatin' we shall miss that occasional droppin' in of dividends which— which fructifies our pocket-books. But I do not suppose that, durin' this period of—of unfructifyin', any associate of The Trusted Lobsters shall miss his three meals, not," says John Henry, "as long as a salt fish or a pound of hard-bread remains in this emporium!"

Well, course we all hoorawed for John Henry; and bein' as his scheme was reasonable enough,—within bounds, mind ye,—we agreed to hang on to our lobsters. Ab pulled right out, y' understand; did n't come nigh us again. When he took his share of the plant it kind of cramped us, too, for a good many of the lobster-cars was his; but we did n't reelize what we was losin', not till later. Sure enough, I did tell John Henry we better build some more cars; but John Henry says, "Wherefore?" says he. "The human bein' does not thrive in solitude, which lighthouse-keepers and old maids bear witness; and wherefore lobsters? No," says John Henry; "let us assimilate 'em with the friends of their youth!" And we done so.

Happened about the time we started accumulatin' that the lobsters took a slant our way. Seemed as though for a week or two we had nothin' to do but lift 'em out of the pots and pile 'em into the cars. Must have had three ton, time the spurt was over. And Abner and his boy Sile, with more 'n a hundred pots between 'em, did pretty well, too, spite of Sile bein' laid up two, three days along in the middle of it. Him and Jake Chandler got their booeys tangled up, ye see, and Jake batted him over the head with a boat-hook. Ma Peaslee told Jake he 'd ought to smashed Abner instead.

"Because you need his cars, if you 're too lazy or stupid to make some new ones," says Ma Peaslee. "John Henry 's a fool, just like his father was before him. I don't know as he 's any bigger one than you older men that have crawled under his thumb, but *you* 'd ought to know somethin' about lobsterin', if he don't. Heavin' these lobsters in on top of each other like that! What you s'pose is goin' to happen, hey? If you 're bound you won't give 'em any room to circulate, why don't you plug 'em?"

I speaks up. "Dealers don't want 'em plugged," I says. (Pluggin', y' understand, is puttin' a piece of wood between their claws, so they can't bite.) "Men in the shops get careless about takin' out the plugs, they say, and b'ilin' chunks of pine in it don't improve the flavor of a kettleful of lobster."

"And so you 're trustin' the lobsters all

around," says Ma Peaslee, with one of them dogfish grins of hers. "I s'pose John Henry will get his fifth anyhow, he bein' the capitalist. Oh, ho, ho, ho!" And she goes off laughin' fit to kill.

Jake looks after her. "Well," says he, "I guess old man Peaslee was a Bible Christian all right. If he had n't been, he 'd wrung her blasted neck. Bet you five cents she 's brought us bad luck, cap'n!"

And she did, sure 's you live. Lobsters stopped comin' to us. Ab and Sile kept gettin' some in their pots—but then, all of a sudden they did n't have no pots. Every last one was drifted away and gone one mornin' Ab and Sile rowed out to 'em. They found some of 'em, ten days or so afterwards, over on the back side of Ragged Island, sixteen miles out. Funny, was n't it? But there 's queer things happen to "independent producers" like Ab and Sile used to say they was. You read the papers, and see if it ain't so. Great grief! says I, if I was an independent producer, the fust thing I 'd buy would be a shot-gun, I be— But as I was goin' to tell ye, lobsters Ab and Sile *might* have got come into our pots; and, Ab and Sile not havin' any to sell, the smackmen was sort of drove to dicker with us.

High old time John Henry and me had with the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*, I bate ye! Wanted lobsters bad, the cap'n did,—people in Boston was fairly sufferin' for 'em, I cal'late,—but it galled him to pay our price. We charged him twelve dollars a hundred-weight. We worked him up to ten dollars quite easy, and then after we 'd fit and wrangled and cussed an hour or two longer we split the difference and he agreed to take half a ton at eleven dollars a hundred. Eleven cents a pound, mind ye! That looked better than sellin' 'em for eight cents apiece the way we used to, did n't it?

"How many — lobsters ye got stowed away in your — cars, anyway, — — —?" says the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*, after we 'd made the trade.

"Oh, four, five ton, mebbe," says I.

He stopped stock-still and run his eye along the shore. "And them all the cars you got?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"— — —!" says he. "And you imagine—" But he did n't ask me what 't was I imagined. Stood and looked at us a minute, the cap'n did, and then he got into my dory and we rowed off to the nearest car. Ab and Sile Secard was hangin' round in ear-shot. I see 'em grin at each other.



"SHE GOES OFF LAUGHIN' FIT TO KILL."

Well, John Henry jumped out spry as you please, and shoved the dip-net down into the car. Got it full in a minute, he did, and begun to stretch and strain to lift it out.

"Lobsters," says John Henry, "appears on this occasion to be relation to hens, which in my experience eats most freely of corn and gravel just before they are to be—to be peregrinated to the storekeeper. Does all our lobsters commensurate this scoopful, you s'pose?" He rested a minute. "If thereunto accordin'," he says, "we shall have to disabuse the scoop and rig a block and tackle with a horse at the end of it." And with that he give an almighty heave and fetched up a rock that must 'a' weighed a hundred and fifty pound.

"Was n't many live lobsters under that," says the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*.

There was n't, nuther. Had n't been a great slew of 'em in that partic'lar car, anyway, but most that was in it had their backs broke.

Did n't any of us say much. Jest swelled up a little; John Henry did, as we rowed along to the next car. He did n't seem to have any stomach for investigatin', so I put the scoop down. Wa'n't sca'cely anything there. I poked round with the handle of the scoop after I got tired fiddlin' with the net part. Two boards was gone off one side of the car. The lobsters, y' understand, had

crawled out through the hole and moseyed off home.

"These," says John Henry, gettin' red in the face, "are not the irresputable doin's of nature, but the devilish works of man. Field-stones never dispersin' themselves in lobster-cars, and inch planks not spontaneously removin' into the surroundin' hemisphere, I recognize here a villain, which," he says, "by good luck owes me a store-bill, and thereby lays himself open to the constable. We 'll try the next one, cap'n."

Well, it was the next one, and the others like it,—and they was all the same way,—that, as you might say, done the business for us. Nobody 'd been interferin' with them cars, but the lobsters had huddled together, as they will sometimes, and them at the bottom had suffocated. Considerin' the odds and ends I fished-up, I jedged there 'd been some hot battles goin' on, too. Losin' a claw don't make a lobster onsalable, of course, only makes him weigh lighter; but dead lobsters ain't wuth anything, and full half of the live ones had been climbed over and jammed up so much that they was about ready to depart and go hence.

"I don't dast to buy none of 'em," says the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*. "I 'd have to dump most of 'em overboard 'fore I got to Boston. You 'd ought to cleared out your cars oftener, or used more cars, or plugged

your lobsters so the big fellers would n't 'a' druv the little ones into heapin' up in the corners. Got more lobsters 'n you really needed, you did. Looks to me as though if you 'd been willin' to let well enough alone you 'd made more money.

"Hi, Ab!" the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie* sings out to Secard, that had been hangin' round watchin' us all the time, "you got any lobsters?"

"Sell ye a few live ones, if you want 'em," Ab hollers back. "I 'm savin' my dead ones to start a coöperative cannin' factory. Cal'late to charge 'leven cents a pound for 'em, and take one fifth of the profits besides to pay for the wind I 'm goin' to put in for capittle."

The cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie* laughed. "If you 'll set me ashore, cap'n," says he to me, "I 'll see if I can make a trade with the cuss. Accidents—sech as this—will happen," he says. Probably he see that me and John Henry looked kind of down in the mouth. "I 've been round with lobsters ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I would n't undertake to tell ye what they was ever goin' to do next—not till after they 'd done it. So long!" he says.

Well, I did n't make any talk with John Henry goin' back, for I see he wa'n't feelin'

what you might call sociable. But he busted out, of himself, when we come to the store.

"Not to dispute our prognostications, cap'n," says John Henry, "The Trusted Lobsters was a—architectural success, so to speak. It was constructed workmanlike and substantial. I should admired to show it to any man which dispenses with capittle, bein' therefore a good judge of—of aggregations.

"At the same time," says John Henry, "I am not one to deny that our principles is easier applied to machines. Moreover, we was hampered by the pernicious doin's of men. Unnecessary rocks and dispensable planks, not to speak of fiends in human form, has indisposed our most elaborate preparations.

"Bt do we blame ourselves, on the superstruction which we—we transmogrified? No, by gracious!" John Henry says. "We was not oblivious to any obnoxiousity, and if we had been dealin' with—with constituents which could be put under control, our pollutial edifice would have survived through wrack and ruin. It was the lobsters, cap'n!" says John Henry. "We was overthrown because our basis rested on a pestilential beast which was not susceptible to modern improvements, and which could not be trusted!"

A DREAM, OR WHAT?

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

EVERY old soldier who has learned what it is to be tired all through, without a chance to lie down, knows what "sleeping on one's feet" means; but if I was asleep when this thing, of which I am about to tell, happened, and dreamed it all, then assuredly it was the most vivid dream I have ever heard of, and nothing is impossible in that way. Yet, if it was not a dream, what was it?

There had been a run of very heavy work at police headquarters, where I was doing duty at night. A succession of big fires with heavy losses had absorbed my attention. I was a young reporter at the time, and fires were new to me and very interesting. Almost every night we had one, sometimes many, and when in the small hours of the morning I dropped into my seat in the horse-

car that rumbled away on its journey of three quarters of an hour to my home in South Brooklyn, I was sometimes unable to sleep from very fatigue. I remember that I took to reading "The Last Days of Pompeii" on these wakeful trips, because it seemed to run along naturally, with its fires and quakes, in the groove in which I had been working.

I forget whether I had read or slept on this particular morning when I stepped off the car at Fifteenth street, but I know well that I was awake as I climbed the long slope toward Sixth Avenue. It had rained, and the sidewalk ruts were little muddy pools. It was never, in the driest weather, possible to tread the length of that block asleep; the pavement was too bad for that. I reached

Sixth Avenue without accident. On the other corner was a stretch of vacant lots across which I could just make out Dr. O'Brien's house in Fourteenth street, with its little tower showing behind the trees. Beyond the lots was my home. I took it all in with a glance as I crossed the avenue. As my eyes rested on the doctor's house I saw, with a shock, that it was on fire.

The tower was burning. Red tongues of fire reached out from the roof, and wrapped it in. They lighted up the little grove of trees, and climbed higher as I looked. I wondered that I heard no outcry. Evidently the people in the house did not know of their peril. They were asleep, perhaps being burned in their beds. Why was not the neighborhood stirring? If the fire had been seen and signaled, I should hear the big bell in the City Hall tower far down-town. I listened, and just then it was rung—6-2, the familiar signal; and I knew that the fire had been seen, and that help would be coming presently. The engine down on Fourth Avenue might even now be on the way. As if in response to the suggestion, the sound of its rushing wheels as it turned out of the engine-house was borne to me on the still morning air, with the sharp blows of the hoofs of the galloping horses on the pavement. I heard the engine turn into the macadamized road, and lost it then. But it would be here in a minute.

The thought recalled to my mind the fact that our bedroom overlooked the burning house. My wife was not well, and I was anxious that she should not be frightened.

So I hurried toward the house to tell her that the firemen were on the way. As I did, a whiff of the morning breeze bore the heat of the fire into my face. I felt it there, and caught the smell of burning wood plainly. Then the buildings of my own block shut the fire out of sight, and I ran into my wife's room and told her not to be afraid: Dr. O'Brien's house was burning, but the engines were coming. It would be all right; I was going right over to help. With that I threw open the shutters to show her. There was no fire! The dim outline of the doctor's house was visible through the trees, but it was perfectly dark and quiet over there.

I went out and walked around the block twice before I would trust my senses. But it was so: there had been no fire. I took the trouble to find out next day at fire headquarters. No signal had been rung, no engine had turned out. I had neither heard, seen, smelled, nor felt the fire, for there was no fire. In spite of it all, I assert absolutely that I did see all these things, and further that I was wide awake. Perhaps I ought to add that I was a teetotaler at the time.

I am a little ashamed to confess that I kept an eye on the house with a tower for some time after, with an uneasy and undefined suspicion that it might be a "warning"; for I am not ordinarily superstitious. "Warnings" played a great part in my Danish childhood, and to that I attribute the slip. But it was n't even a warning, for nothing happened. But if there was no fire, and I did n't dream it, what, then, was it? Can anybody tell?

THE NATION-BUILDERS.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

THESE do not wear
Trappings of state, nor gird upon their side
Resistless steel, nor any symbol bear
To show they wrought a nation's life and pride.

These do not crave
Fame's voice, for their high task is far above
Her wavering tone, soon muffled by the grave:
These, in the royal consciousness of love,

Ask but to gaze
On their great work, and, seeing it is good,
Put graciously aside all meed of praise,
Content in God's best gift—pure motherhood.

Rolling Stones:

by Eliot
Gregory



A GENTLE DIATRIBE AGAINST THE RESIDENCE OF AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

THE author of that amusing romance "Eve Victorieuse" makes one of the characters—an irate American husband to whom the members of his family have just proposed another trip to Europe—cry out in disgust: "Europe! I wish the place had never been discovered. It befools our women and destroys our firesides!"

This is perhaps going rather too far. Yet it must be confessed that since the eventful day when the first Americans slipped across the Atlantic to nibble at the European apple, a taste for that fruit has spread with disquieting rapidity among their descendants.

Not only has going abroad for a more or less prolonged stay become a part of every well-to-do family's program, but to cut away from all anchors and drift about Continental tideways seems now to be the aim and object of half our weaker vessels.

This cruising mania has brought with it such a refocusing of social lenses, and so complete an alteration in national ways, that some sides of our compatriots' existence, once they get free—with "a wet sheet and a flowing sail"—on the high seas of Europe, may not be without interest as a study.

Two amazing facts meet us at the outset of the task. In the first place, we discover, inconsistent as it may seem, that this penchant for wandering is confined to our women, being rarely, if ever, shared by the men of the family, who, as a rule, prefer their firesides, and never linger in foreign

lands unless compelled. The result is that our men and women are to be met with on the other side in about the proportion of truffles to veal in a chicken (?) pâté. A Florentine pension where I dined a few months ago with two peripatetic spinsters of my family boasted forty-eight women (all Americans) and three men, which may be set down as about the usual ratio, and suggests also that distinctly American combination, sixteen to one.

A second discovery, but little less curious than the first, is that this infatuation for Europe gets mixed up in our ladies' heads with an inconsistent and illogical dislike, not to say contempt, for foreigners!—exception being made only for such titled gentry as one clique of our compatriots consider it a privilege to know. "Paris would be just perfect if it were n't for these horrid Frenchmen"—a remark one constantly hears in the Gallic capital—expresses the feeling of most of Columbia's daughters toward the Continent, that Compostella of too frequent pilgrimages and Charybdis of rudderless craft.

It does seem odd that, in spite of such evident drawbacks, people will still go on saying, "Life abroad is so full, so widening to the intellect!" and pointing out how, deprived of its influence, the stay-at-homes remain narrow in their views.

Doubts as to the truth of this fable long ago entered my mind. I now ask myself, in wonder, if the people who advocate foreign education for children and indefinite "roll-

ing" for parents know what they are talking about, or have ever taken the trouble to look the subject fairly in the face.

It is, of course, not my intention to suggest that visits to distant lands are not of benefit to intelligent people. When accomplished in the proper spirit, such journeys should be a delightful form of education. It may, however, be questioned just what portion of our compatriots who career about the Continent really profit by their displacement. Personally I have heard of but few cases where long absence from home was followed by good results, and, on the contrary, I know hundreds of Americans to whom exile has proved morally and intellectually disastrous. Among such one looks in vain for the "fullness," and is forced to acknowledge that when our friends are "widened" by Continental life, it is in rather queer ways.

The truth, if we only had the honesty to acknowledge it, is that the majority of modern barbarians (which is our position in Europe, much as we may dislike it) look on the Continent simply as an inexpensive Capua where ease and amusement may be had for a small outlay of either brains or cash. It might also be asserted, as opposed to the fullness and developing theory, that for every American who to-day expatriates himself for self-improvement, a hundred linger on the other side in a lazy evasion of cares and responsibilities.

When the phrase "Americans residing abroad" is uttered, several groups form themselves before the mental kodak. Easily first among them poses the unattached female; for it is on her that Europe most quickly works an undesirable change.

Just in proportion as we men dislike long meanderings away from home do our sisters, aunts, and grandmothers, the spinsters, widowed, and divorced of the family, delight and flourish in alien air. Flourish! The expression is not half strong enough: *s'épanouissent* is the only word worthy to paint the transformation taking place in the good souls, once they have emerged from the twilight of the "States" into the full sunshine of Paris or Rome. Those of my readers who know their Europe will understand the metempsychosis referred to, which in a decade evolves from a certain class of home worms the splendid, if a bit wrinkled, butterflies that flit about foreign capitals.

The metamorphosis generally comes about in this way. The last male member of a family expires (by a mysterious law of nature, the men generally die first in American

families). The humdrum brownstone existence where a good lady has been revolving in a cycle of Friday-evening lectures and punctilious card living, is broken up. Thrown for the first time on her own resources, the survivor is persuaded by friends to "go abroad for a change." So, armed with a fat letter of credit, she starts on the beaten track across England, where she wanders for a time. But the Continent is awaiting its prey; her fate was settled in advance, it being only a question of time how long it will take an elderly American moth to flutter into that flame. Our women can no more resist the attraction of certain great foreign cities than a fly can avoid the jam-pot; and once in, all hope of getting them away unharmed must be abandoned.

Shortly after her arrival and adoption into the "American colony" a general air of rejuvenation begins to pervade the matron's person. Those who knew her at home are at first amused and then a little pained by the changes taking place in her. Sometimes the hair is attacked, slowly transmuting from its normal india-rubber to pure gold, unless the novice happen to prefer a new shade, much affected of late by her peers—that startling combination of vermilion and claret-color peculiar to the cheap furniture (cherry masquerading as mahogany) one sees on the sidewalks of Fourteenth street.

About this time the matron may go in for an elaborate system of banting, her figure taking on the knowing concaves and convexes that denote Parisian steel and whalebone as clearly as the X-ray reveals a hidden bullet, and her face becomes suspiciously smooth and rosy. Along with her shape and color, her ideas, as might be expected, undergo transformation. Dresden and the Isle of Wight, which were at first considered delightful, are voted slow. When not in "dear Rome," Monte Carlo and Homburg are her favorite resorts. While traveling, she secures rooms at the newest hotel, and becomes a conspicuous figure in the restaurants. The chatter of this butterfly, which in her chrysalis state turned on girls' friendly and church work, is now all about "followers" and "attention," the trouble it is to keep one's admirers at a proper distance, and the number of offers received. She gives you to understand before you've been an hour in her company that she has refused earls and counts by the score, and has only to say the word to become a Russian princess.

It was my fate recently to make an excursion to Versailles with a coach-load of poly-

chromes of this sort, one of whom, in gray pre-European times, had been rather a friend of my mother's. An innocent reference, however, to old days and certain elderly friends was received by the lady with a look as blank as though I had spoken of the Silurian period or trotted out her shadiest family skeleton. Discouraged by my false start, and not knowing just what would interest the merry wives, I sat quiet in my place and listened to the talk going on about me.

During all that day's drive, through some of the fairest forests in France, and scenes vibrant with historic memories, the chatter on that coach rarely swerved from the modiste or the mantua-maker, the relative excellence of manicures or the comparative becomingness of veils. Coiffeurs were also eagerly discussed, and addresses exchanged. The question of whose "waves" kept in longest lasted the party from La Murette to St. Cloud.

At Viroflay, where the highroad enters the open country, my friends branched off into the evergreen pastures of foreign swell-dom, a field in which they were all astonishingly at home, and where they gamboled gaily until our journey's end.

Every lady there apparently slept with an "Almanach de Gotha" under her pillow, and, not to mention the titles and connections of the nobility she visited in their châteaux, knew by heart both the English and French peerage, and all the rules of precedence for court and camp. The harmony of the party was at one moment very nearly marred by a difference of opinion as to where you should place an empress should one drop in casually to dinner, and the fine shade of precedence between an ambassadress and a duchess proved an embarrassing question. But the talkers all knew to a hair's-width where each of her compatriots who had married Englishmen was to walk at the coronation, the exact shape and weight of her coronet, and the length of her robe.

The complicated trees of reigning families, their intermarriages and family squabbles, were as type-written pages to my companions.

At times, however, my faith in the voracity of these ladies is shaken. When, for instance, do they see the titled folk with whom, to judge by their talk, they live on such terms of intimacy, and, stranger still, through what trap-doors do the importunate swains disappear when other friends are about? It is to be feared that just a little

exaggeration exists here, for the majority of "residents" of my acquaintance do not converse with a foreigner of higher rank than a Bon Marché clerk once in five years, and they depend for escort on such elderly waifs from home as rheumatism and their livers have drawn into the neighborhood. It is true that each foreign capital boasts half a dozen or so American bachelors living singly or in pairs, but they are so like the old ladies that they do not count. Their chief reason for existing, it would seem, is to act as *pendant* to another class unknown in former years but now becoming painfully numerous on the Continent.

Vaporing about the rich sisters and the old bachelors floats a cloud of poorer and often well-born females, the outclassed and unhorsed of life's gymkhana, sad, faded reproductions of the prismatic originals, who live far up in dingy flats in an isolation never faced at home. What can Europe mean to them? Very little, it would seem. But they have tasted the morphine of the Continent, and can no more return to a healthy home diet than they can pay their bills.

When I see one of these spinsters sitting in the dark corner of some parvenu's opera-box or trailing after her latest benefactress across the Trouville sand or about the tables of Aix, I find myself sympathizing with the gentleman who wished that we Americans had never discovered Europe.

On reaching this line, one of those patriotic ladies of the American-woman-can-do-no-wrong school who occasionally mails me pages of crushing sarcasm will, I fear, be moved to wrath. "Well," I hear her exclaim, "so Europe is n't a good place for us! That's a new fad. Why, I always thought people had to go over there to get polished up!"

Yes, dear madam, touring is an excellent way of getting one's rough corners smoothed off. The trouble is, some people find the process so fascinating that they linger too long in an unhealthy atmosphere, and end by absorbing a malaria it certainly contains for us Yankees.

One of the many reasons why residence in foreign scenes, either for study or amusement, works as a dissolvent on the American temperament, lulling the good to sleep and developing the bad, is because over there we are always "audience," never getting behind the curtain, taking part in the play, or knowing the playwrights. Like the theater, Europe is one of the pleasantest of educators, as well as an excellent place of amuse-

ment and relaxation; but orchestra chairs do not form a home circle, nor should a foyer be chosen as a permanent residence.

Have you ever noticed, while strolling through the corridors of large New York hotels, the rows of resplendent "outsiders" who sit watching from their solitude the groups of native New-Yorkers dining together, chatting from table to table—living, in short, their normal life? Well, next time you hear of a friend who has decided to reside abroad, remember those "corridor-dwellers," and drop a silent tear. They are arrayed in wedding-garments, and are quite ready to walk in and take a high seat, if any one asks them; in fact, it is the hope of some such invitation that attracts many to the place. They have the illusion of being in the swim, know most of the newspaper celebrities by sight, can locate certain boxes at the opera, and have a score of spicy anecdotes about the owners; but as the days go by, the "corridors" find themselves no nearer the heart of things than on their first arrival.

Rolling stones abroad are in much this situation. They will point you out well-known people in the Bois or Prado, and have even accomplished a bowing acquaintance with a liberal-minded swell or two of the kind who are manufactured, so to speak, for the use of foreigners; but, like some burlesque of lost souls, the "stones" are condemned to gyrate forever in the vestibules of Continental life.

As a rule, we are so easy-going that we accept this situation with resignation, if not with grace; but every now and then there comes an energetic compatriot who is determined to get inside or expire in the attempt.

The misguided one, always a woman, arrives armed to the teeth with letters of introduction, and starts out to conquer for herself a place in society. Poor, foolish body, no labyrinth is more complicated than the path she wants to tread. The road of the "climber" is difficult, even here in our standardless land, and far more difficult in England; but the scaling of Continental altitudes is well-nigh impossible to an alien.

Success of this kind in America is apt to turn on how much money the candidates will spend, and the tact they display in its disbursement. In England it mostly depends on whether the newcomers are thought "amusing" or not. In France and Italy it is simply a question of creed, and the titled portresses at Society's gate exact a curious entrance-fee.

A well-born Baltimorean just back from a

season at Cannes was telling us her experience in foreign society the other evening. I quote her words.

"I was charmed at first," said the maid. "All the nice people were so cordial. Quite different, you know, from what I expected, for I imagined they would be stiff and formal. The girls of my own age were specially pleasant, asking me to drive, taking me to golf and home with them to luncheon. Before long, however, I noticed that the conversation was always being turned to the church. Then my new friends began sending me little pamphlets to read, and clever young priests began to call; but this was done so gracefully, and backed with such a lot of nice invitations, that it took me several weeks to understand the drift of it all, and that they were really bent on making a convert. As soon, however, as I had 'caught on,' and explained that, being contented with my own creed, I had n't the faintest idea of changing, the manner of my friends underwent a rapid transformation. To put it plainly, I was dropped by all the affable swells with a completeness difficult to surpass.

"This struck me as so funny I took the trouble to look into the matter, and discovered that convert-making is a mania among smart people abroad. There is, it appears, leaving aside all the benefits in the next world, a nicely graduated scale of decorations conferred by their church for workers who bring stray sheep into the fold, especially such animals as have fine coats of wool. These 'orders' are highly prized, and the swells stop at little to obtain one."

Another experience germane to our subject is that of two Boston ladies who hired a villa near Florence last spring. At first they were touched and surprised by the number of neighbors who called. Before they knew it, an agreeable little circle had formed about them; but no sooner was it known that the newcomers belonged to the true church than the circle melted away. Mention is made of this because the fair Baltimorean had learned only half her lesson, and did not discover, as other ambitious souls have done to their cost, that had her titled friends been successful in their proselyting, the result to her would have been exactly the same. Once landed, a fish is of no further interest to a sportsman, who drops his prize into the basket and marches off in pursuit of other game.

It is hardly fair, after all, when one comes to think of it, to blame foreigners simply

because they decline to accept us among them. Why, indeed, should they? One Parisian princess who was reproached for her reluctance to know Americans answered: "I don't object to your compatriots. On the contrary, I think many of them charming. What decided me not to be introduced to any more of them was because I found that as soon as I had met one set they all moved away and were replaced by others, and I had to begin all over again."

Although they do not properly belong to the genus "rolling stone," a word may be said here of those daughters of Uncle Sam who have married abroad with the idea of improving their position, and have learned too late that the chief difference between court life and ordinary existence lies in the obligation "to stand up when one wants to sit down, and sit up when one wants to go to bed"—exercises, by the way, sufficiently difficult to those brought up to the task.

I have the impression that, were these titled dames to confess the truth, they would acknowledge the game they are playing to be much less exciting than was expected, and, on the whole, hardly worth the cost; for a curious phenomenon attends this form of exile. One finds that the girls who married foreigners in order to get away from their compatriots are forced, for company, to condense into little sets by themselves, forming in all large cities a new species, neither flesh nor fowl. It is true the ladies bear foreign titles, live in stately mansions and châteaux, speak the language of the land more or less well, and affect the manners and morals of their new relatives; yet, in spite of all, they remain to the day of their death aliens in the land of their adoption, seeing little society but that of fellow-exiles and an occasional stray friend from home.

Even in England, among our own kin, the American ladies who have married Englishmen mostly live together in a little Anglo-American clique, and see but little more of inside British society than when they visited the island as girls. If this state of things exists in London and in Paris, where the natives are comparatively approachable, my readers may picture for themselves what the isolation must be of the married waifs in such exclusive cities as Vienna and Madrid.

The idea untraveled people get that their fortunate relatives across the sea are chumming with dukes and hobnobbing with royalty comes, to a great extent, from certain newspapers, which, when a rare American lunches with a grand-duke at the Cannes

club-house or receives a princeling on his yacht at Kiel, trumpet the event in a blare of big type and faked photographs.

If it could only be impressed on such of our compatriots as contemplate wandering that few foreigners without an ax to grind ever frequent the society of strangers or welcome one to their fireside, much heart-burning and disappointment might be avoided. We, however, have such a free way of asking stray foreigners, with or without "characters," to walk in and sit down, that we find it a bit hard to be kept waiting in the street after knocking at European doors; yet, humiliating as the avowal must be, such is often the case.

Now, the result of all this on the wanderers is exactly what might be expected, and accounts to some extent for the depth of dullness one meets in the American colonies in Paris and elsewhere.

The oracle who enunciated the wise saying, "Want of company, welcome trumpery," must have known those awful colonies on the Continent, and seen how, from sheer inability to live alone, people are driven to filling their drawing- and dining-rooms with guests whom ten years before, at home, they would indignantly have refused to know.

What charm, one asks one's self in wonder, makes people remain for long years wandering firesideless from Cairo to Cornhill? It cannot be the climate, for our own is quite as good. Historical associations, we are assured, compensate many of those people for the absence of kith and kin. Experience, however, has taught me that the majority of them are as splendidly indifferent to history—and art, too, for the matter of that, unless as it is applied to the decoration of the human form—as they are to the Rosetta Stone.

The families that one finds residing in Italy, for instance, long since abandoned such foolishness as sight-seeing. That useless fatigue is left to the newcomers; the habitués I have met no more dream of visiting the Vatican galleries or of reading in the library of Lorenzo the Magnificent than they do of settling down seriously to study Italian.

One hears, especially in the less expensive little cities, some twaddle about culture; but you may take my word for it, in nine cases out of ten, the real attraction of the place lies in the fact that a victoria can be had for eighty dollars a month and a good cook for one tenth that sum.

It has, however, been suggested by some thinkers that Europe must subserve some

useful purpose in the scheme of creation. One good soul to whom I put this question had worked out a solution for herself sufficiently original to be transcribed here. "You see," she explained, "I've a lot of poor relatives. If I went home they would expect me to do things for them; while I am over here they leave me alone."

Vacuous and dull as may be the life of the expatriated sister, it is cheerful when compared with the fate that awaits the male American who has "sold out" and taken to indefinite rambling. The plight of such gentlemen is indeed worthy of sympathy. To turn an average Wall street man, who has read little and thought less on any subject not connected with stocks, loose in Italy or Spain is to condemn him to the keenest suffering.

As no one has explained to the poor fellows that it is much less fun being a man in Europe than at home, his life is simply a burden and a weariness. Each day has twenty-four hours, and even the best-intentioned cannot sleep more than a third of that time. It takes only twenty minutes to read the European "Herald," including the hotel arrivals and advertisements. After that a blank stretches before him that must be filled. In Paris there is the resource of calling on one's banker, and sampling, under his guidance, the mixed drinks of the Rue Scribe. This, however, is but a transient joy. Every now and then a man more energetic than his fellows begins by having a fling at the galleries and museums; but he experiences little beyond a vague wonder and disappointment as he stands alone—madam being much too busy "trying on" to accompany him—before the dark canvases and discolored marbles which he is told are masterpieces. It is all very bewildering, for in his heart he prefers the nice clean statuary and gay furniture displayed in the shop-windows of the boulevards; so that experiment is soon given up. Next he has a try at the theaters; but here again disappointment awaits the exile, whose school-boy French fails him entirely before the rapidity of dialogue. After a week or two this attempt is also abandoned, and our friend will, in all probability, go to the grave firm in his belief that neither Réjane nor Granier is "in it" with May Irwin, and that there is a lot of rot talked about the old masters.

Occasionally one of this sort, if he is wealthy, gets enticed by enterprising agents into collecting bric-à-brac and furniture. As a knowledge of such matters is, however,

rarely cultivated at the same time with "margins," he gets badly cheated, and finds it safer to follow other millionaire examples, and buy collections in the lump, a far more satisfactory process, as it calls for no knowledge of the subject and yet gives the collector much newspaper notoriety.

These gentlemen and their wives form a group distinct from the socially ambitious and the inhabitants of the sixteen-to-one pensions, but their life is no less curious than that of the others. Howells describes somewhere the nunlike existence led by the inmates of New England boarding-houses—shadowy beings who descend from their overheated rooms at meal-times, and then disappear upstairs again for the rest of the day. Ascetic as this life is, the existence a rich business man and his spouse lead abroad is even more isolated, and would shame a well-to-do hermit of Mount Athos. Wherever one goes, couples of this kind are to be met, drifting in a golden solitude from the Riviera to the Rhine and back again with the changing seasons, having rarely an acquaintance to break the monotony of the long days, or a fellow-sufferer to shake by the hand.

One of these hermits, in a burst of confidence, told me that his first thought on waking was, "What in thunder am I going to do till dinner-time? You see," he added, "all our life we planned to live abroad as soon as I could afford it, so now we are here we are ashamed to go home, as all our friends would laugh at us. Besides, for some reason or other, my wife likes it."

The movements of such fossils about the Continent are, I find, guided chiefly by the hope of meeting others like them, to see one of whom they will cheerfully travel for days. When they meet, the waifs give each other sumptuous dinners and lunches, at which the ladies air the jewels that most of the years hang concealed in chamois bags about their portly persons.

In my innocent youth I used to grow indignant when I heard of a wife abandoning her spouse to the tender mercies of a caretaker in a half-closed house while she spent three quarters of the family income abroad. I know better now. Instead of pitying the object of such "absent treatment," I feel inclined to pat the lucky fellow on the back; for I have measured the depths of boredom to which an innocent male can be brought whose wife insists on taking him abroad with her.

To be quite serious for a moment, so convinced does a knowledge of Europe make

me of the unhealthiness of foreign food for American stomachs that at times I am tempted to go a step further and deny even the benefits of foreign study for American boys and girls, an opinion based on some small experience of the world-famous Latin Quarter and other centers of study abroad.

Curiously enough, several of the leading French papers have recently opened a campaign against that antique institution the "Prix de Rome," and agree in questioning the utility of a custom which, under the veil of a reward, snatches the most promising young painter, sculptor, and musician of the day away from the atmosphere which developed his talent, and exiles the youth during the best four years of his life in a foreign land among a people whose language he rarely masters and whose ways are not his ways. Surely much of this might be said of the yearly tribute of youths and maidens paid by our land to the Continental Minotaur.

"THIS really is going too far!" (It's the "lady friend" who is speaking.) "Does

nothing we do or say please the tiresome 'Idler'?" Who asked him, anyway, to sit up and prose about people's faults, and drag all our favorite little sins into the light, and point at them? Not I, for one! He's just a mass of prejudice, and *inconsistent*, too, for the matter of that, like all men; for I am told that he slips off to Europe whenever he gets a chance, just like one of the 'weaker vessels'!"

Just a moment, my dear, if you don't mind. You are perfectly right and logical, as ladies always are. It is to be feared, however, you never heard the story of the clergyman who, on being told that his congregation was complaining of his not living up to his fine precepts, preached them the next Sunday a terrible sermon, in which he reviewed all their faults, and then ended with this verse of his own composition:

My gentle friends, I fear the fact is
That few among us are complete;
But I will preach, and you shall practise,
And so, between us, both ends meet.



THE MAPLE-TREE.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

WHERE the low wind of autumn grieves,
A light shines from the maple-leaves,
Whose gold and crimson tints must be
The soul of sunset in a tree.



"WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL."

(FROM DAUGHTER MARY'S SIDE.)

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

WITH DRAWINGS BY HUGH THOMSON.



"THE GOWNS WERE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE."

"WHEN mother was a girl" the belles
Were fairer than to-day,
The beaux were better men and more
Accomplished every way;
Aye, manners were more elegant,
And hearts more honest, too—
'T was quite another world from ours,
The one that mother knew!

"When mother was a girl" the gowns
Were beautiful to see;
The silks and satins common, then,
In every family;
The frills and bows and furbelows
Beyond a parallel;
The style—before the nation lost
The art of dressing well!

"When mother was a girl" they had
Such dainty things to eat;
The pies, the puddings that have gone,
And, with them, the receipt;
The shelves and larders, goodyful,
The cellars hung with game!
For half the dishes they enjoyed
We 'll soon forget the name!



IF WE COULD HAVE THE FROLICS NOW,
THE GAMES, THE SONGS — BUT, THEN,
THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS, THE LIKE
WILL NEVER COME AGAIN! ”



"'WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL' THE BELLES
WERE FAIRER THAN TO-DAY."

"When mother was a girl" the hearth
Gave out a brighter glow.
The tales they told, the pranks they played
Were not the ones we know!
If we could have the frolics now,
The games, the songs—but, then,
Those were the good old days, the like
Will never come again!

OUR Mary sat, our Mary sighed,
And, thoughtful, shook her head.
"If all fair maids are gone," she mused,
"And all good men are dead;
If songs are sung and frolics done,
And everything that 's sweet;
And if there 's nothing left to wear
And nothing much to eat"—
She pondered till her curly pate
Was in a woeful whirl—
"What shall my children hear we had—
'When mother was a girl'?"

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"OUR MARY SIGHED."

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART SEVEN.

December the first.



HERE have been no more telephonic mysteries; the call-bell hangs mute all night. I think Eliot has been ordered to sleep with his door open. Only the banshee parts her lips, and there are times when she wails from bedtime till breakfast; usually this happens with a west wind. The doctor is absorbed, and the horizontal lines of anxiety in his forehead are heavily carved. I cannot make out what he is thinking, for I am never told unless he chooses to have me know, while yet, oddly enough, I do not feel at all hurt if he does not tell. It was, in fact, three days after the last midnight summons before I knew that he had succeeded in tracing the first telephone call to its source. The company, it seems, had put every agency at his disposal, and had hunted down this last message. Twelve hundred miles between it and me! It had started from one of the uttermost stations where the blue bell hangs; beyond which there is no practicable conversation between the West and the East. I asked the name of the place.

"This last message came," replied the doctor, "from a pay-station in a drug-store. The name was Pooltiss—a queer one, was n't it? The number was 207-3."

He did not look at me as he dwelt on these unnecessary details.

"And the town?"

"Omaha."

"He may be dying!" I cried.

Robert shook his head.

"Sick? In trouble? In need? Wandering from place to place—homeless! He has gone farther West, has n't he?"

The doctor did not answer.

"Or he may be—thoughtless. He used so often to say: 'Oh, I did n't mean anything.' He may not mean anything by this. Or it may not be he at all."

"Any of these things is possible."

"He ought to come home to his wife!" I said below my breath. I have never spoken so before, not even to Robert. But there is something, as I told him once, in the roused pride of a tender woman with which a man must reckon, first or last. Mine battles with my tenderness and plays victor with me now, at this bewildered time—of all times, that when I should have expected myself to melt with love and longing. I feel but little longing for my husband, and how much love I will not, must not, dare not, ask myself. The strongest tie between the married is the love of the wife; I am convinced that more marriages are saved from destruction by this than by any other fact in life. If my love for Dana is perishing—whose fault is that? How has he flung from him the treasure that he had? I who gave him my uttermost, I who made a subject of my sovereign soul before his lightest whim, I who bent my will before his, as if one melted a steel blade in a mighty fire and folded it back upon itself, laying it white and gleaming at his feet,—I, Wilderness Girl made Wife, Pride beaten into Love,—how, God forgive him, has he treated me? . . .

"He ought to come home to his wife!" I repeated aloud. It was as if I were willing the whole world should know what I said. Then I heard my old friend speaking; his voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"Be patient, Marna. Be gentle. Believe the best. Wait a little. There may be reasons—"

He turned away from me, halted, came back, and looked at me with wretched, noble eyes.

"Love him as long as you can," he said gently. "Try for a while longer. It is worth . . . trying . . . suffering . . . to save a married love."

Before I could answer he had shut the door and gone. I went up and took hold of the knob, and I am not ashamed to write what I did. I went up and bent my face and

put my cheek to the door, where his hand had touched it.

"You are the best man I ever knew," I thought.

Later.

I CANNOT sleep. I have been thinking of the evening when Robert asked me to marry him. It was the first winter that Dana was reading to Father. They were in the library, and Robert and I were in the drawing-room; and I had on a rose-pink dress with white chiffon, and the slippers matched, and Robert liked the dress.

To him I said: "I am fond of you, Robert, but I do not love you. I could never love you so as to marry you. I do not want to be anybody's wife." In my own mind I said: "You are too short. And you are very plain. And you are very old—as much as thirty."

December the second.

ELIOT does not come any more; I don't know why. He has been suddenly taken away and put on duty elsewhere. The doctor suggested another nurse—I think his name was Peterkin; but I objected to Peterkin.

"Then," he observed, "you will lock the front door?"

I shook my head. Now why, I wonder, did I shake my head? Why, when I feel so about Dana, why, when Dana has treated me so, why do I not bolt the door?

I cannot perplex the doctor worse than I puzzle myself. He has sent our old James over to stay nights here till Eliot is at liberty again. James is quite shocked at sleeping in the library. He never did such a thing in the governor's house. But he calls me Miss Marna, and there's some comfort in that. I wonder what has become of Eliot?

There have been no more telephone calls, which is convenient, for I am sure the last trumpet would have its hands full if it tried to wake up James. He used to sleep in the coach-house, with four horses trampling beneath.

So I listen for the telephone. I do not sleep much.

December the tenth.

THE telephone continues dumb. I do not believe those calls were from anybody in particular at all; some operator's blunder, most likely, as I told the doctor. The doctor made no answer.

In fact, nothing has happened, and everything has happened, for Robert has gone away on a vacation. He has had no vacation

since he started the hospital; all summer he stood by his post, when other men were off. I suppose he does need it. I should not have believed that I would miss the doctor so.

It is not a frequented part of the river.

December the thirteenth.

MARION has a cold, and we have had to send for Dr. Packard. I don't think he understands the child in the least. I wish Robert would come back. I am lost in a hieroglyph. I thought I knew what solitude was; now I perceive that I never had the key to the cipher. I am so lonely that I am frightened. If there were a spot in the world where I could go and hurl myself into space, I think I should do it. I used to have fancies about letting myself out of a window in easterly storms when I was a girl and comfortable. Now that I am a wife and wretched, a window seems a small outlet. I want something vast and daring—a desperate leap into a fathomless fate. What could be worse than to go on tamely where and as I am? Who will teach me how to escape myself? What philosophy is there for a woman whose whole being has been turned back upon itself, a mighty current dammed, and toppling—forbidden in the essence of her nature? What shall be done for an undervalued tenderness? What can friendship offer to a deserted wife?

The doctor does not write to me. I suppose, in fact, he is under no obligation to do so.

December the fourteenth.

I HAVE had a note from the doctor. It was mailed on the cars somewhere,—I could not make out where,—and it was so hurriedly written that he forgot to date it. He writes most kindly, most thoughtfully. He begs me to be quiet and brave, not to give up either hope or anything else. He is sorry to have to leave me just at this trying time; he will not be gone a day longer than is really necessary,—he reminds me with a touching gentleness that he really needed the vacation, for he is pretty tired,—and he will write me when he can. If I have any more telephone messages, I am to repeat them to him, in care of the Central Exchange both in New York and in Chicago, as his movements are a little uncertain, and he would not wish to be beyond my reach in any emergency. And I am not to feel that he has forgotten my difficulties for an hour,

but that he is doing the best he can for all concerned. He signs the letter:

"Faithfully your friend, and Dana's,
"ROBERT HAZELTON."

Oh, God bless him, God bless him! And I don't care if that is "equal to a kiss." Of such is the tenderness that the whole wide world might see and be the better for. The grateful affection of an unhappy woman, indebted above measure to a good, unselfish man, is not a thing to feel ashamed of or to hide.

December the fifteenth.

THIS evening the telephone called again. It was quite early, hardly nine o'clock, and James had not come in. Mercibel had been over, but did not stay; it was her evening off duty, and she was on her way to see her children; they live with their grandmother. If I had to board Marion with relatives, and work for my living and hers, I wonder should I be more, or less, unhappy?

"Sorrow has her elect," Mercibel says. The relativity of trouble is a mystery of which I am just beginning to be aware. The doctor has a paralyzed patient who says her ideal of human happiness is to be able to walk across the room and get her own tooth-brush. (He is curing the patient.)

My telephone call was from the doctor. It seemed to be a long-distance call, but I could hear his voice quite readily and perfectly—his dear voice. Oh, I will be honest with my own soul! It is a dear voice to me; there is not a cadence of its quietness and strength which does not hold just so much self-forgetting, me-remembering melody. There are certain tones at which my spirits rise like leaves in a strong wind, and seek the skies—my poor, disordered, disheartened spirits—as if they were birds. There are certain others before which every nerve in my soul and body calms and rests. The voice is the man, and Robert's has stood between me and despair (I believe I have said this before, at some time; whether I have or not, I think it all the time)—his voice has stood between me and despair so long that I cannot help loving it. Why need I?

He did not say very much by the telephone; only to ask if I kept well, and Marion, and if I had heard any news that I wished him to know.

"Do not feel that you are forgotten," he said; "I shall not be beyond reach of helping you in any emergency."

"Have courage," he added. "Be hopeful.

Better things than you fear may be possible. I am telephoning you to-night to say this. Keep well. Be quiet. Be strong. Be brave."

His resonant voice reverberates in my ears yet, like a rich Belgian bell. As he shut the wire off, he said comfortably:

"Expect me home in three or four days."

He forgot to tell me where he was telephoning from.

December the sixteenth.

TO-DAY the doctor called again from he knows where. There is a snow-storm, and the wires are pneumatic and roar wildly. I could scarcely make out what he was trying to say, and we had to give the message up. If I understood at all correctly, Robert said a singular thing:

"Pray for one you love."

No man ever asked me to pray for anything before; I suppose it never occurred to any person that I could be a praying woman.

Poor little "sumptuous pagan"! how should she be? The gods die with the joys, I think; Christianity must be the religion of patience, of denial; and I am not patient.

Pray for one I love? . . . Suppose I tried?

Later.

I HAVE tried. I do not know how. I think I shall educate my daughter in what George Sand calls "la science de Dieu"; for she shall not come to eight-and-twenty years with an uncultivated spiritual nature—not so ignorant a person as I.

An hour later.

PRAY for one I love? . . . Then for whom shall I pray? Pagan beauty stole my heart and toyed with it, and cast it petulantly down. Patient duty gathered the bruised thing, and cherished it, and guarded it gently, from itself and from its guardian. How should a woman pray? Prayer, I think, must be as honest as love, or joy, or anguish; it is one of the elemental emotions; it cannot confuse anything or beguile God.

Sudden expressions of my husband's face start out upon the paper where I write, like pictures which my pen traces against its will. Words that he has spoken—scenes that I would perish to forget leap upon me. All the anguish of this deserted year surges pounding through my arteries; I can understand how people die of heartbreak in one great, significant moment of self-revelation.

Cruelty flung me into the hands of kindness; neglect left me to devotion; coldness hurled me at the feet of tenderness, a dis-

regarded, undervalued woman; selfishness tossed me—where? Into what? Upon the truest heart, against the noblest nature, that I ever knew.

Suppose I knelt and tried to pray—I could only repeat the Morning Lesson or some of the Collects. Perhaps if I wrote a prayer it would be the most genuine thing possible—to me. I found in Father's Greek Testament yesterday this, copied in his own hand, and called "The Prayer of Fénelon":

Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee. And when Thou hast it, keep it, for I would not take it from Thee. And save me in spite of myself, for Christ's sake. Amen.

December the seventeenth.

THOU great God! Invisible! Almighty! I am not a religious woman, and I do not know how to express myself, but I will not soil my soul by one uncandid word. Be Thou to me the utter Truth. Then shall my heart utter it, and give Thee back Thyself.

I am a woman unhappy and perplexed. I have not even the excuse of a great temptation to justify what I feel—only a subtle one, like a mist that blurs my vision.

Thou God! I do not care so much—for any other thing—except to do what is right. Teach me where rightness is! I am willing to count its price, to pay its cost. I am willing to be very lonely, lonelier than I need to be, if I can be sure of only right. I am willing to give up the only comfort I have, if I ought to do that. . . . Hear my first prayer, O God!—Dana, Dana, Dana! Wherever in this wide world my poor husband is—I pray for him! If he is sick, or sinful, if he is in any trouble, if he has forgotten me, though he should come back and be cruel to me—I pray for him, for him!

December the eighteenth.

THE doctor has got home. I think he arrived at dusk, but it was late before he came over, nearly ten o'clock. He looked fatigued beyond description, and yet he had a radiance. All the room seemed to shine when he entered it. I had that old feeling that he stood in a stream of light, and it was as if I crossed the current when I moved to take his outstretched hand. There was a solemn elation in his eyes.

"You have had a good rest!" I cried, "a happy journey!"

"A happy journey, yes." Smiling, he studied me as if my too candid face were a Chaldean seal. For the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable before my old friend,

and I took refuge in the best of all civilized disguises—elaborate frankness.

"I missed you, Doctor, ridiculously. I think you ought either never to go away, or else to stay all the time. I have yet to learn to do without you, Robert."

"All that will take care of itself," said Robert, gently. "There are first that shall be last. And I am glad that you missed me, too. It harmed nobody, and it touches me."

If Robert's face had frosted, or assumed any of the masculine defenses which a commonplace man throws out between himself and a woman whom he is capable of misinterpreting, I think, dear as he is to me, I could have spurned him. But his comfortable, matter-of-fact words restored the poise of my own nature; the vertigo steadied instantly. By a divination he put me delicately at my ease, like the gentleman he is.

We talked awhile quietly. The radiance that I spoke of remained translucent on his face. He said he would come in to-morrow, and ran up and kissed Marion in her crib, and played with Job a little, and then he went away. What was that curious thing he said? There are first that shall be last? Robert is usually so direct; he is never given to conversational sorceries.

December the nineteenth.

THE doctor came in this noon. He asked if I could spare James, who is needed in the coach-house, and suggested the objectionable Peterkin as a substitute. I demurred.

"I saw Eliot about the grounds this morning. If he is at liberty now, why can't I have Eliot—if you insist on anybody?"

"Eliot is on night duty," replied the doctor. "I thought perhaps Peterkin—but never mind. Keep James, if you prefer, by all means."

Now, penitent, I protested. For Peterkin I now entreated. Peterkin, only Peterkin, could protect my imperiled household or assuage my troubled spirit. But the doctor smiled and shook his head. He did not ask me to abjure my folly and bolt my doors. He has ceased to fret me on this topic. One of the remarkable things about Robert is that he conforms to a weakness as generously as he admires a strong point. He accepts a woman just as she is, and if she does a foolish thing, he takes it as a matter of course, like a symptom. If he had the chance he might cure it, but he never exasperates her by resenting it. I know, when he loved me long ago, before I was married,

I used to feel that he loved me for my very faults.

It would be difficult to say how much happier and safer I feel now that the doctor has come back. I have been listening lately at night for the telephone—it is impossible to say why. But it has not called again. I dusted all Dana's music to-day.

December the twentieth; noon.

THERE was a savage storm last night—sleet and snow fighting. James dug my paths before he went to the hospital, and came back after a while, plowing his way over with Father's little old snow-plow and the doctor's white horse. There is quite a clear path all around the tree-house. It makes me feel less shut in and cut off. Mercibel, at the office window, waved her nurse's apron and blew a kiss to me. The doctor will hardly come over, I think. I understand there are some pretty sick patients. There seems to be some agitation at the hospital. The countenance of my father's house has a tense expression, as if it concealed drama—as it does, as it must. All the tragedy of all that disabled and disordered life crowds crushing upon the superintendent. How seldom this occurs to me! I am engrossed in my own drama. I think I must be yet very young.

The telephone wires are furred with sleet and sag heavily, but still hold their thin lips between myself and the world; between myself and the watchful, patient, unrewarded kindness which has never failed me anywhere.

December the twenty-first.

AN extraordinary thing has happened.

The storm has been a wild caprice, lulling and rousing without any visible reason; but by mid-afternoon the snow ceased sullenly. There was no sun, but a vicious wind, and a stinging powder filled the air. James came over and cleared out all my paths again, and brought the doctor's remembrances, and was I quite comfortable? or did I need anything that he could do? The doctor did not telephone. Mercibel did once or twice, but I thought her absent-minded, for some reason.

After dinner, between half-past seven and eight o'clock, the ghost of the Wilderness Girl got me, for I have stayed indoors too long. I put myself into rubber boots and waterproof, pulled the hood over my head, and ran out. A young moon wandered somewhere in a waste of clouds, but it seemed to me only to make everything darker; all the shadows of the shrubbery crouched like creatures about to spring, and the tree-house

stood in such a jungle of blackness that I was afraid of it. I tramped about for a while, running up and down the paths, and crunching the snow, as children do. But I did not stay long; I could not have told why, but I was definitely afraid. I came back and into the house, threw off my waterproof, but, I don't know for what reason, did not remove my rubber boots. I stood in the hall, by the register, warming my feet. As I did this, I thought the handle of the front door turned.

"It is the doctor," I said. But it was not the doctor, and the door did not open. I started to call Job, but he was in the kitchen with Luella. At this moment the banshee up in my room began to wail, and made such a noise that I called up to Ellen to stifle her with a handkerchief. Ellen, having obeyed me, came to the balusters over my head, and said that Marion would not go to sleep without Dombey, and should she give in to such as that? I answered: "Oh, she may have Dombey; I'll get him and toss him up to you"; and I went into the library for the doll. The shades were not drawn—Dana never liked to have them. When I stooped to pick up Dombey, I saw upon the window-sill the fingers of a man's hand.

I stood quite still, with Dombey in my arms, and looked at the window. The hand slid, finger by finger, and slipped away. It reminded me of the hand I saw in my dream of the Uruguay dungeon, and it was a left hand, too; but it had no ring. I threw on my waterproof, unlatched the front door, and opened it wide.

"At last," I thought, "we have the burglar." It did not occur to me to be afraid. Such a sense of wrong overtook me, the rage of the home against its violator, that I cared for nothing but to defy the fellow. I understand now, perfectly, how small women, timid ones, have sprung upon tramps and thieves, and choked them and held them till the neighbors came. By this time Job had begun to growl from the kitchen, and Luella had let him out. I ran down the steps and out into the snow, and Job met me at the corner of the house. The dog moved stealthily; he did not bark.

"Whoever you are," I cried, "make your errand known, or leave my house!"

There was no person to be seen. I pushed on toward the tree-house. There, cringing, blotted into the jungle of shadows, I perceived, or I thought I did, the figure of a man. It was a pitiable figure, poor and out-cast.

"Who are you," I said more gently, "and what do you want?"

There was no reply, and I stood, uncertain what to do. The thin young moon at this moment dived into a sea of clouds, and when she emerged the man had gone. I called to Job, but he was nowhere to be seen. I came back into the house and shut the door. From long habit, even then I did not bolt it. I sat down by the register, shivering and drying my wet skirts. It did not occur to me to telephone the doctor what had happened, or, if it did, I thought I would spare him. He has care enough, and I knew James would be over soon. It was by then perhaps half-past eight o'clock. Ellen came down and asked me what had happened.

"Nothing," I said. "Go back to Marion."

"I won't do, without the boy doll," argued Ellen, studying me furtively. I now perceived that the old servant was distinctly scared, and also that I still held *Dombey* affectionately clasped to my heart. I gave her the doll, and she went up-stairs reluctantly. When she had gone, I slid to the front door and opened it, and looked out and about. No person was to be seen. There was now moon enough to show the tree-house clearly; it was quite empty. I shut the door and came back, and sat down by the hall register again. I had forgotten about Job.

I was sitting there when the door opened in earnest, swiftly though softly, and the doctor entered. To my last hour I shall not be able to forget the expression of his face.

"You have had a fright!" he began. "Tell me all about it—quickly."

I now saw Eliot behind the doctor, and James, and Peterkin—a good match between them all for a gang of housebreakers.

"How in the world did you know?" I parried foolishly.

Robert interrupted me with real impatience. I thought, for the instant, he would have liked to shake me—but not hard.

"Speak, can't you?" he cried. "There is no time to lose. Did he annoy you? Did you see the man?"

I collected myself, and told him all there was to tell. It was little enough, and seemed to disappoint him. The two nurses had by this time vanished, directed, I thought, by a single upward motion of the superintendent's heavy eyelids.

"What do you say you said," demanded the doctor, "when you first opened the door?"

"I said: 'Whoever you are, make your errand known, or leave my house.'"

The doctor turned the high collar of his fur-lined coat, half concealing his averted face.

"Go up to bed," he said. "Peterkin will sleep here to-night; I have need of James. If you are disturbed again, call me *instantly*, Marna. Do you understand?"

"Don't be cross to me, Doctor," I quavered childishly. "I will do whatever you say."

He went, and Peterkin came. I am too excited to sleep, and so I write. Job has but just come in. He is wet through, and shivers violently. He must have been out a long time.

December the twenty-second.

OUR tramp has not done us the honor again, and nothing whatever has happened. In fact, life is more than commonly dull, for I took cold that night in the snow, and am cherishing a sore throat in unexampled obscurity, the doctor having gone away. So, I surmise, has Eliot. So, I think, has Peterkin. James appears every night as before, only now very early, by six o'clock. Mercibel comes over and stays through the day—I suppose because I have a sore throat; at all events, those seem to be her orders. She answers the telephone, which rings occasionally. Now and then she seems to have messages from the doctor, who inquires for me, with his remembrances. He does not ask me to come to the telephone. Mercibel says he says I am to be very careful of this throat, and not to strain my voice. I am trying to finish Marion's Christmas presents—chiefly am I dressing a new wife for *Dombey*. I have got her a doll's house from her father, for I could not have her think he had forgotten to send her anything. I am very lonely. I can't see why the doctor should have to go away so soon again. Mercibel says it is a professional errand and he could not help it. I miss him cruelly—I am quite demoralized by missing him; I may as well own to this as to experience it.

What will become of me if Robert is so necessary to me as this?

A woman may be made very unhappy, I find, for the sake of a man whom she does not love—whom she must not love. Friendship takes hold of women more seriously than of men, I think. Is it a disorder to which we are temperamentally more subject?

December the twenty-third.

THE doctor has come home again. He called at once, very early this morning, to see about my throat. I was startled at his ap-

pearance; he must have had a hard trip. But yet he has happy eyes. As I watched them I felt that mine might safely say anything, for it was as if he did not exactly see me. He talked more than usual. He spoke of Dana, of his absence and silence, and of what I had endured.

"You have behaved like a queen at her execution," he said. He talked about my husband for quite a while. My thoughts were of him, but his were of Dana. But I was so glad he had come back that nothing troubled me. Job sat on my lap and listened with a portentous solemnity to our conversation. There are times when that dog seems like a brownie. Job has been restless and unhappy these last few days; he sleeps on the foot of my bed, and starts frequently, and has bad dreams and little Yorkshire nightmares out of which I have to wake him up and reassure him.

December the twenty-fourth; afternoon.

MARION hit the Parthenon frieze behind the library sofa a hard whack with Banny Doodle, and the paper broke away; the paste had dried, and the frieze has hung loosely for a long time. I went up to fix it, and I saw the Landseer dogs that I had forgotten about—David and Dora.

Then I remembered when I first put them on the bruise in the calcimine, and how Dana made fun of me, and how he helped me to put the frieze up. I thought how he teased Job by patting David and Dora, and how Job snarled with jealousy and sprang at the picture, and how Dana laughed out—nobody ever had such a laugh as Dana. How happy was I! How dear was he! And we did love each other—God knows.

"Pity Mommer!" cooed Marion, behind me.

"Go and get Job," I commanded wildly, for I could not have the child behold my overthrow.

Something beat about me like a whirlwind rising from—the woman's God knows where. . . . I have tried to forget, I have tried to forget!—not to suffer, not to feel, to divert my soul, to supplant Almighty Love by something else; and I thought I had succeeded, but I had climbed a ladder which rested in the air—and now, in a moment, it toppled with me. And David and Dora had brought it down . . . that little thing, that little foolish dear home thing, that Dana and I had done, and laughed about, together.

"Why don't you do as I bid you?" I de-

manded, crossly enough, of Marion. "Why don't you go for Job?"

My daughter put up a grieved lip.

"Job came his own self. And I fink I will go make a call on Ellen." Holding her little head haughtily, my baby scornfully left me. Ashamed, I turned to follow her, and hurried a little, and so stumbled over something in the hall—and it was Dana's old blue velvet coat. Job was curled up on it, fixed and watchful. How he had found it, why he had brought it, only Job can say. It was plain that he had meant to bring the coat to me, and, laboriously dragging it, had wavered in his purpose at the foot of the stairs. Perhaps a glimpse of David and Dora had arrested his inner motive; one never can tell: a highly organized dog is very complex.

Commending Job and comforting Marion, I took the coat and came up with it into Dana's room, and locked the doors; and I thought I would hang the coat up first—but, oh, the touch of it, the touch of it! . . .

At first I only laid my cheek upon it, for I dared no more. But remembrance has her Judgment Day, when the books are opened. And the illuminated text of married love, which I have sealed with seven seals, stared at me from silver and from crimson pages—and there was no more power in me to close the book.

I caught my husband's coat to my heart, and clasped it, and kissed it, and then I kissed it again—oh, and again, till the tears stopped the kisses; and when the sobs came, I felt that something finer than reason was saved in me. I threw myself on Dana's bed, and sunk my face in the coat, and stroked it.

I thought of everything that I had tried to forget, and I forgot everything that I had been remembering. I got down from the bed, and knelt, with my face in the coat, and lifted my hands, and thought I would try to pray again; but all I could say was:

"Dana!"

For we did love each other—and I am his wife. All the awful power of the marriage tie closed about me,—its relentlessness, its preciousness,—not to be escaped. The dead joys got out of their graves and looked upon me. I thought of all that faith and sacredness, and of the honor in which we cherished it. I thought how I had barred these things from my heart, because it was broken and so it could not hold them.

Who said: "It is worth trying . . . suffering . . . to save a married love"? That must have been Robert. I got up from my knees

and walked to and fro across my husband's room. I went to the window and drew his curtains and looked out at his stars. And, by the holy name of the happiest hour that we had ever known, I charged myself with a vow, for Dana's sake.

As soon as I was something composed, I sent for the doctor so urgently that he came at once. Marion had gone to bed, and the library was littered with her Christmas things. I was tying up Dombey's second wife in silver paper with a crimson ribbon.

"Let me help you," said Robert, directly. He took the doll, and tied the package neatly; in fact, he saw that my fingers trembled so I could not do it.

Abruptly I began:

"Doctor, I am going to find my husband. I shall take the child and start."

"Where are you going?"

"I do not know."

"When?"

"At once—to-morrow, I think."

"Why?"

"He may need me—who knows?"

"I," said Robert, gravely.

"You?"

I pushed the second wife into the doll's house, anyhow, and she slid out into the doctor's lap. He picked her up and put her carefully somewhere before he spoke again:

"Tired of trusting me, Marna?"

Then I said: "I must act for myself. I have borne all I can. If he is alive, I will find him. If he is dead—"

"Would you be willing," interrupted Robert, gently, "to wait a little—perhaps two or three days? I can advise you better if you give me a little time. I have some pretty sick patients just now," he added wearily, "and such a step would be very important. You would need advice."

"I should need *you*, I grant you!" I cried out cruelly. "I can't even love my own husband without your help—I have come to that."

"*Marna!*" pleaded Robert, in a voice that wrung my heart.

I took one look at his face, and then something in me gave way suddenly, and I slid to the hassock on the floor below me, and—what might I have done? I cannot tell. I do not know. Put my head upon his knee, like the child that I sometimes seem to myself to have been to him, and so sobbed out the "Forgive me, Robert!" which came surging to my lips? I do not know. I cannot tell. Instantly he had lifted me to my feet.

"You are tired out," he said. "Go up to bed at once. Sleep if you can. Don't try to talk to me; I understand. Child, I understand you better than you do yourself. I know . . . I know how you love your husband; better than any man of us—is—apt to be loved."

"I will see you to-morrow," he added in his usual manner. "We will talk everything over. Trust me till then."

"I will trust you till I am dead, and after," I answered him. We shook hands as if nothing had happened. At the door, he turned and regarded me mournfully and something solemnly, I thought—as if the man were looking his last upon some dear and sacred privilege.

"If I can keep—trustworthy—" he said; and so he shut the door.

Later.

I HAPPENED on this, to-day, that Stevenson said of himself: "I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God."

January the fifteenth.

UNTIL this I have had no moments. Now, while my patient is sleeping naturally, my heart draws its first breath. It will rest me more to write than to sleep.

I see that my record broke asunder abruptly on Christmas eve, and with the doctor's call.

I slept that night, by God's good grace, though no one could have been more surprised at this fact than myself. I dreamed that Marion and I started out together on Christmas day to find her father, and that we went to Uruguay, and crossed the swamp with the log and the snake, and Dana was in the dungeon with the crosses, and he put up his left hand with the wedding-ring upon it, and so I knew him; and I tore away the bars, for they were old and rusty, and set him free. And he said—I was dreaming what he said when Marion waked me by slapping me with Dombey's second wife.

The day went wildly to me. It was not a pleasant day, but snowed a little and blew more. The wind was savage, and the sky frowned. The doctor did not come over, though Mercibel did. Now and then I got away from Marion's Christmas litter, and went up-stairs and put things into bags, at random. I think my idea was to start as soon as the doctor came—to what place, to what end, I knew no more than the child. My head whirled. I kept repeating:

"I will find my husband."

In the afternoon I telephoned the doctor impatiently, but he was not in. As it grew to be dusk, everything looked different to me, and I felt suddenly weakened in soul and body, like a person spent by a delirium, and I thought:

"I can never find him without Robert. I must wait for Robert."

But Robert did not come over. Marion and I had our supper, and Luella went out; but Ellen stayed, and James came over; Peterkin did not, so I was alone with my father's old servants.

It still snowed fitfully, not steadily nor much. There was some sleet, and it rapped on the windows like little knuckles. The banshee did not cry, and, except for the sleet, there was not any sound. Marion had gone to bed, but Job was playing with his rubber chicken. The chicken had a gamboge head, and Job had cut its throat already. I sat dully watching Job and the chicken. He dropped the chicken while I did this, and went to the door. I said:

"Oh, you don't want to go out again so soon, Job; it's snowing." But the dog insisted. I let him out, and came back and sat down again. I picked up Dombey's second wife, and Dombey, and Banny Doodle, and put them all in the doll's house, arranging them childishly, as if I had been a little girl myself.

"We are all dolls," I thought, "and fate plays with us." I added Job's chicken to the collection, stupidly.

I went out into the hall and stood by the register, and called up to Ellen to see if Marion were happy; but Ellen had shut the nursery door, for the night was cold, and so she did not hear me. I was quite alone when Job scratched on the front door to be let in.

I opened the door immediately, but the dog did not come in. He ran off again into the snow, and I shut the door again. Presently I heard him scratching at the door once more, and this time he whined impatiently. Once more I opened the door, and spoke to him rather sharply:

"Don't keep me waiting here! Come in, if you are coming at all!"

But Job ran down the steps and off. I thought of our tramp, but I felt no fear of any kind, unless that some one should steal Job, and I did not shut the door. I stood still in the hall, and called the dog more gently:

"Come right in, dear. Don't stay out in the storm any longer!"

As I spoke, the dog leaped up the steps,

shouting wildly; ran to me and looked back; sprang to my arms, kissed me, and ran back. Without hesitation I followed Job, and stepped out into the light, fresh snow.

At the foot of the steps a man leaned against the piazza pillar, heavily. He did not start when he saw me, and Job was in his arms. The man regarded me steadily.

"In God's name," I cried out upon him, "who are you?"

"Well," he said, "Job knows, if you don't."

I did not answer, for I did not dare. I felt that the wrong word would pull the whirling world crashing on my head. I went up to the man, and held out my hand, and led him up the steps, and the light smote his face, and it was my husband's face.

"I did n't know," he said timidly, "whether you'd want me back or not."

Without a word, I led him into the house, and shut the door behind him. I don't know why I did it, but I slid the key and put it in my pocket. He stood still, like a child or a sick person, just where I left him. The snow dripped from his beard. I took off his hat, and then, in the full gas-light, I saw his face . . . the havoc on it: shame, disease, despair, and desolation—oh, desolation worse, by all the agonies, than mine!

"I was a darn fool to leave you, Marna," he said, just as I had heard him say it in my dream. "I can't stand it any longer. I thought I'd come in—awhile—even if you did n't want to keep me."

"What? You don't say very much, I notice. Well, I don't blame you, Marna."

"Don't try, Marna—if it comes so hard as that. Don't stand on ceremony. I'd rather you did n't make such an effort to—be glad to see a fellow. It does n't matter very much. I can—go away again."

He turned his shattered face and tottered toward the door. I slid between him and it, and stretched out my hands.

"I'm pretty—wet," he said uncertainly.

I went straight up to him and clasped him to my heart, and his shaking arms closed fast about me.

WHEN I lifted my face, the doctor was there, and my father's old servants. Dana did not speak to any of them; he looked about passively.

"Get off his wet things," said the doctor; and James came up to help us. It did not occur to me till afterward to wonder how Robert got into the house, for I had the front-door key in my pocket. Nothing occurred to me. Dana had come home.

We led him into the library and up to the fire, and the doctor rolled up the Morris chair for him. I now saw for the first time that my husband was a very sick man. He had a singular expression. His eyes looked as if they had been varnished. He looked around the room, noticed the Christmas clutter, the doll's house and the dolls, and the Parthenon frieze which he had helped me to paste over David and Dora.

"It all looks so—natural," he said pitifully. All this while he kept hold of my hand. Job came up quietly, and got into his lap. We were standing just so—the doctor on the other side of him, and Ellen and James behind—when Marion melted into the room. Her little bare feet had made no sound upon the padded stairs, and she startled us all. Job jumped down from Dana's lap, and went and brought his chicken to his master. No one spoke. Her father turned his head slowly, and by the time that he saw the little girl she was quite near him. For an instant I think she was frightened; she backed off, wide-eyed and wondering, but advanced again, and leaned up, in her little white nightgown, against his knee.

"Why, she remembers me!" he whispered. His face worked; he hid it on the child's soft head and wept aloud.

"Pity Popper!" said Marion, distinctly. She put up both her hands and stroked his hollow cheeks.

WE got him up-stairs as soon as we could, the doctor and I—into his own room and his

own bed. Ellen had warmed the sheets, and everything was ready, as if he had been expected, or as if he had never been away. I managed to get in and light his candle and fix all his little things as he used to like them. He looked at everything pathetically, but he did not speak. He had grown strangely very weak, I thought, and panted for his breath. His forehead went a sudden deadly color which terrified me, and I ran and sat on the bed beside him, and took him in my arms. His sunken face fell upon my breast.

"You're a dear old girl!" he said.

"I think," said the doctor, unexpectedly, "you had better leave him to us for a while." And suddenly I saw that Eliot was in the room. But I did not move.

"Go down-stairs, Mrs. Herwin," commanded Dr. Hazelton, peremptorily.

Wondering and pondering, I obeyed.

When they called me back, Dana was asleep. It was a dense sleep, and he did not rouse as I sat down on the edge of the bed beside him. His gleaming pallor was replaced by a stagnant, crimson color that I liked no better.

"Has he a fever?" I whispered.

"No."

"Are n't you going to tell me what ails him?"

"Certainly I am."

"What is it, Doctor?"

"Morphine."

He drew up Dana's sleeve and showed me his poor marred arm. Dana did not stir as the doctor gently replaced the sleeve.

(Conclusion in the November number.)

AFTER A YEAR.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

IS it a year or yesterday

Since we were last together, love,
Since from my side you turned away

To seek some alien star above,
Too far for ken of mortal clay—
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday

Since I was called upon to bear
A grief no balm can e'er allay,

A woe that none may see or share?
Since you have vanished, say, oh, say,
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday

Since laughter died upon my lips,
And I became too sad to pray,

For all my stars went in eclipse,
And hope's aurora paled to gray—
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday?

"A year!" cries Loneliness, "a year!"
But Pain with pallid lips cries, "Nay!"

Too fierce the pang, too fresh the tear,
Too present seems the soul's dismay."
Is it a year or yesterday?

BUILDING NEW YORK'S SUBWAY.

BY ARTHUR RUHL.

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN AND C. A. VANDERHOOF.

DAYLIGHT was half a mile or more behind. In front a narrow arched passage, so low that the jagged roof just grazed one's head, followed a thin vista of hazy electric lamps farther into the solid rock. The heavy air was chilled with the breath of the under earth, and every now and then from under the tramway ties, or out of the indefinite darkness, came the *drip-drip-drip* and gurgle of water.

A thudding murmur in the distance suddenly grew more insistent and distinct. The shapes of men, of a swinging crane, of a tram-car mule, appeared under the flare of torches. The reverberations, locked between the narrow walls of rock, swelled into the deafening pounding of a steam-drill. Then a glimmer of daylight revealed the mouth of the shaft, and a moment later, clambering up into the open, I found myself in the lazy warmth of a summer afternoon and blinking at the velvet verdure of Central Park.

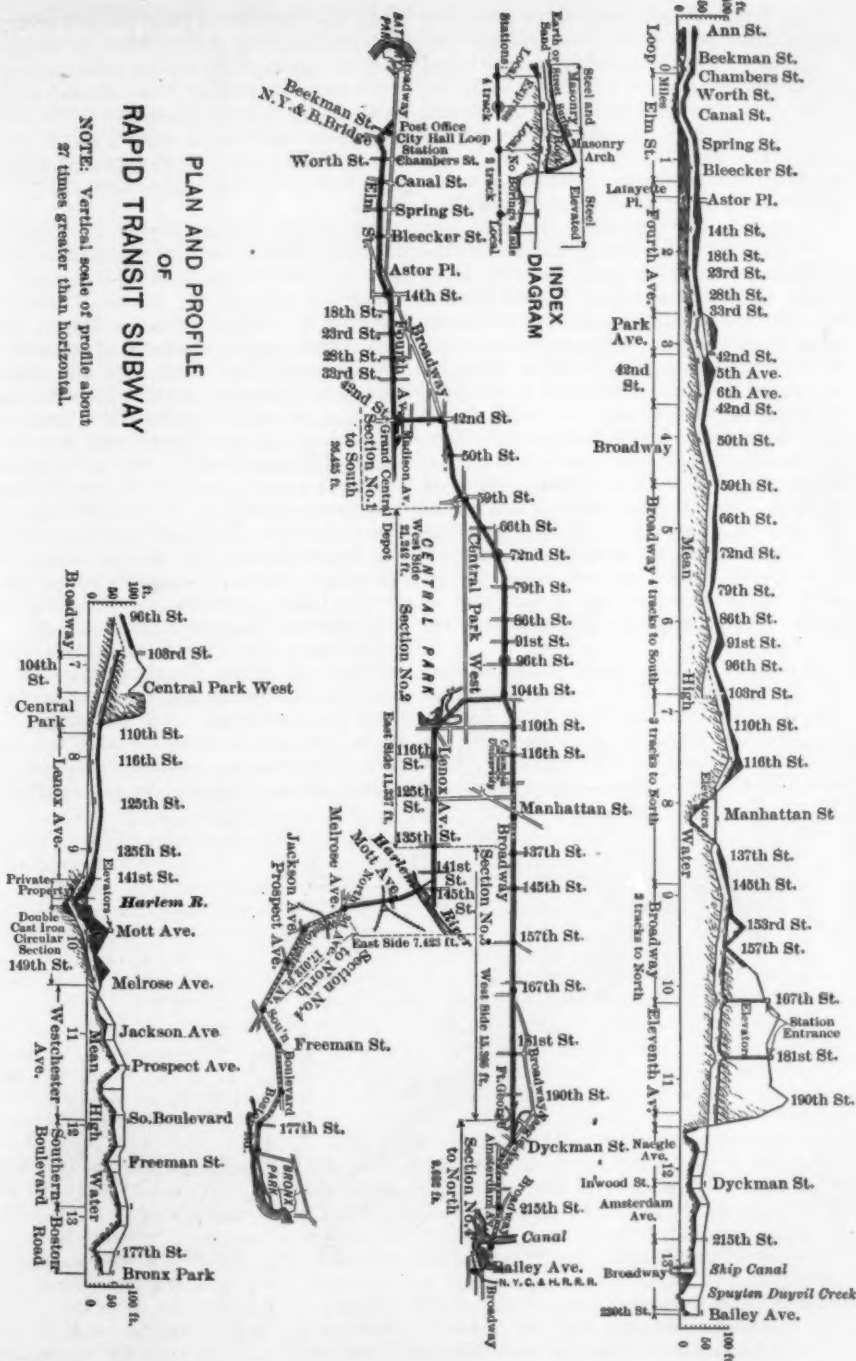
Now, the designers of that great underground railroad which is to bring Harlem within fourteen minutes of the City Hall and to extend for more than twenty-one miles just beneath the upper cuticle of New York city proper and the borough of the Bronx—not to speak of the extensions which are yet to be built to Brooklyn—would very earnestly explain at this point that tunneling, in the strict interpretation of the word, forms so small a part in the construction of the road that one may rightly speak of it only as a covered way. The motive for this distinction of terms is that those who know all about the new subway do not want those who know nothing about it to get creepy notions of dampness and "cellar air" and such lugubrious things, when some of the most characteristic features of New York's underground road, as compared, for example, with London's "Tuppenny Tube," are its nearness to the surface, its dryness, its airiness, and its light.

I have chosen to begin a visit to the subway in the branch that leads away from Grand Central and Fourth street and the Boul-

vard, and actually does tunnel under Central Park, to point out a bit more easily than could be done in some other places the contrast between the upper and the under cuticle of Manhattan, and the ignorance which the average uninquiring citizen of this town is likely to be in of all the hidden toil and turmoil that is constantly going on to provide for his comfort.

He is accustomed to take most things for granted and to neglect to accord wonder to the material achievements of his town, except to enlighten the mind of an occasional country relative. This is an attitude which he would find more difficult to maintain if he understood the personal, almost human, quality which these big things possess for many of those who know them only as among the facial characteristics of the great city they have never seen, or if he felt the personal quality which they equally possess for many of those who live beside them. In the imagination of the average untraveled son of the prairies who has never seen the skyline of Manhattan, it is much to be doubted if the Brooklyn Bridge or the elevated railroad is not quite as vital and human as, let us say, the Few Hundred or the Hon. Richard Croker. Many a prose vignette of Manhattan would have done just as well for Boston or Philadelphia had it not been for the presence of the "L" trains and their squealing brakes, while one's fancy can scarcely conjure up a printed picture of wintry New York which did not have its trail of steam from an L locomotive swirling about the heads of Christmas shoppers. And here is this great new hole-in-the-ground, stuffed with one knows not how many potential reactions on the life and the look of the town, and yet every day we ride over miles and miles of it with scarcely more than a languid musing as to the likelihood of a gas explosion, or a peevish interest in the devices by which contractors manfully support the pavement over the L structure, or whole systems of underground pipes.

NOTE: Vertical scale of profile about 27 times greater than horizontal.



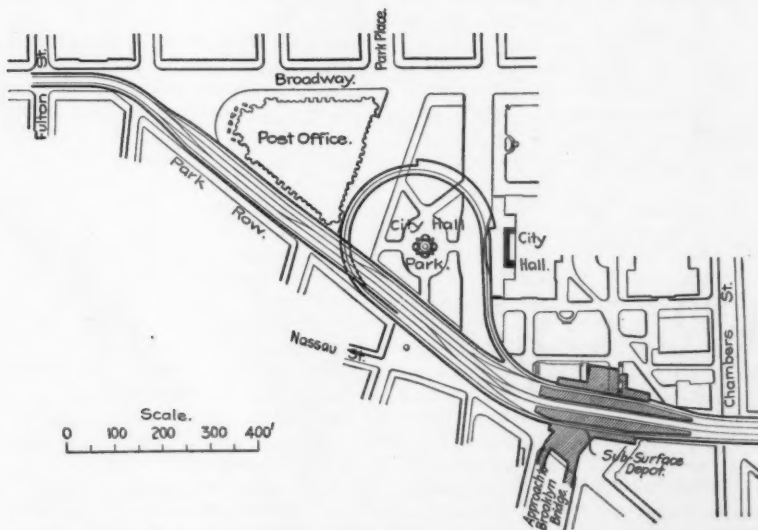
This Rapid Transit Subway, to give it its official name, is an underground railway running along the backbone of the narrow island of Manhattan, and, as now being built, extending on into the borough of the Bronx. From its southern terminus to the branch at One Hundred and Fourth street it will consist of four tracks, the outer two of which will be used for local trains, the inner two for expresses. From One Hundred and Fourth street, which is seven miles from the southern terminus, the main line with three tracks, of which the middle one will be used for express-trains, continues northward seven miles more to Kingsbridge, while a branch line of two tracks will swing off to the right, pass under the Harlem River at Bronx Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, and thence on to Bronx Park and the Zoo, also a distance of seven miles. The local trains will be run at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, stopping at stations one quarter of a mile apart, just about as the present elevated trains are operated; while the express-trains will have stations only about every mile and a half and be capable of attaining a speed of at least thirty miles an hour.

It is now fourteen years since the first bill providing for this underground railroad was sent to the New York legislature. In this time, so amazingly have the needs of the Greater City expanded that even with the Brooklyn extension, which was

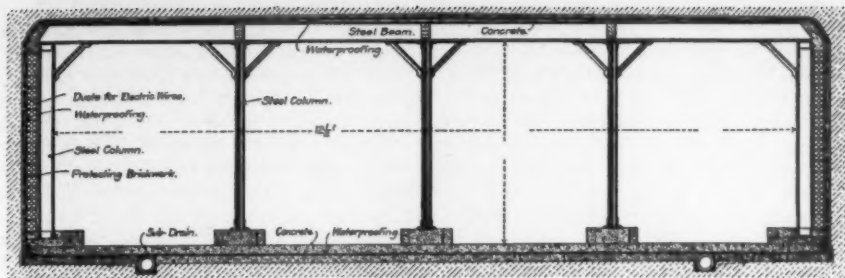
added to the original plan, the new subway, far from solving the problem, is only the first of many other similar systems which must be built in order even tolerably to dispose of the abnormal passenger traffic which at certain hours and at certain points on the narrow island reaches an excess of congestion to be met with in no other city in the world.

The great subway begins down by the City Hall, and it was into the plaza in front of that beautiful old building that the Hon. Robert A. Van Wyck, mayor of the city, inserted the official pickax in March, 1900, and thereby began the work of excavation. The bronze tablet which was immediately placed over the spot used to be surrounded morning and night by patriotic citizens who gazed down at it as though they were looking at Niagara, until it was presently removed to a contractor's shed, where it spent last summer waiting for the City Hall station to be done. The plaza itself has endured equal vicissitudes, now looking like a mining-camp, now roofed smoothly over, as when Prince Henry came and the escorting cavalry clattered gaily over the planking.

Although the City Hall station is intended to be rather the show station of the line, with its symphonic curves of roof and platforms and track,—"not a straight line in it," as one admirer has observed,—the main terminus and down-town station is a stone's throw away, over by the old Hall of



PLAN OF LOOP AT CITY HALL PARK. (ADAPTED FROM A DRAWING PUBLISHED BY THE "ENGINEERING NEWS.")

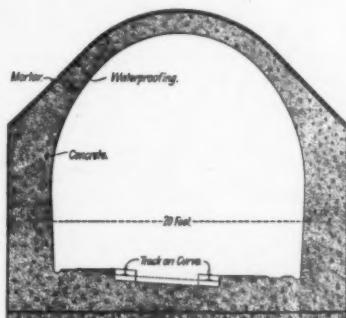


TYPICAL STEEL STRUCTURE.

Records and in front of the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. Both local and express trains will run to and from this station, and down its stairways late in the afternoon and early in the evening will pour part of the thousands who block the Third and Sixth Avenue L trains and the surface lines on their way up-town and to Harlem and the Bronx. Eventually the four-track route will extend straight on down to South Ferry and the end of the island, and thence by tunnel to Brooklyn, but at present the southern terminus is the City Hall. Curving out to the right from the four-track line, under the mayor's office in the City Hall, under the Post Office and some of the buildings of Newspaper Row, and thence back to the up-town track, is a single-track loop which is one of the most interesting engineering devices of the subway. This loop is designed to receive the down-town trains as fast as they come in from the north, and to bring them around to the up-town tracks without the delay of switching. When the line is completed through to South Ferry, a train may be run off the main track and around the loop, or it may be continued straight on, and as the loop is made to pass beneath the down-town track as it curves around, a grade-crossing is avoided and one of the more important tasks of constructive engineering which the subway presented is solved.

Morning and night the hordes of clerks and stenographers and business men who fill the offices of down-town New York have poured across Newspaper Row and City Hall Park with scarcely a glance at the labor progressing underfoot that is going to bring them so many minutes nearer their work in the morning, and at night so many minutes nearer their play. I recall one day, however, when several hundred of them, with equal enthusiasm, gave up almost all of the precious noon hour to tell the subway men just what to do and how. A team of white horses had

been drawing a load of green bananas across the chute which had hemmed in the car-tracks along Park Row. A wheel slued, the fence gave way, and a second or two later one of the big white horses was lying on his side across a gas-pipe over the subway ditch, like a sack of oats flung over a rail fence. With rare equanimity of temper and only an occasional kick the animal allowed his legs to be tied together and the canvas



CROSS-SECTION THROUGH THE LOOP.

sling to be put about his belly, and presently, after three or four men had worked for an hour, and some hundreds had shrieked advice, a derrick which happened to be near was brought into requisition, and, with everybody cheering, the animal was hoisted up bodily and set on his feet on the pavement. Horses have fallen clear to the bottom of the subway ditch and have been hoisted out unhurt; others have not been so lucky. People have fallen in many times, and burglars have jumped in and escaped their pursuers. A rather suggestive comment on the liveliness of existence in New York's streets during the building of the subway was the remark of one of the workmen who officiated at this episode that in every section-shed such a sling or else one of the mats used to hold

down flying rock in blasting was kept in readiness for just such emergencies.

From the City Hall up to Thirty-fourth street, where real tunneling began, the excavation has all been done from the surface, and any citizen who took the trouble during the last summer to step from his car and peer over the subway fence along this part of the route could grasp the salient features of the subway construction.

On account of the abnormal pressure of traffic at certain places in certain hours, a maximum of speed and a maximum of facility in operation were the first essentials. For this reason anything like London's Tuppenny Tube, with its slow-moving elevators carrying passengers far below the street-level, was out of the question. The road was therefore planned to run just beneath the surface of the streets, and as the stations are now built, it is decidedly nearer from the sidewalk to the subway platforms than to the platforms of the elevated road. If the disturbance of street traffic and pipe-lines which this scheme involved meant a maximum of inconvenience in construction, it also meant a maximum of convenience and cheapness in operation when the work was completed.

Another marked characteristic of the Rapid Transit Subway, as distinguished from most other underground railroads, is that the principles of the modern sky-scraper are applied in its construction, the roof and sides being supported by steel frames composed of transverse steel beams and light steel columns. With a cement floor and the sides and roof made waterproof and even damp-proof, and then lined with cement, the interior of the tube when completed will, as a matter of fact, look like solid whitewashed stone, but, as in the case of the sheathing of the sky-scraper, this will be only a shell. The elimination of grade-crossings and the insertion of "islands" between the tracks at the various express stations, so that by the means of raised passages passengers may transfer from local to express trains, and vice versa, at will, are other noticeable features of the design. It is by such a scheme that the engineers hope to attain a maximum of speed and carrying capacity. Neither the plan nor the carrying of it out in steel and blasted rock could be spectacular. It is rather a task requiring vast patience and the ability to simplify a mass of intricate details.

The work of steam-drills and traveling dumping-cars and the methods of supporting myriads of undermined pipes, all of which has been visible for a couple of years to every

one who rode up-town from the Brooklyn Bridge in a Fourth Avenue car, have been about what most people have noticed in the construction of these lower and more prosaic parts of the subway. Few know that in order to cross Canal street, which at the subway grade is below the tide-level, a sewer which drained a greater part of the lower East Side into the North River had to be carried clear across the island in the opposite direction and into the East River. Quite as few ever heard of Aaron Burr's water-pipes, which were unearthed as the excavations proceeded up Elm street near Reade. These pipes, which were laid in 1799, to supply "the city of New York with pure and wholesome water," were merely logs with a longitudinal hole bored through the center of each and hollowed at one end and sharpened at the other, so that they could be fitted one into the other, just as glass tumblers may be piled. The story goes that the wily Burr inserted a "joker" in the act providing for his water company, by which he was able to break the monopoly then held by the Bank of New York and the New York branch of the United States Bank, and found a bank for himself and his friends. The bank thus organized is one of the well-known city banks to-day, and Burr's water-pipes, as dry as bones these many years, were tight and seemingly as good as new when they were uncovered. The unearthing of "Cat Alley" recalled, to those who remembered, the time when the sidewalk rendezvous of actors, called "the Rialto," was along Houston street, a day no less interesting than Aaron Burr's, if less classic.

Though solid rock is found at Union Square, where it is worked from the surface, real tunneling, through darkness and solid rock, begins farther up-town, at Thirty-fourth street. The short section of eight blocks from Thirty-fourth street under Park Avenue to the Grand Central Station has no shared that happiness which comes to tunnels as well as nations that have no history. It will remain long in the minds of the generation who saw it built as the "hoodoo" part of the tunnel. So persistently did a perverse fate follow the footsteps of the contractor who had this section in charge, even to his death from a fall of stone, that the happenings in these short blocks passed from tragedy almost to the point of burlesque, and I recall a paragraph printed in one of the papers in which a woman who happened to be present during a trolley-car smash-up in the depths of Harlem, one evening, was made to say, as she



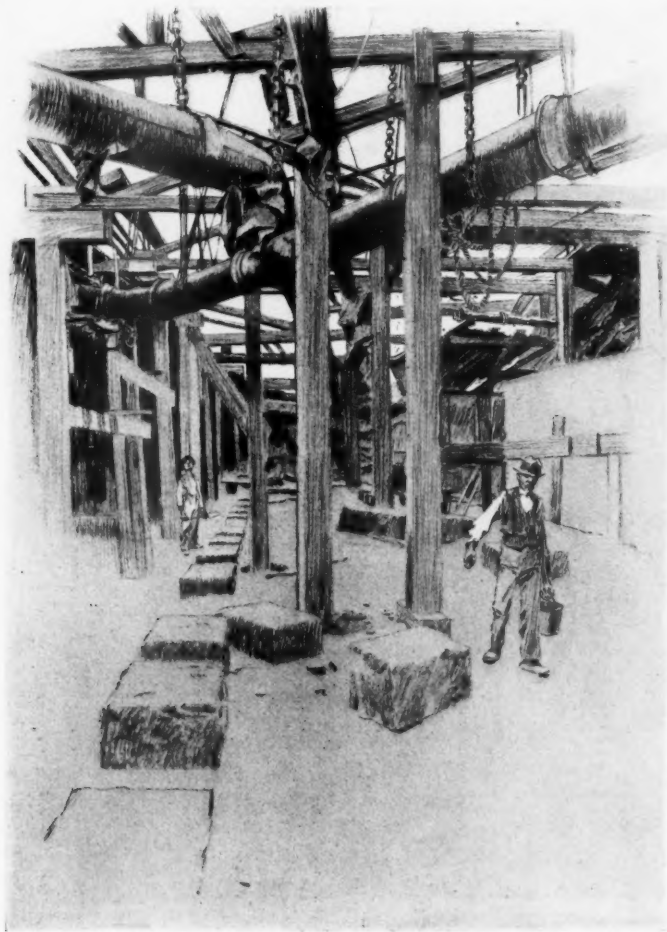
DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. M. WELLINGTON.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SHAFT, ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH STREET.

pulled the conductor by the arm: "I am a stranger in this dreadful city. Tell me, Mr. Conductor—oh, *do* tell me—are we now on Park Avenue?"

Of the explosion of blasting-powder at Forty-first street by which eight were killed

which, were it not for one's sympathy for the ill-starred contractor, might well conduce to the gaiety of nations. The tunnel here burrows under the existing subway used by the Fourth Avenue surface-cars, and its floor is about sixty feet below the sur-



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGRÉN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

HOW THE WATER-PIPES ARE SUSPENDED

The water-pipes in service under heavy pressure are temporarily suspended from beams at the street-level. After the subway is completed, masonry piers will be built on its roof to support them.

and hundreds endangered, about the only thing that can be said is that it might easily have been vastly more horrible. The carrying away of the subway roof, however, and the consequent fall of the fronts of several of the brownstone houses on the avenue just above Thirty-seventh street, was an episode

face. It had been carried about half-way between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth streets, at what was thought to be a safe distance from the stoop-line of the row of houses above. But the rock, apparently as solid as Gibraltar, lay in slanting strata, and one day, almost without warning, a huge

section of one of these slanting strata simply slid diagonally from the easterly roof as a card slips out of a loosely shuffled pack. Every workman on the section was rushed to the spot in the hope that the damage could be repaired before it became apparent on the surface; but before the break could be properly shored, the areaways and front steps of the houses came tumbling down into the chasm. Parts of the front walls soon followed, and the crowd of idlers and nurse-maids and delivery-boys who gathered a few minutes after the first cave-in enjoyed the delectable experience of gazing into the very heart of each house, just as you look at an interior on the stage.

One gentleman was in his bath-tub at the time. His valet burst into the room. "Quick! quick! You must get out of here, sir!" cried that worthy. "There's been an earthquake, sir, and the house is falling in!" "Indeed!" observed the gentleman with interest, and he finished his bath. He dressed himself, and loading his film camera and lighting a brier-wood pipe, he sallied forth, and when his wife's mother arrived on the scene from a distant part of town, whence she had driven at breakneck speed to save her child, she found her son-in-law standing on the brink of the chasm in front of his door-step, pointing down into it a film camera, the shutter of which he was working with the liveliest enthusiasm and delight. This teaches us that a bucolic equanimity may be preserved even on a metropolitan street beneath which a tunnel is building, and that nerves may be suppressed even in New York and in a somewhat neurotic age.

When the walls ceased to crumble away and the people had moved out of that block, —some of them, it was said at the time,



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

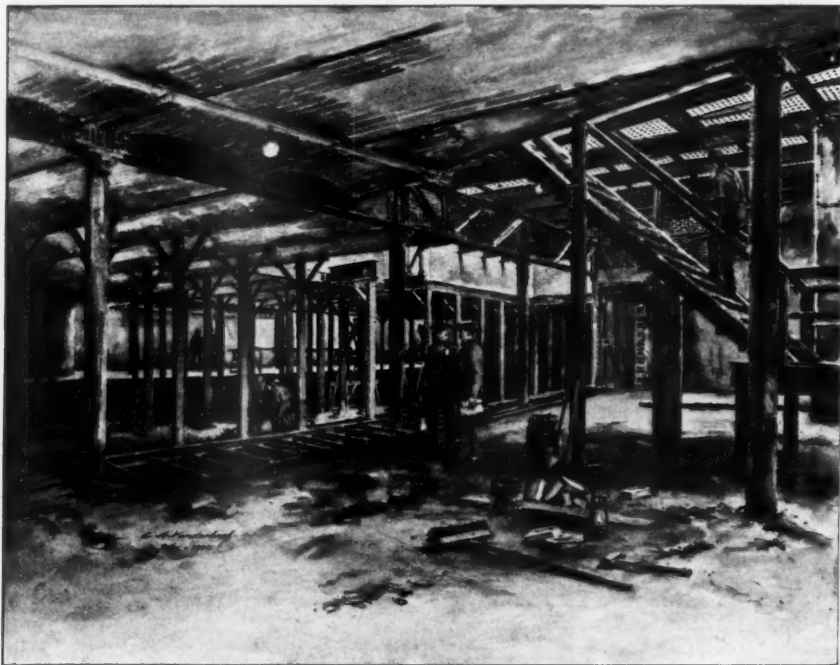
NIGHT-WORK IN FORTY-SECOND STREET NEAR FIFTH AVENUE.

This view shows the narrow trench under the sidewalk excavated through twenty feet of earth to rock and lined with heavy timber; steam-drilling and blasting of the rock bottom, and tunneling laterally under the surface tracks. The materials are handled by cableway over the open trench.

demurely demanding both that the contractor buy their houses outright and that he pay their rent in new ones, — pipes were sunk from

the surface, and watery cement was pumped down them to harden until the fallen rock was virtually restored. But fire and falling ruins were yet to descend on that unhappy section, and so timid was its contractor forced to become that when you visited it during the last summer, and saw the workmen pegging away under the acetylene lamps in the "waist" of the tunnel heading, you

and solved along almost every yard of this part of the underground road. The first of the subway stations to be finished was that under the Circle, at the southwest corner of Central Park. At the time these lines were written it was the only one completed, and from it visitors to the subway gathered their impressions of that lightness and general cheerfulness which it was one of the main



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

STATION AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The steel work is here shown in place, and the concrete roof, floor, and walls are finished. The walls are not yet faced with glazed tiles, and the station-work is unfinished.

were likely to be reminded not so much of the strenuousities of engineering as of an operation in dental surgery.

From the Grand Central Station, where, of course, one of the main subway stations will be built, the road proceeds again by surface excavation west on Forty-second street to Broadway, and thence northward to One Hundred and Fourth street, where comes the parting of the ways. No one who has seen the subway pass beneath Forty-second street, the monument at the Circle, the elevated structure at Sixty-sixth street, and the surface car-tracks to the northward toward the Boulevard, needs to be told of the complex difficulties which have been met

desires of the engineers to provide in planning the work. Not only light, but sunlight, pours into the place from the ground-glass sidewalk overhead, and with its walls lined in enameled brick and tiles, and the white cement tube of its subway stretching north and south ablaze with electric lights, this station illustrates how successfully this desire has been achieved. As it is not an express station, there are only the two long and spacious platforms next to the outside, or local, tracks, and the express-trains will whisk by on the two inner tracks without a stop. When I visited the station they were experimenting with enameled bricks and tiles of various colors to see which were

most likely to arouse enthusiasm in the esthetic sense of the traveling public.

"It reminds me," observed a foreman of that section, "of a cheap-lunch restaurant." The imagination staggers at the thought of higher praise than this. To those who

In the Circle, just below this station, rises the tall column on the top of which stands the statue of Cristoforo Colombo, given to New York by its residents of Italian birth. The subway passes directly under this column, and the difficulties and delicacies of



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGRON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TURKEY.

DESCENDING THE SHAFT TO THE TUNNEL-LEVEL.

Showing the platform of the steam-elevator used to raise excavated rock, and miners waiting in the tunnel to ascend for dinner.

are not familiar with the "unsurpassed coffee" refectories of the metropolis, it may be as well to explain that in these resorts survives for a modern age an oppressive cleanliness and a riot of onyx, glittering tiles, and enameled brick, which one is wont to associate with the baths of Pompeii and ancient Rome.

the task of shoring up this monument while the excavation was going on were not lightened by the fact that the foundation of the column rested partly on rock and partly on sand. "His head is just one hundred feet above yours," said the foreman, as we stood on the tunnel floor.

The embarrassments which such land-

marks as these have suffered in preserving their dignity during the exigencies of subway construction were plain to any one who saw the statue of Samuel S. Cox, "the letter-carriers' friend," in Astor Place, or who crossed Union Square, where the Father of

to dip beneath Central Park, emerge at One Hundred and Tenth street and Lenox Avenue, and proceed thence to the Bronx. The problem that met the contractors in this part of the work was to pass under Central Park without disturbing a tree or a blade



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

IN THE TUNNEL UNDER FORT GEORGE.

Miners at work in the heading; muckers wheeling spoil to cars on tracks in finished excavation. Temporary timbering to support dangerous roof until concrete arch can be built.

his Country spent the summer pointing majestically to a tool-shanty and a pile of steel columns, while the rear legs of his horse were standing on the brink of a forty-foot chasm.

From the dividing-line at One Hundred and Fourth street a two-track branch, tunneling some sixty feet below the surface through solid rock, swings off to the right,

of grass on the surface, and the way in which they have succeeded is suggested by the opening paragraphs of this article. Tunnels were started at each end and worked inward, and when the last wall was broken down, the plumb-lines of the two headings showed only a quarter of an inch divergence. The conservative citizen who ventured into this section during the summer was lowered



in a bucket into the sixty-foot pit at One Hundred and Fourth street, and the donkey-engine man had a way of letting this bucket drop like a plummet to within a few feet of the tunnel floor in a manner calculated to accelerate the pulses of the rider. From the bottom of this until one emerged, half a mile or more away, just outside the greenery of the Park, one was stumbling through nothing more or less than a narrow mine. But when this is completed, and the walls are arched smooth with concrete and are painted white, the subway passenger of the future, returning to his Harlem home of an evening, will probably never remember that sixty feet of solid rock are between him and daylight, unless he chances to look up from his paper as his train swings round the curve at One Hundred and Fourth street.

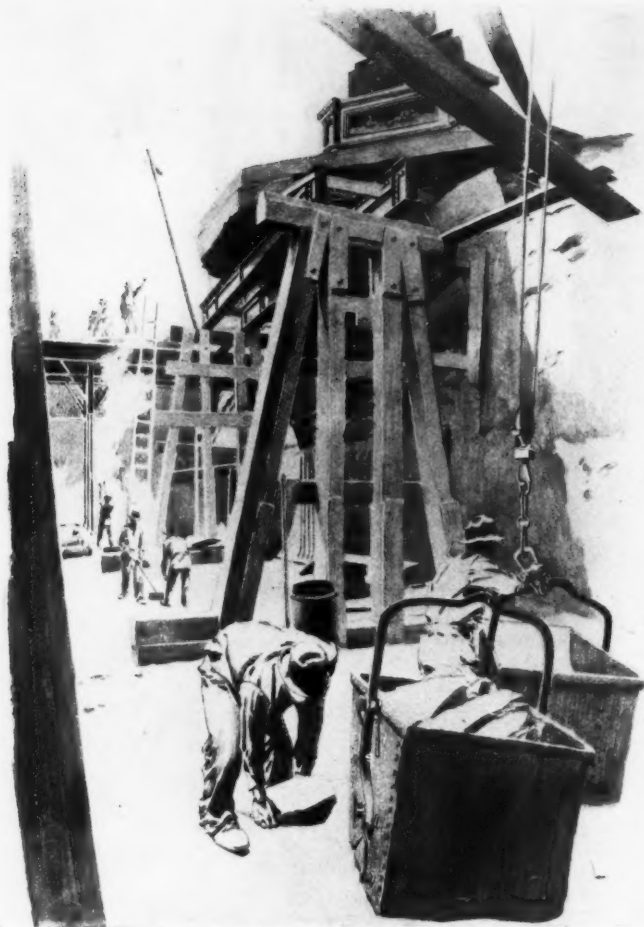
The main line, which, from One Hundred and Fourth street, consists of three tracks, proceeds by surface excavation to One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where a viaduct leads it for half a mile across the sudden depression of Manhattan valley, to plunge underground again at One Hundred and Thirty-third street. The contract as first let for this part of the subway called for a two-track road, but after the excavations had been partly made in some places,

DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

EXPLORING THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER WITH SOUNDINGS FOR THE BROOKLYN TUNNEL.

The working platform built on a cluster of piles in deep, swift water was many times swept away. A large steel pipe was sunk by a powerful water-jet through mud and clay to rock, and the diamond drill was lowered inside it, and the hole extended many feet into the rock, bringing up solid cylindrical cores.

the concrete bed and steel superstructure had been built, and all was ready for the roof, it was decided to have a three-track road. The resulting labor and vexatious complications were almost as great as though the work had never been started. One of the contractors moved the walls of his tunnel back bodily. Another moved the walls and some two hundred feet of steel superstructure weighing over two thousand tons. Between One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-first streets the



DRAWN BY FERNAND LLENGUEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT HELD UP DURING EXCAVATIONS.

The foundations of the monument are supported on temporary steel girders and wooden posts while undermined for subway excavation under the monument and over sloping rock surface. The concrete floor of subway is shown finished and ready to receive the steel columns which will support its roof and the overhanging monument. The steel buckets containing excavated rock are hoisted by steam-derricks and dumped into wagons.

deepest surface excavation had to be made. There is an average depth of about forty feet down to the tunnel grade there. The material removed was solid rock lying in slanting strata, and overhead was a trolley-car line, the time-schedule of which could not be interfered with. Such are a few of the things that had to be reckoned with and overcome in a part of the subway which the ordinary down-town New-Yorker knows nothing about.

It is a strange land north of Manhattan valley and west of Washington Heights—

quite another country from the Harlem over the hill. Trinity Cemetery, smothered in verdure, rises on each side of the street beneath which the subway is laid, and the super-structure is set up where, only a few years ago, before the cut was made through the cemetery grounds, lay the graves of the dead. Here, too, was the fighting of Washington Heights, and the bronze memorial tablet marking the spot where breastworks were thrown up is not more than thirty feet from the tunnel walls. Everywhere are trees, —elms and soft maples,—arching in some

places over the street, as they do over the main street of many an inland town. The coming of rapid transit will doubtless change all this, but if you should visit it now of a foggy afternoon when all out of sight is shrouded in mystery, it will give you a most extraordinary sensation of being in Manhattan and yet out of it—of being in dreamland or abroad.

The tunnel which dives into the solid rock at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street is the longest on the line. At an average depth of one hundred feet below the surface it burrows through blackness for a distance of two miles with an unbroken roof, except at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Eighty-first streets, where elevators will carry passengers to and from the tracks. Except for the Hoosac Tunnel, there is no single tunnel so long in America. When I went down into the shaft at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street it was difficult to fancy it looking as it will look, like the white and marbled station beneath the Circle, nearly six miles away. At the surface was a landing-stage from which every now and then emerged cars of broken rock. You stepped on the elevator platform, and down, down you went into the darkness and dampness of the pit, until, one hundred feet below, you struck bottom in a big cave with a few electric lamps glimmering against the walls and an air-pump forcing fresh air into the heavy atmosphere with slow, spasmodic coughs.

Along the tramway leading into the heading ambled the self-centered subterranean mule. When I ventured to make friendly overtures, he promptly swung about and decamped with all the adroitness which he would have used had he been nibbling thistles in the middle of a sunny meadow, and later, when the driver, in hitching him to the tram-car, gave the somewhat untechnical command, "Get in line, there!" he hopped to his place between the rails with just as much cheerfulness as though the command referred to a company drill and he had half a dozen team-mules to keep him from being lonesome.

It was in the tunnel just below One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street that another of those accidents occurred which is the price of every great achievement of engineering construction. Here again a slanting stratum became loosened, and slipping down, killed five of the men who were working beneath. I asked one of the workmen from just what part of the heading the rock had fallen.

"That chunk of work," said he, cheerfully, pointing straight at the roof above us, "fell out just over where you 're standing now."

From the end of the long tunnel to Fort George on the western line, and from the tunnel beneath the waters of the Harlem to Bronx Park on the eastern branch, the Rapid Transit road, as a railway, is scarcely enough advanced at this writing to require detailed description. These extreme northern sections are to be elevated structures, and passing as they do through what is now a comparatively sparsely settled part of the Greater City and not subject to the embarrassments of excavation through rock or beneath crowded streets, they can be, when once fairly started, rapidly pushed to completion. As yet little more than the foundations for the elevated pillars are laid. Already, however, the engines and generators, which will supply electric power for the vast traffic of the whole underground system, are being constructed, hundreds of cars similar to those used on the existing elevated, but heavier and of superior running qualities, have been ordered, and the general manager of the road is planning the automatic-signal system and arranging his time-schedules.

There are almost numberless details in this huge piece of work which cannot be touched on here. If you tell your friend Robinson that such-and-such a number of cigars are manufactured every year, he will forthwith begin to calculate how near they would reach to the planet Mars if they were placed end to end. You yourself, on the other hand, may be concerned more over the fact that, with a supply so great, the price is not cheaper, or that you do not get more of them. The opportunities for the Robinson point of view are quite unlimited in making a mental circuit from the City Hall to Fort George and the Bronx. The essential things for most of us to know, however, are what is going on to-day beneath our feet, and what, when the work is done, will be the result. Of the first of these we have here had a few glimpses. The other, the builders say, the town will know by next Christmas, almost a year ahead of contract time. A still more interesting question, perhaps,—that of the effect of this sudden increase in the ease and rapidity of transportation on the country at the city's edge, and of the other paths of rapid travel which are destined to honeycomb the underworld of our narrow Babylon,—the morrow, our all too precipitate to-morrow, will answer.

DIFFICULT ENGINEERING IN THE SUBWAY.

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C.E.,

Author of "Triumphs of American Bridge-Building," in the June CENTURY, and Associate Editor of the "Engineering Record."

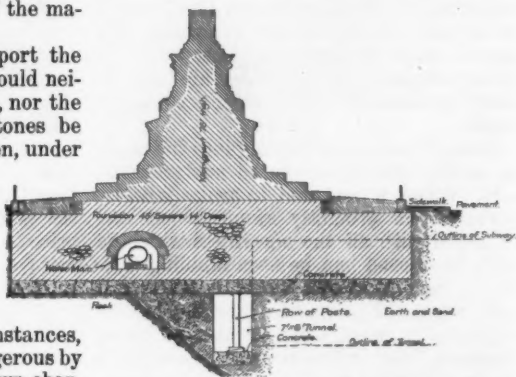
UNDER THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT.

NEAR where the subway swings around the southwest corner of Central Park it passes through and under the foundations of the Columbus monument. The slender stone shaft, surmounted by its heroic statue, is seated on a molded pedestal with extended base, which altogether rises seventy-five feet above the street and weighs nearly a million and a half pounds. It has a masonry foundation forty-five feet square and fourteen feet deep, which was built partly on rock, but mostly on earth. Its east corner overhangs the subway nearly forty feet, and the position of the latter is so near the surface of the ground that its walls and roof cut a wide and deep section out of the masonry.

This made it necessary to support the monument so that its tall shaft should neither lean nor settle a hair's-breadth, nor the thin, accurately fitted pedestal stones be cracked, or their polished joints open, under the great strains developed when the masonry was cut out to a mere shell and the support removed from under a third of its base and almost up to the center, reducing its stability to a slender margin. This would have been a delicate and hazardous task under any circumstances, but was made more difficult and dangerous by the unknown conditions and the known character of the soil.

It was uncertain whether the interior of the foundation masonry was sound and strong enough to resist the great strains which might be safely imposed on the best stonework, and great potential peril lay in the fact that only one corner of the foundation, that diagonally opposite to the subway, stood on the rock, the rest being built on earth and sand. The surface of the rock slopes down very steeply toward the subway and below it, so that when the excavation was made there and the equilibrium of the com-

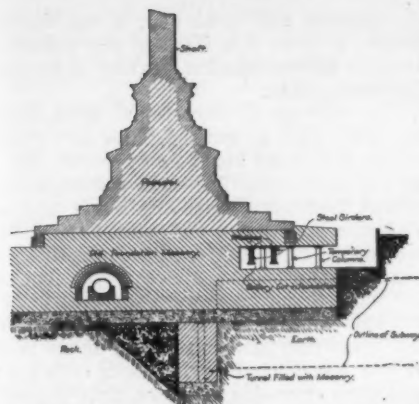
pressed earth was destroyed, the unbalanced pressures, especially in wet weather, might well cause the earth to slide out from under the foundation and produce a serious disaster. Safety alone was not sufficient: there could not be tolerated even a slight or harmless disturbance of the monument. The lofty shaft is like a sensitive needle, quick to quiver and diverge with an almost imperceptible displacement at the base, and to magnify many times the smallest unequal settlement, so as to deflect its graceful lines from the perfect vertical and emphasize even a trivial deviation to the appearance of an offensive blemish. These exacting conditions called for the work to be executed with an excess



SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 1.)

of solidity, and at the same time the commercial requirements demanded rapidity, simplicity, and economy.

It was determined first to extend the foundations under the center of the monument to a greater depth, so that they would reach below the subway excavation and beyond the base of the shaft, and thus carry most of the load directly and prevent any danger of slipping down the sloping rock surface. Afterward the wide corner of the

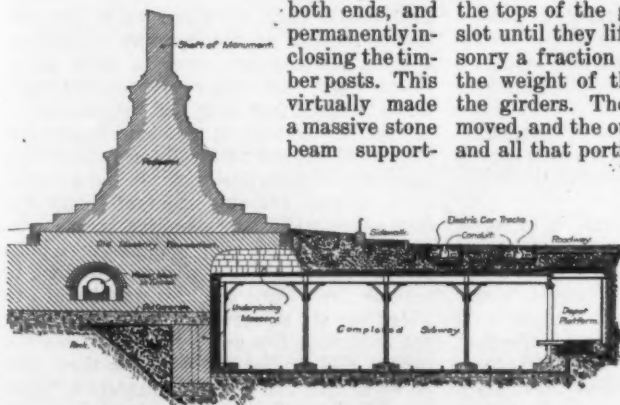


SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 2.)

foundation was to be first supported, then undercut and undermined, so as to allow the excavation to be made under, through, and alongside, and the subway to be built and eventually carry the overhanging part of the old foundation.

First, shafts fifty feet apart were sunk about twenty-five feet deep on the north and south sides of the old foundation, and their bottoms were connected by a small tunnel which was roofed by the base of the old foundation and had its floor well below the bottom of the subway, and its east wall where the west wall of the subway was to be built. A solid bed of concrete was laid on the floor of the tunnel, and vertical timber posts were set on it and wedged up against the under side of the foundation to support it. The tunnel was then filled solid with stone masonry, beginning at the middle,

working out to both ends, and permanently inclosing the timber posts. This virtually made a massive stone beam support-

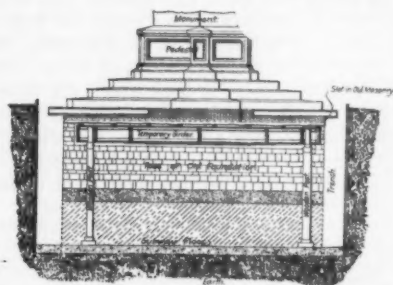


SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 4.)

ing the foundation from side to side and seated below the level which would be disturbed by the subway construction.

A trench ten feet deep was dug around the east side of the monument, exposing the upper part of the foundation where it extended over the line of the subway. From this trench a gallery, or slot, six feet high was cut about twenty-five feet horizontally into the face of the foundation masonry, and as it advanced, vertical timber posts were set on its floor and wedged up to support its roof. When the slot extended about thirty feet through the corner of the foundation, two solid steel girders, like beams in a railroad-bridge, were set in it between the rows of posts.

A pit was dug close to the foundation at each end of the slot, and the bottom was



SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 3.)

covered with concrete, which afterward formed part of the subway floor. On this concrete were set braced wooden posts to carry the ends of the girders, which were thus lifted clear of the floor of the slot. Pairs of steel wedges were driven between the tops of the girders and the roof of the slot until they lifted the whole mass of masonry a fraction of an inch and transferred the weight of the overhanging portion to the girders. Then the roof posts were removed, and the outer edge of the foundation and all that portion below the slot were cut away, the excavation completed, and the subway built in it, under the overhanging foundation and around the posts which supported the girders.

Under the edge of the overhanging foundation, outside of the girders, a wall was built on the concrete roof of the sub-

way which is very strong, with steel beams and columns. A course of cut stone was laid in the upper part of the wall, and on it many pairs of steel wedges supported a loose course of cut stone carefully fitted in under the overhanging masonry of the foundation. The wedges were driven up, and developed an enormous pressure, which lifted the monument again, transferred part of its weight to the new wall, and released the girders. They were removed, and the spaces they had occupied were filled in solid with masonry, built and wedged up from the center outward in the same manner as the wall. Liquid cement was forced into the interstices between the wedges, and solidifying as hard as flint, perfected the support of all the overhanging foundation on top of the finished subway.

In doing this work one portion had to be completed before another could be begun, and as but few men could work at once, and the operations were conducted with great care and accuracy, it took about six weeks to complete it in a manner which was highly creditable to the able engineers who designed and approved it and the experienced contractors who skilfully executed an undertaking unlike any previously recorded.

RELOCATING A LONG, THIN, HIGH WALL.

AN ordinary derrick will handle compact loads of three, five, or even ten tons; a hundred-ton load is about the limit of the capacity of the heaviest steel-ordnance cars drawn by powerful locomotives, or of the largest hydraulic jacks, which will lift it a few inches so slowly that the motion is scarcely perceptible. A building weighing five hundred tons may be carefully braced and lifted up or moved laterally with rollers on smooth level tracks by the help of scores of powerful jacks. It would require immense power to push along even a fifty-ton boulder resting on the ground, and be yet more difficult to move a long, thin, high wall several feet transversely without cracking, tipping, or twisting it.

Generally, when such a wall is to be relocated, it is taken down and rebuilt; but such was not the case on the subway above One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, where, at the entrance to a tunnel section, walls nearly two hundred feet long retain the bank on each side of the cut. After the structure was completed it was decided to widen it eleven feet to receive a third track, and although it was at first intended to tear down

the masonry and build new, it was finally decided to move it bodily, and this was successfully accomplished at a saving of several thousand dollars.

The walls are of concrete and brick, thirteen feet high at one end, three feet thick on top, and weigh about four hundred thousand pounds each. The earth was dug away behind them for a width of six feet, and to a depth a little below their foundations. In the bottom of each trench a concrete floor was laid just below the level of the foot of the wall. Small holes were tunneled under the wall a few feet apart, and in them were laid transverse timbers reaching to the floor of the trench and having both ends supported on cross-sills. Narrow, thin, greased steel track-plates were inserted under the walls, on top of the timbers, and extended across the trench floors. Small steel bearing-plates were set on the track-plates under the front and rear edges of the walls, and pairs of oak wedges, driven between the cross-timbers and their sills, lifted the whole wall on the steel plates.

Horizontal five-ton jack-screws were set close together against the face of the wall at the base for its whole length, and being simultaneously operated, the wall in a few hours was moved back five and a half feet on to the floor in the trench. The projecting ends of the track-plates were cut off, and the spaces between the plates under the wall were filled with liquid cement. The work on each wall was done by twenty men in ten days, and the walls were not distorted the sixteenth of an inch.

MOVING A TUNNEL.

THE north ends of these walls join the tunnel section of the subway, which was a solid, rectangular concrete tube about twenty-eight feet wide, seventeen feet high, three hundred feet long, and weighed about six million pounds. It was built in an open trench, which had not yet been refilled with earth above the tunnel roof. It had a framework of steel columns and roof-beams five feet apart, which were bedded in the concrete, and, like the approach, had been built for two tracks. When it was determined to provide for a third track, it was decided to widen the old structure by moving its walls out both ways five and a half feet from the center, and building in between them new strips of roof and floor to complete a larger tube on the same center line.

A trench seven feet wide was dug down

to the bottom of the tunnel along each of its walls, and a concrete bed was laid in it to form a part of the new tunnel floor and side-wall foundation. As the tunnel had very little strength except to resist exterior pressure, it was thoroughly braced with timbers and wire ropes, inside and outside, to stiffen and bind it together to resist the temporary stresses and distortion of moving. Horizontal cuts were made from end to end of the tunnel through the bottom of the east wall and the top of the west wall, and the beams and columns were disconnected there so as to divide the structure into two nearly equal parts, one comprising the roof, east wall, and center columns, the other the west wall and floor.

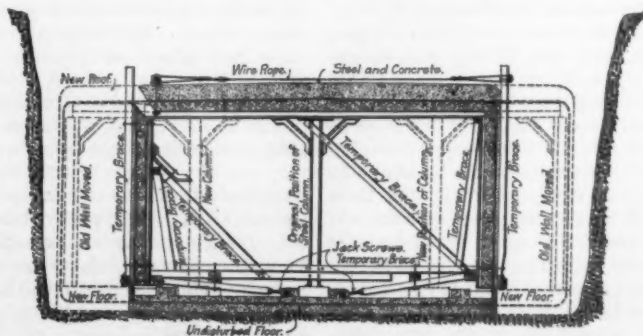
The west ends of the roof-beams were lifted a few inches with jack-screws, tipping the roof and east wall about the foot of the east wall as a pivot, and raising the center columns enough to place steel track-plates under their bases. Then the east ends of the roof-beams were similarly lifted, rocking the roof back again around the feet of the center columns as pivots, and lifting the east wall and columns high enough to insert under them track-plates which extended across the concrete floor in the bottom of the east outside trench.

Fifty five-ton jack-screws were set against the ends of the horizontal cross-timbers in the bottom of the tunnel, bearing on the east wall and center columns, and twenty-five men, turning the alternate screws quarter revolutions simultaneously on signal, gradually pushed the roof, east wall, and center columns five and a half feet east in two days, although the speed was half an inch a minute when they were actually moving. In order to keep the motion regular, a piano wire was stretched from end to end of

the tunnel, one inch from the wall, and each man had a one-inch gage with which he tested this distance every time he turned his jack-screws.

A slot was cut from end to end of the west wall, separating it from the floor, stiffening-timbers were clamped to it, and horizontal cross-timbers were braced to the foot of it in such a manner as to project half-way across the tunnel, forming an extended base wide enough to give it great stability. Jack-screws under its braces lifted the wall enough to allow the insertion of track-plates under it and the base timbers; then it was pushed away from the undisturbed floor five and a half feet west on to the new floor in the trench by jack-screws set against horizontal braces from the inner face of the wall at its foot. Additional columns and roof-beams were set in the gap between the old parts of the tunnel, the extended roof and floor surfaces were closed up with concrete, the earth filled in on top of the roof up to the street surface, the braces removed, and the work successfully completed. The east wall and roof, as moved, weighed about three million pounds, and the west wall alone about seven hundred thousand pounds.

The work was done by forty men, at an estimated saving of six thousand dollars over the expense of tearing out the roof and walls, and is probably the first instance of moving a tunnel. The method was planned by the contractors, who executed it at their own risk, with the approval of the engineers. They were not tunnel-builders, but many years' experience in the erection of great bridges, roofs, and tall steel buildings had qualified them safely to undertake difficult and unusual heavy work requiring skill, ingenuity, and experienced judgment, and the safe handling of enormous forces and masses.



MOVING THE SUBWAY TUNNEL STRUCTURE.

ART IN PUBLIC WORKS.

AQUEDUCTS—WATER-TOWERS—POWER-HOUSES— RESERVOIRS—BRIDGES.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN.



IT is true that in connection with our public water-supplies there lingers a deal of obtrusive ugliness which calls for betterment, but the welcome fact remains that under public ownership this service has developed the first eminent examples of civic art in the country. In our oldest cities they date back to the very beginnings of water-supply undertakings in the first half of the last century, and their development along lines of art has continued down to the present day.

Probably the main reason for this is to be found in the fact that enduring construction has been absolutely essential in such work. Hence the most lasting of structural mediums, solid masonry, has been employed. The most enduring has likewise been the most economical, and the tendency to artistic expression was reinforced by the circumstance that engineering considerations constantly required the employment of one of the most beautiful of structural forms—the arch. Hence the aid of architecture was almost involuntarily invoked by the engineer. Consequently in our waterworks we have some of the first examples of genuine architecture in the United States. In proof, we have only to look to such superb monuments as the famous High Bridge, which carries the Croton Aqueduct across the Harlem in New York; the constructions for a similar purpose in connection with the Boston waterworks across the Charles River; the imposing Cabin John Bridge of the Washington waterworks, with a greater span than any other stone arch in the world; the picturesque grouping of the Philadelphia waterworks buildings by the riverside in Fairmount Park, with their suggestion of classic temples; the noble old Beacon Hill reservoir, one of the best pieces of architecture in Boston, demolished to give place to the unworthy State House extension; and the less impressive old New York reservoir in Bryant Park, its demolition, likewise after an outlived usefulness, giving

less cause for regret by reason of the great Public Library now rising upon the site. Chicago and other lake cities also present some notable monumental construction in connection with their waterworks, those of Detroit, in particular, offering an example of costly memorial architecture as the gift of a wealthy citizen.

The water-towers, or “stand-pipes,” so commonly connected with waterworks, suggest exceptional opportunities for monumental effects in public-service architecture. Their location, usually either on some prominent eminence or on the shore of a river or lake, has the advantage of commanding sightliness, while their function demands proportions that make them genuinely tower-like in aspect. In the cities on the Great Lakes there are some stately water-towers. The first structure of the kind that was built in Boston, the old Roxbury stand-pipe, though of brick painted white, is of graceful minaret design, and from many points of view its gleaming shaft is a picturesque feature in the landscape.

Unhappily, the iron age has its most uncompromising boiler-shop manifestation in connection with these structures. In many populous sections they have thus become one of the most obtrusive disfigurements of the landscape, instead of the adornments that they might easily be made. Structurally these stand-pipes are enormously elongated steam-boilers. As ordinarily erected, they have the effect of gigantic lead-pencils thrust into the ground, looming black against the sky, and cutting hideous gashes in the scenery. One of the most discreditable examples of the sort occurs in the very wealthy Massachusetts shore town of Swampscott, where a private corporation, instead of the municipality, supplies the water. Indifferent to all esthetic considerations, the company defaces one of the fairest landscapes on the coast with the huge cylinder that it maintains in the neighborhood of a beautiful public beach.

Were the lead-pencil analogy continued in

relation to these stand-pipes by placing upmost a semblance of the sharpened end, instead of the blunt end, the effect in the general scene would be greatly enhanced. In other words, the addition of a conical roof, at no great extra cost, would thereby transform the upright cylinder into a slightly tower. This facile improvement has been realized in various instances. A very conspicuous example of it exists in the Massachusetts town of Reading, where the stand-pipe, seen from a distance at the end of the lake, makes an accent of picturesque strength in the landscape. To be sure, the absence of anything like architecture is betrayed on coming nearer at hand. But the offensiveness passes with a treatment that illustrates how easily it is possible, at times, by little more than a mere touch, to convert ugliness into beauty. The general effect of the construction, from a distance at least, is thus made a pleasing one.

When these stand-pipes are incased in masonry they acquire a truly monumental character. An object of indispensable utility may thus become a noble landmark, as impressive in its way as the tower of a great cathedral. With particular appropriateness, therefore, may a water-tower be made a public memorial. Should a municipality have occasion to erect a stately monument, or should some wealthy citizen or native of the place desire to perpetuate the memory either of himself or of some one held dear, scarcely anything more fitting or impressive could be selected. A simple shaft of good proportions could not fail to be imposing, and its decoration might be as elaborate as the means provided would allow. Were the site suitable to the purpose, such a tower might be made a feature of a town or city hall, or other public building. Merely as an ornament, the tower of a building has little excuse for being; the money spent upon it might to far better advantage be devoted to other purposes. But when it meets a great public use, its grandeur is enhanced by association with a purpose other than ostentation. Such water-towers may also please the public eye with the outlook they command, thus serving a recreative function.

Other structures of public utility, such as the power-house for a municipal lighting-plant, or the pumping-station for the water-works, may likewise be given monumental character. A tall chimney is commonly a necessary feature of an industrial edifice, and in these buildings it is possible to treat the chimney in a way that would entirely

relieve it of any commonplace or factory-like suggestion. A notable instance of this kind is to be seen in one of the service-buildings for the metropolitan bathing-establishment of the Greater Boston park system at Revere Beach. The building was designed for laundry and other purposes, and the high chimney was incorporated with a campanile-like tower that makes a delightful element in a stately group of civic architecture on the water-front.

The reservoir is a waterworks feature that esthetically has been more neglected than the aqueduct. Yet it preëminently demands such consideration, repaying most richly any pains that may be taken. In constructing a water-supply reservoir on a large scale, and often on a small scale as well, it is customary either to impound the waters of a river, or dam up some valley and turn a river into it. The course followed is that taken by nature when, by glacial action or otherwise, she molds the topography of a region to make a lake. The lake that man makes is likewise formed along natural lines; its contours, as the water-level meets the varying slopes to fashion the shores, are precisely the same as when nature models them. There are hundreds of ponds made by man that cannot be told from nature's handicraft except at the dam. Indeed, the streams of New England often owe the greater part of their natural charm to the action of man in modifying their flow with frequent intervals of slack water, giving keener pleasure to the eye and creating opportunities for aquatic pleasuring that otherwise would seldom exist.

When it comes to the construction of public water-supplies, engineering traditions have been responsible for ignoring this natural factor, and even doing violence to its proffered friendliness, by making the shores of these storage and distributing basins as artificial in appearance as possible—stripping the banks of their mantle of trees and shrubs and giving additional nakedness of effect to the shore-line by walling or riprapping the margins. Fairly revolutionary, therefore, was the course of the Metropolitan Water Board for Greater Boston, in its planning of the magnificent new water-supply, when it was decided to take the best possible advantage of landscape opportunities in constructing its great storage basins, its distributing reservoirs, and in its other operations. The board was guided by the enlightened view that, with trifling additional cost, these works might be made to perform a twofold service, contributing

greatly to the pleasure of the public by very largely meeting the same purposes for which public parks are specially created. When it was decided to convert historic Spot Pond, in the heart of the great metropolitan park reservation of Middlesex Fells, into a distributing reservoir, the water board sought to avoid all possible harm to the essential beauty of that public domain, the three thousand acres of which had been devoted to recreative uses only a few years before.

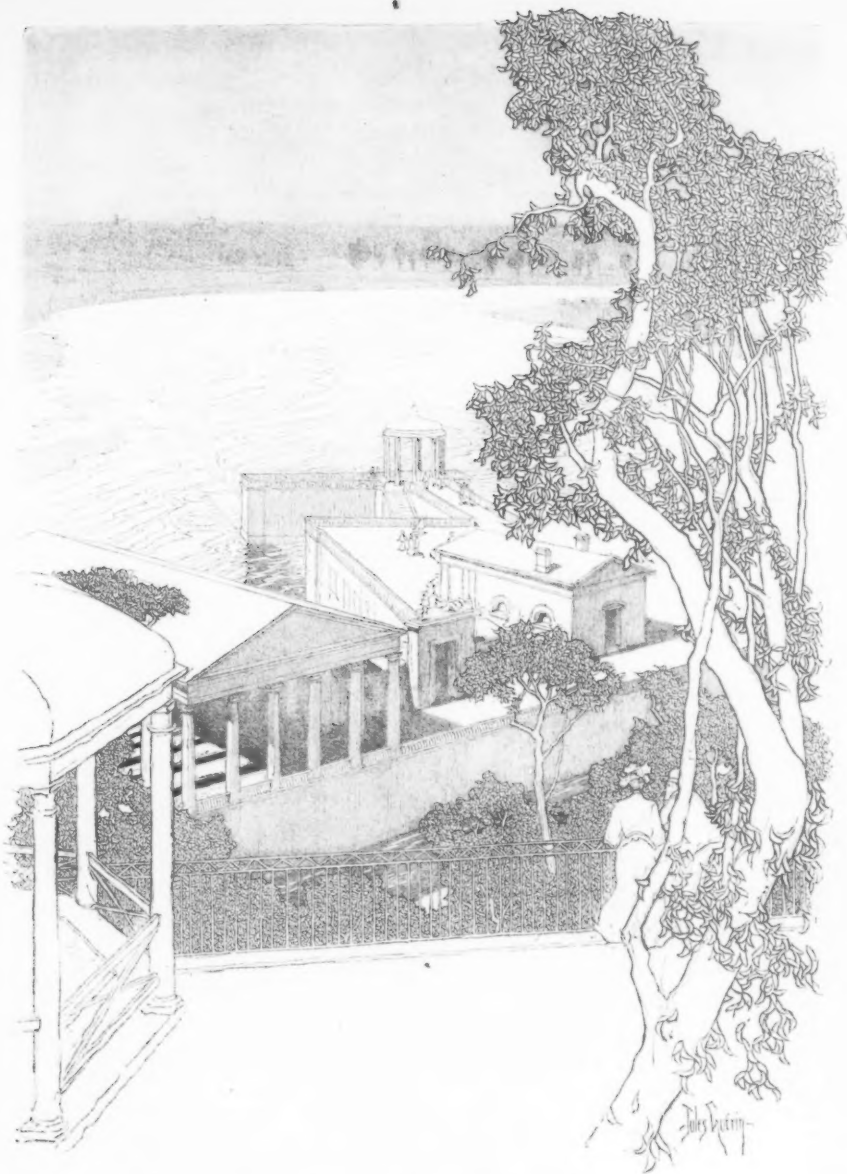
The motive for stripping the margins of water-supply reservoirs proceeded from the desire to avert injury to the quality of the water by the dead leaves that might fall into it. But Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted, Jr., under whose direction the landscape problem at Spot Pond was dealt with, pointed out that, since the rainfall so universally ran over the leaves covering the ground on its way to the woodland brooks that contributed on all sides to a water-supply, virtually no effect whatever would be produced by the comparatively few leaves that fell into a reservoir from the trees and bushes on its banks. Therefore the landscape treatment was made thoroughly natural. The necessities of the case required a radical transformation of the pond. The result, however, was an enhanced charm, making a vast improvement over the former appearance of the celebrated piece of water, beautiful as it had been. The excavated material was disposed in gentle undulations that simulated the modeling of the countryside by natural processes; new islands, already tree-clothed, were created where topographical contours suggested them at the lifted level of the water; the woods were left at the margins of the pond; new plantations were made; new prospects were revealed; new vistas were opened up. In short, one of the most beautiful lakes in New England was the result of the change, adding enormously to the value of the water-scenery as a distinctive feature of the public reservation. The recreative resources of a great metropolitan population were thereby increased in a way that gives perennial joy to many thousands. According to usual precedents, a commonplace basin would have been made, but the cost of the work would have been very nearly the same, and a precious public possession would have been irretrievably mutilated. This work offers one of the finest examples of how, in a public enterprise, the taking of a little thought as to the possibilities of other services beyond the immediate purpose of an undertaking may prove in-

valuable in contributing to the common weal. Had such a course been pursued in the treatment of the large distributing reservoir in New York's Central Park, that piece of water would have become one of the foremost features of that pleasure-ground, and virtually an integral portion of it, instead of substantially diminishing the area of the park by the amount represented in the water-surface.

The same authorities, in the construction of a high-service reservoir in Middlesex Fells, pursued a like policy. Instead of building the customary formal earthwork affair,—a rectangular basin with sloping sides like a fortification,—a swamp among the ledges of the rock hills at the highest point in the region was selected for the site. The muck and other material was entirely excavated and was disposed in natural slopes over the concrete cores of the dams built at the outlets of the irregular basin thus formed. With these slopes covered with vegetation and the basin filled with water, a lovely hilltop lakelet was created, bearing no trace of artifice, and looking as if it had always been there, one of the most attractive features of the public wilderness.

An example of the contrary kind is that of the treatment of Fresh Pond in Cambridge. Originally a beautiful sheet of water, when it was converted into a distributing reservoir for the local water-supply system all landscape considerations were ignored. Therefore, although the recreative value of the place was recognized in the building of a pleasure-drive around the pond, the work was done so unintelligently that the original charm was obliterated. Finally the municipal authorities perceived the desirability of a public park at this point. Therefore the work of undoing the mischief, originally perpetrated with the best intentions, was entered upon; at a large expense the creation of a new landscape attractiveness for the spot has been taken in hand, for various radical reconstructions were made necessary by the ugly artificiality of the unintelligent engineering work. Had these considerations prevailed in the first place, the charm of the original landscape might have been preserved and enhanced at little or no extra expense in connection with the engineering operations; indeed, probably at a cost materially less than that of the work that at first was carried out to meet recreative purposes while ignoring the value of well-studied design.

In water-supply problems there are prob-



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THE PHILADELPHIA WATERWORKS, ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

This group of buildings at the pumping-station of the Fairmount waterworks, though characterized by the somewhat bare classicism of such architecture in this country in the middle of the nineteenth century, makes an uncommonly beautiful general effect, and illustrates the possibilities of monumental architecture in similar connections.

ably many instances—particularly in connection with distributing reservoirs—where a confessedly artificial style of treatment is unavoidable. In such cases, instead of natu-

ralistic landscape methods the example of formal gardening should be looked to. Indeed, the very desirable qualities of formal gardening as a civic feature might, under

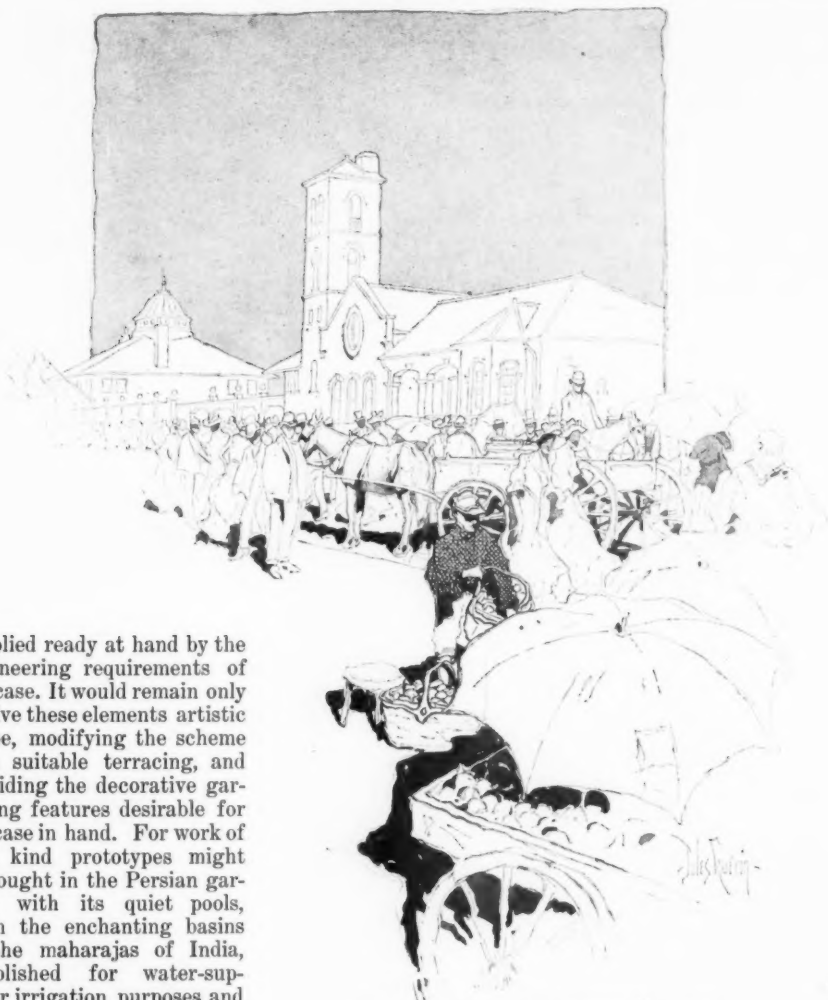
certain circumstances, best be realized with great economy in connection with the water-works. The geometrical basis of angular contours, set curves, etc., together with embankments, walls, and the like, would be

vilions overlooking the basin of mirror-like water and commanding wide prospects over the spreading landscape, pergolas, colonnades, sculptured groups, etc., all as elaborate as might be, or the whole made

supplied ready at hand by the engineering requirements of the case. It would remain only to give these elements artistic shape, modifying the scheme with suitable terracing, and providing the decorative gardening features desirable for the case in hand. For work of this kind prototypes might be sought in the Persian garden, with its quiet pools, or in the enchanting basins of the maharajas of India, established for water-supply or irrigation purposes and made features of beauty in connection with their palace grounds. It should be easily possible to make a splendid monumental feature of what ordinarily might be a bare, fort-like hilltop reservoir,

providing hanging gardens on the terraced slopes, handsome balustrades, and majestic stairways, and, for architectural accents, pa-

pleasingly simple merely with appropriate groupings of trees, flowers, and shrubbery. It is conceivable that along lines of formal



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THE METROPOLITAN BATHING-ESTABLISHMENT AT REVERE BEACH,
GREATER BOSTON.

In this fine group of civic architecture a unique feature characterizes the building which is devoted both to a steam-laundry and to police headquarters. In connection with the great laundry for washing the bathing-suits, a high chimney was needed. This was combined with the tower of the building, making a fine structural feature.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
SPOT POND, IN MIDDLESEX FELLS, GREATER BOSTON.

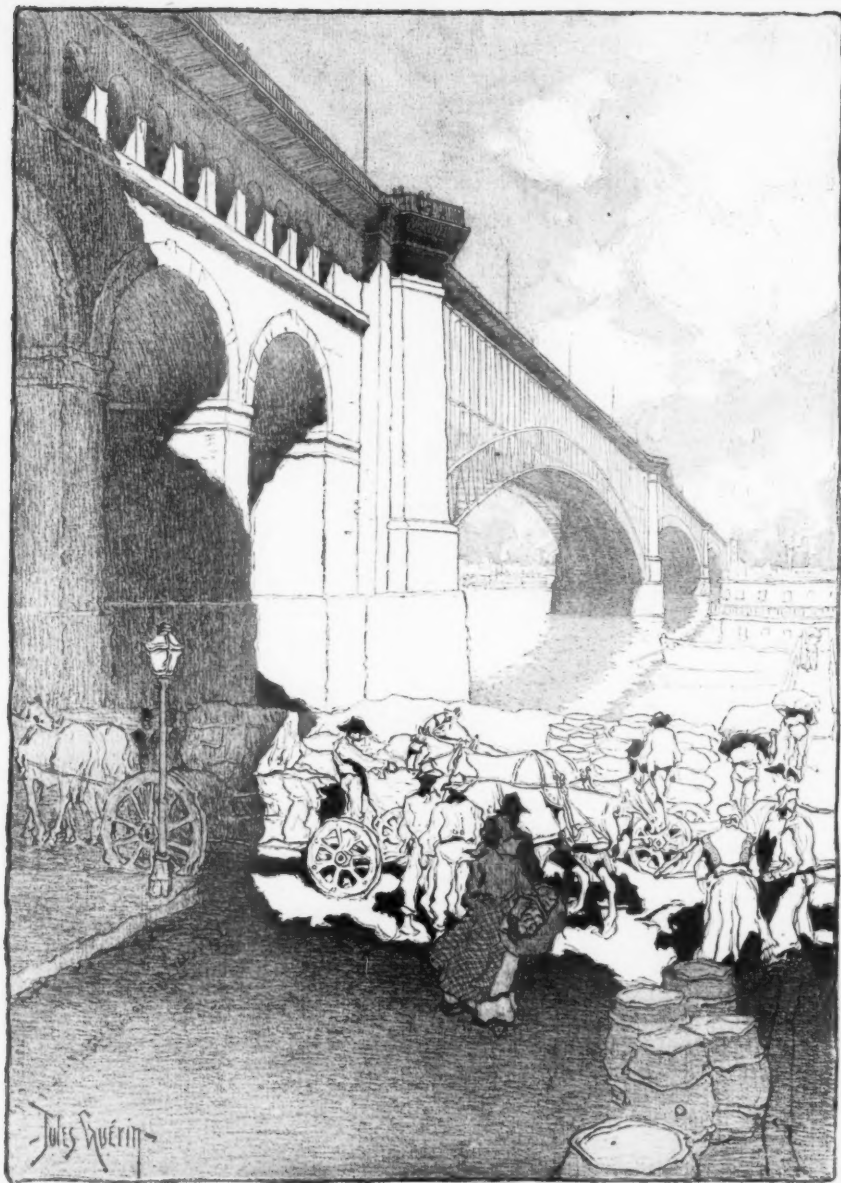
An example of a great distributing-reservoir for water-supply, developed to resemble a natural lake of ideal beauty. When this historic piece of water was radically reconstructed for the metropolitan water system, particular care was taken to harmonize engineering requirements with the landscape character of the great public park reservation in which it lies.

gardening the filtration beds of a water-supply, or even those of a sewerage plant, might be given their own peculiar charm as things of beauty as well as of utility.

The bridge is a feature that so plainly invites beauty in design that something like deliberate intention to perpetrate ugliness seems to be implied when the invitation is not heeded. A bridge is so easily made attractive, its site is so prominent,—uniting water prospects with salient aspects of the landscape,—that few things architectural better reward any pains that may be taken, and few things are more capable of inflicting ugliness upon a community when the opportunities are disregarded. Yet the bridge is one of the most universally neglected and misused objects in the landscape of the

United States. With masonry construction it is virtually impossible to make a bridge ugly. This is due to the arch, the lines of which, almost invariably, are essentially beautiful. Therefore, in the older portions of the country, like New England and the Middle States, there are not a few stone bridges which, however rough or rude their construction, form beautiful elements in the landscape. These are to be found wherever—before the iron age set in and “bridge-works” came into being—circumstances were such as to demand construction of an enduring character.

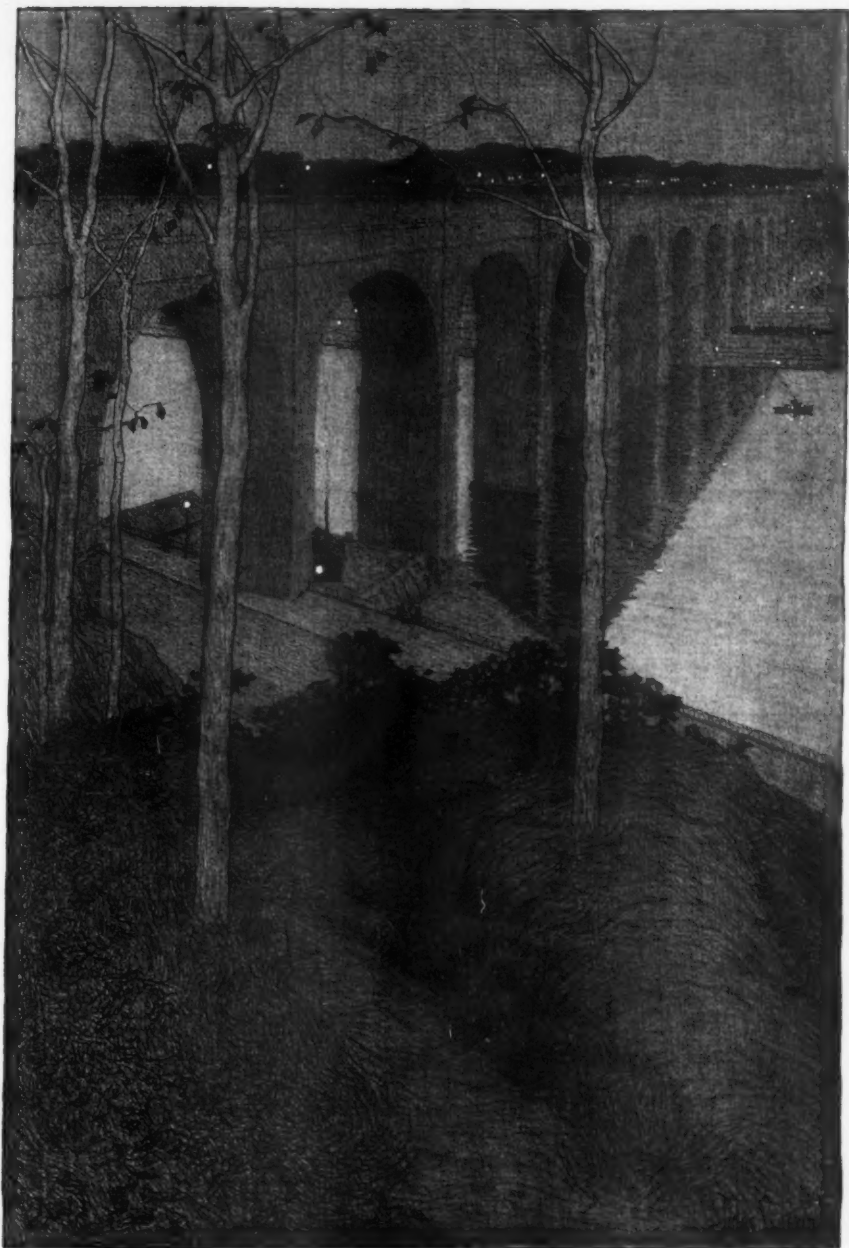
The cheapness of timber, however, made the wooden bridge the most prevalent form. Although these wooden constructions may often achieve a certain crude picturesque-



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THE EADS BRIDGE, ST. LOUIS.

The great bridge across the Mississippi River, as a combination of masonry and metal construction,—its broad arches of steel springing from colossal piers of stone,—is the foremost example in the United States of how inherent beauty of design may characterize an engineering work. It unites, in a "double-deck" structure, the purposes of a railway and a common highway bridge.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY.

This bridge, which carries the Croton Aqueduct across the Harlem River, was finished in 1848 and is still the noblest civic monument of its class in the United States. Its high arches spring from fourteen massive piers. Besides carrying the aqueduct at the level of the steep banks, it serves as a footway connection between the two shores.

ness apart from any suggestion of real beauty, they are usually baldly unattractive, and always suggest the provisional.

The pile bridges so common in many places, where they carry highways and railways across the salt water of estuaries and bays along the coast, are unmitigatedly repellent. Their appearance has well been likened to that of gigantic centipeds crawling over the water. Yet the Japanese show us that a bridge of wood can be graceful, if not substantial-looking. In the elevated pine-timber regions of central Mexico a very attractive and picturesque form of wooden bridge construction has also been evolved from local conditions.

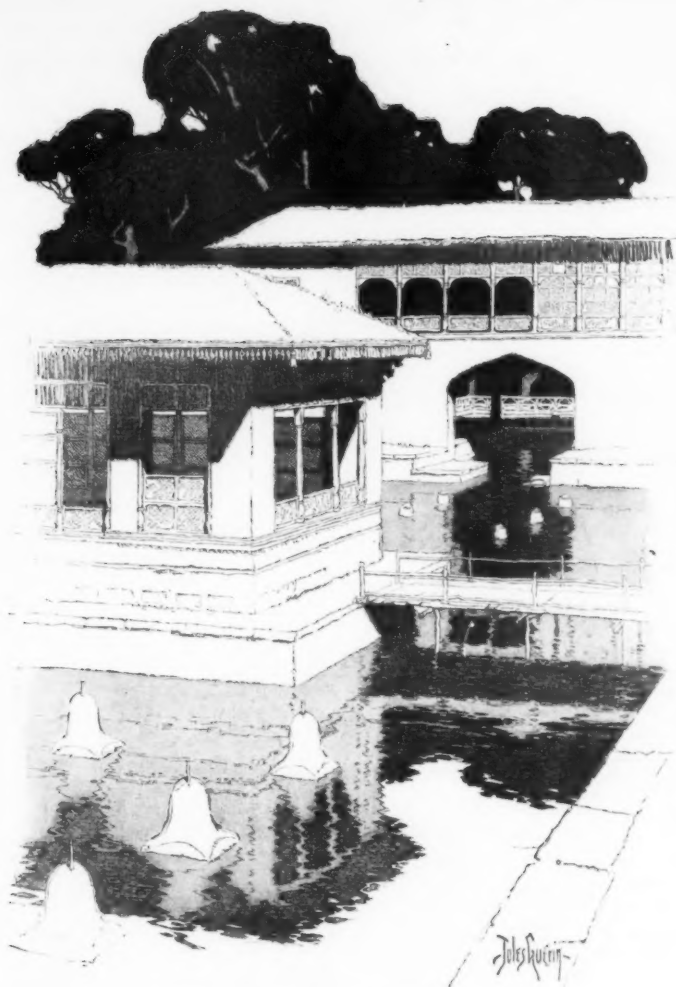
When bridges of iron and steel came in, an era of nightmare horror began that is responsible for the defacement of more beautiful landscapes in this country than can be laid to the account of almost any other one factor, except the advertising bill-board. It really seems as if our civil engineers must start out with the theory that those forms of metallic construction which are most offensive to the eye must necessarily be best adapted to conditions of strength and endurance. If this were the case, it would be contrary to experience with all other materials. That it is not the case is indicated by the many examples to be found in continental Europe. Almost everywhere in that part of the world metallic construction in bridge-work is marked by pleasing and graceful design. This is conspicuously true in Paris, for instance. The main fault lies with the lack of artistic training in the education of civil engineers in this country. A thorough course in design should be required in the engineering departments of all our great technical schools. The grand arches of steel construction between massive piers of stone in New York's noble Washington Bridge across the Harlem testify that good engineering in metal can be combined with good architecture.

Happily, our great railway companies are coming to the conclusion that stone bridges are far more enduring and trustworthy, and hence far cheaper in the end, than bridges of steel, as is virtually shown in the recent construction of what is said to be the longest stone bridge in the world—that across the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg. One of the oldest railway bridges in the country is the great stone structure in Massachusetts known as the Canton viaduct. With its tall, narrow arches, it is a beautiful and imposing feature in the landscape.

Stone is, of course, an expensive material to work with, but recent experience indicates that in bridge construction concrete offers a very economical, strong, and enduring substitute. Another form of masonry construction, combining lightness and strength, is the modern adaptation of the old Spanish methods of making arches and vaulting with layers of thin tiling—a form that should be as economical in bridge construction as in the interior work for which it is much employed, for example, in the Boston Public Library. With a general introduction of such methods, we may see a great advance in substantial bridge-building, comparable with the progress made in other lines of structural work.

We have only to look at the bridges of Paris, of London, of Berlin, to see that good bridges are the rule rather than the exception in European cities, and that eminent beauty and monumental character, as illustrated by some of the newest structures, are compatible with the latest achievements of engineering in metallic construction. On the other hand, when we look at our American cities, we shall see good bridges a rare exception. New York, for example, has but one good bridge of note, in the strict acceptance of the term—the Washington Bridge over the Harlem. The High Bridge, close by, is part of an aqueduct.

Chicago, whose river gives it a superabundance of bridges, outside of its parks has not a single one worthy of the name. Boston is another city of bridges, but most of these are inexpressibly mean affairs. In the parks, to be sure, Boston has many bridges of striking beauty, representing a remarkable variety in design. One—the Longwood Avenue Bridge, spanning the idyllic stream of the Riverway with a noble great arch—is for ordinary traffic rather than for park purposes. Some of the most deplorable of Boston's bridges cross the great channel which the railway tracks cut through the heart of the city. Of these, the Dartmouth Street Bridge in particular, hard by Copley Square and the Public Library and against the rich facade of the Back Bay railway station, is so aggressively offensive, with its steel truss-work of an excruciatingly distorted shape, that any expense would be justifiable to secure its replacement with something unobtrusively worthy of the site. But the tide in Boston appears at last to have turned toward the construction of good bridges. A handsome new bridge for combined parkway and ordinary traffic across the Neponset is one token of this tendency, but



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A SUMMER PALACE IN CASHMERE, INDIA.

A good example of the numerous summer palaces in Cashmere built by Shah Jehan for his wives. An example of monumental architecture in connection with a formally treated reservoir.

the most significant instance is that of the great new bridge to Cambridge under construction across the Charles River. Particular pains have been taken to give a monumental character to this bridge, which has received, prospectively, the name of the most beautiful in the United States.

The only other great bridge of monumental impressiveness in the country is the famous Eads Bridge at St. Louis, with its lofty height and its graceful arches of structural steel between massive piers of stone, a work that shares with the Washington Bridge in New York the honor of giving

evidence on a great scale of how modern engineering principles are fundamentally compatible with genuine beauty in metallic construction. The charming Memorial Bridge in the beautiful old Connecticut town of Milford shows how finely the commemorative idea may be associated with such a structure. Monumental significance is vastly more fitting in a connection of this kind than with a useless "triumphal arch." The latter is a vainglorious type that can be made effective only with a vast expenditure, but in the bridge we have the arch employed in constant service to the community.



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

BADGERS AND THEIR HOLE.

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL

BY ELEANOR GATES.

WITH SKETCHES BY BRUCE HORSFALL.

III. MY DAKOTA BADGER.

IT was the little girl who discovered that the badgers were encroaching upon the big wheat-field that stretched westward across the Dakota prairie, from the farm-house to the sandy bank of the Vermillion. In bringing the cattle home from the meadows one night, along the cow-path that bordered the northern end of the grain, she allowed several to stray aside into the field, which was now faintly green with its new sprouting; and as she headed them out, riding her pony at full gallop, she saw a fine shorthorn suddenly pitch forward with a bellow and fall. She checked her horse and waited for the animal to rise again. But it could not—it had snapped a fore ankle in a freshly dug badger-hole.

The shorthorn was a favorite, and, as befitted her good blood, carried across her dewlap the string of silver sleigh-bells that in winter-time tinkled before the pung. So the news of her injury was received with

sorrow at the farm-house, and when, later in the evening, the little girl's big brothers went down to the field to put the heifer out of her misery, they vowed that the last feeble jingle of her bells should be the death-knell of the badgers.

They found that the burrowing host, driven out of their former homes either by an unlooked-for seepage or the advent of a stronger animal, had been attracted to the field because the harrow had so recently broken and softened the fallow, and they had dug so rapidly since the planting of a few weeks before that the north end, perforated every three or four feet, would be utterly useless, that year at least, for either the harvester or the plow. Each family had dug two tunnels that slanted toward each other and met at the nest; and since the tunnels of one family often crossed those of another, the ground was treacherously unstable. The outlying, unplowed land also bore, mile upon mile, marks of the ravages of an army of

badgers; but the north end of the wheat-field was the concentration camp.

The badgers had thrived in their new home, for on one side was a grassy rise where the eggs and young of the plover and prairie-chicken could be found, and on the other a gully led down to the sloughs, that yielded succulent roots and crawling things. The little girl's big brothers saw that the animals were so abundant that shot, traps, or poison would not avail: only a thorough drowning-out would rid the grain-land of the pest.

The attack was planned for the following day. It would be timely, since four feet beneath the surface were the newly born, half-blind litters that could be wiped out by a flood. Some of the old badgers would undoubtedly escape the deluge and get past the dogs, but they would be driven away to hunt other ground for their tunneling.

The next afternoon, when the farm-wagon, creaking under its load of water-barrels and attended by the dogs, was driven down to the badger-holes in the field, the little girl went along. Drowning-outs were exciting affairs, for the badgers always gave the pack a fine tussle before they were despatched; and she was allowed to attend them if she would promise to remain on the high seat of the wagon, out of harm's way.

When the team had been brought to a standstill on the cow-path, she watched the preparations for the drowning from her perch. Two holes were found that slanted toward each other. One big brother stationed himself at the hole nearer the wagon, armed with two or three buckets of water; and another guarded the farther hole, similarly armed. The pack divided itself, half remaining at each outlet, and barked itself hoarse with anticipation.

At last all was in readiness, and, at a word, the water was poured—bucketful after bucketful—down the tunnels. Then a big brother sprang to the horses' heads to prevent their running when the fight began, another jumped into the wagon to refill the pails and hand them down, and the dogs, leaping excitedly, closed about the holes. The little girl watched breathlessly and clung fast to the seat.

For a moment there was no sign of anything. Then suddenly from the nearer hole bounded a female, the refuse of her nest clinging to her dripping hair. Whirling and biting furiously on all sides, she growled in fear and rage as she defied the pack. There was a quick, fierce fight that was carried a

rod before it ended; then, amid a din of yelping, the badger met a speedy death.

The little girl climbed down from the wagon and ran to the hole out of which the badger had come. From her seat she had spied a small gray bit of fur in the debris lying about it, and guessed what it was. She reached the hole none too soon, for the dogs, having been drawn off their prey, were coming back, whining and limping and licking their chops. She caught up the little, half-drowned thing and climbed hastily into the wagon again, as the pack, scenting it, pursued her and leaped against the wheels.

The baby badger came very near to going the way of superfluous kittens when the little girl's big brothers saw what she had, and was saved only through her pleading. She begged to keep and tame him, and promised to thwart any desire of his to burrow indiscriminately about the house and garden. So she was finally permitted to take him home, snugly wound up in her apron, and revive him with warm milk.

THE first time that he had seen the world he had viewed it from a subterranean standpoint, his birthplace being a round, soft, warm pocket far below the level of the growing wheat. True, his horizon had been somewhat limited, since the pocket was of small dimensions. Nevertheless, it was wide to him, and he spent several days in surveying the top and sides of his home with his weak little blinking eyes before he ventured to crawl about. Then it was necessary for his mother to lift him from his cozy bed in the midst of his brothers and sisters and give him a sharp pinch on the neck with her teeth to make him start.



BADGY.

It was when they were having their regular romp with their mother that the first indication of trouble had come. His father, who had been sitting at the mouth of the tunnel gossiping with a neighboring fox, had rushed down wildly to the little family and had fairly fallen over them in an effort to escape by the second tunnel beyond. The fierce barking of

the dogs was heard. Then the great flood of water had swept down upon them from both tunnels, lifting them all in a struggling, suffocating mass to the top of the pocket.

His mother, the instinct of self-preservation overcoming her parental love, had started madly for a tunnel, and, in swimming against the floating ruins of her nest, had pushed him before her up the opening and into the full light of day. There, blinded by the sunlight and exhausted, he had lost consciousness and had lain unnoticed, partly hidden beneath the feathers and grass that had made his bed until the little girl had seen him.

He rewarded her for his first meal by turning on his back with his legs in the air and grunting contentedly. He was of a grizzled gray color, soft, fat, clumsy, short of limb and thick of tail, and displayed, in spite of his few weeks, a remarkably fine set of claws on his fore feet. These he alternately thrust out and drew in, as she petted him, and curled up his long black-and-white nose. The little girl thought him the nicest pet she had ever had, and soon fell a willing slave to his wheedling grunts.

He was christened "Badgy," and spent the first month of his new life in a warmly padded soap-box in the farm-house kitchen.



GRUNTING CONTENTEDLY.

But by the end of that time he had outgrown the box, and, the weather being warmer, was given the empty potato-bin in the cellar. When he was big enough to run about, he spent his days out of doors. Early in the morning he was called from the bin by the little girl, who opened the cellar doors and watched him come awkwardly up the steps, ambitiously advancing two at a time and usually falling back one. After his breakfast of meat, bread, and milk, he enjoyed a frolic, which consisted of a long run in a circle about the little girl, while he grunted for joy and lack of breath. When he was completely worn out with play, he rolled over on his back and had a sleep in the sun.

Badgy learned to love the little girl; and it was found, after he had lived in the potato-bin for a while, that she was the only person

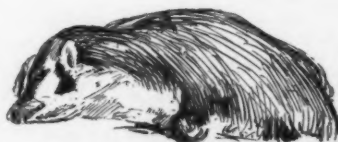
he would follow or meet amicably; all others were saluted with a snarl and a lifting of the grizzled hair. So the household came to look upon him in the light of a worthy supplanter of the Indian dogs as a protector for her. He accompanied her everywhere over the prairie, keeping close to her bare feet and grunting good-naturedly at every sway-



BREAKFAST.

ing step. If they met a stranger, he sprang before her, his hair on end, his teeth showing, his claws working back and forth angrily. When a Sioux came near, he went into a perfect fit of rage, and not an Indian ever dared lay hands upon him.

It was this hatred for redskins that one night saved the herd from a stampede. Badgy had been playing about the sitting-room with the little girl and trying his sharp claws on the new rag carpet, when he suddenly began to rush madly here and there, snapping his teeth furiously. A big brother grasped the musket that stood behind the door, thinking that he had gone mad. But the little girl knew the signs, and, shielding him, begged the brothers to go out and look for the Indians that she felt certain were near. Sure enough, beyond the tall cottonwoods that formed the wind-break to the north of the house were the figures of a dozen mounted men silhouetted against the sky. They were moving cautiously in the direction of the wire cattle-pen; but as a big brother challenged them with a halloo and followed it with a musket-shot, they wheeled and dashed away, their ponies apparently riderless, which proved to the little girl's big brothers that the marauders were from the reservation to the west.



HIS MORNING NAP.

The summer was at its full and the wheat-fields of the Vermillion River valley were all but ready for the harvester before Badgy began to feel a yearning for his own kind and the freedom of the open prairie. Then he often deserted his little mistress when they were walking about in the afternoon, or sneaked away after his morning nap in the sun. The first time he disappeared she mourned disconsolately for him all day. But late in the afternoon, as she sat looking across the grain, waiting for him hopelessly, she forgot her loss in watching a most curious thing happening in the wheat. Away out in the broad, quiet field there was a small, agitated spot, as if a tiny whirlwind were tossing the heads about. The commotion was coming nearer and nearer every moment. Now it was a quarter of a mile away—now it was only a few rods—now it was almost on the edge. The little girl scrambled to her feet, half inclined to run, when out of the tall stalks rolled Badgy, growling at every step and wagging his tired head from side to side!

Often after that he did not come home until late at night, when she would hear him snarling and scratching at the cellar doors and creep out to let him in. Her big brothers at last warned her that there would come a day when Badgy would go never to return. So she fitted a collar to his neck and led him when she went out, and kept



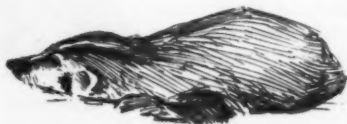
HE GREW NOTICEABLY THIN.

him tied while he slept. This restriction wore upon him, and he grew noticeably thin.

One morning, after having been carefully locked in the cellar the night before, he did not respond to the little girl's call from the doors. She went down to the bin, half fearing to find him dead. He was not there. She ran about the cellar looking for him. He was nowhere to be found. She returned to the bin to search there again. As she looked in, she caught sight of a great heap of dirt in one corner. She jumped over the side and ran to it, divining at once what it

meant. Sure enough, beyond the heap was a hole, freshly dug, that led upward and out!

The little girl sat back on the heap of dirt and pathetically viewed the hole. It was not that he would not come back: she knew that he would. But he had made her break her promise that there was to be no burrowing.



RESTING.

She resolved to say nothing about the hole, however, and, after closing it completely with a stone, started off on the prairie in search of him, his chain in her hand.

When she came back late she found him in the bin and gave him a good scolding. He answered it with angry grunts, and she locked him up supperless. But it was probably no hardship, for he was an adept in foraging for frogs and water-snakes.

He was in his place next morning and came scrambling to the cellar doors when she opened them. But the following morning he did not answer her call, and she discovered, on going into the bin, that there was a second big heap of dirt near the first. She plugged the hole, resolving, as before, to keep his misdeeds a secret.

For six weeks this alternate digging and plugging went on. Sometimes Badgy burrowed himself out in one night, sometimes he would not succeed in reaching the top by the time the little girl called him. And since he emerged under cover of the vacant coal-shed and kitchen that were built against the house as a lean-to, his depredations were not discovered by any others of the family. Once, indeed, he was nearly caught, for he came out directly in front of the kitchen door. But judicious trampling by the little girl soon reduced the soft pile of dirt he had left at the opening to hard ground again.

One day the little girl's mother found that a spool of thread dropped on the north side of the room rolled to the south side. She pointed out the phenomenon to the little girl's big brothers. They declared that the south foundation must be giving away. An investigation from the outside led them into the shed, where they found the ground perforated with countless holes. Then they went into the cellar to examine further. There the phenomenon was explained and

the culprit brought to light. Badgy had undermined the house!

The little girl waited in the garden for him that night and answered his grunt of friendly recognition by cuffing him soundly on the ear. Then, relenting, she took him in her arms and wept over him. Inside, she knew, they were plotting to kill him. They had declared that he should not live another day. And, as she sobbed, her mind was searching out a plan to save him. Where *could* she hide him?

She sat with him held close in her lap for a while, watching his enemies within. Then she started on a long detour with the new haystack as her destination. He kept close to her heels, snarling wearily. A few days before she had made a cave in the stack, which stood between the barn and the chicken-house. The cave was on the side nearest the coop, and she decided to conceal him in it and fasten him there by his chain.

When she had found a stake-pin and a large stone, she led him in and drove the pin its full length to make sure that he should not get away. Then she went back to the

house to secure his pardon from the family council gathered about the supper-table.

She found it a hard task. Her big brothers urged Badgy's total uselessness as well as his growing love to burrow, forgetting how bravely he had always stood between his mistress and any real or fancied danger. The little girl cried bitterly as she begged for his life, and vainly offered the entire contents of her tin bank, now carefully hoarded for two years, to help repair the damage he had done. She was finally put to bed in an uncontrollable fit of grief.

The memory of her tear-stained face, when she was gone, melted her brothers' wrath. They even laughed over Badgy's disastrous industry; and at last, relenting, they decided that he should live, provided he could be kept out of further mischief.

The little girl heard the good news early in the morning and was overjoyed. She declared that Badgy should be good for the rest of his days, and she spent the afternoon fixing up the new quarters in the cave.

For the first few nights Badgy was chained in order to wean him from the old

to the new home, his chain being made so short that he could not dig far into the ground under the stack. This wore upon him, so that he grew cross, thinner than ever before, and generally disheveled. The little girl saw that another week of such confinement would all but kill him, while if he were shut up in the cave unchained he would undermine the stack. She feared, however, to give him his entire freedom, so she set to work to puzzle out a scheme that would solve the problem.

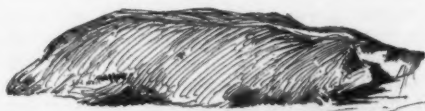
At last she hit upon an idea that seemed practicable: she would tie up his fore feet so that he could not dig! Then he could go unchained in the cave, with only the door of it—the top of a big dry-goods box—to restrict his movements. Aided by her mother's scissors, some twine, and a piece of grain-sacking, she put the idea into execution.

Badgy did not like the innovation at all. He squirmed about so when the little girl was tying up his feet that she made slow progress. And when she was done, he tried vainly to pull off his new stockings with his sharp teeth, grunting his disapproval at every tug. He worked himself into a perfect fury as he bit and tore, and finally rolled clumsily to the back of the cave, where he lay growling angrily.

Pleased with her success, the little girl left him. But she had failed to reckon with Badgy's nature, and her plan was doomed to failure.

It was now early autumn,—the time when nature tells the badgers that they must provide themselves with a winter retreat,—and Badgy could no more have kept from burrowing than he could have resisted eating a frog. So when the dark came on, he went to work, close to the door of the cave, burrowing with might and main, his long nose loosening the dirt for his fore feet to remove. He worked so fast that it was only a few minutes before his claws came through his stockings. Then he redoubled his efforts, and dug on and on and on.

Early in the morning, after having burrowed down for a time, then along a level,



IN REPOSE (FOUR SKETCHES).

and finally on an upward slant, as instinct directed him to do, he came through the crust of the earth. He climbed out of his burrow and sat upon his haunches at its mouth to rest a moment. As he did so, he heard a sound above him and looked up to



GRUNTING HIS DISAPPROVAL.

see what had caused it. Over his head were several perches on which sat a number of sleepy fowls. He was in the chicken-house!

He grunted in surprise, and at the sound one of the chickens uttered a long, low, warning note that awakened the others. As they moved on their perches, Badgy eyed them, twisting his head from side to side. The loose dirt clinging to his snout and breast fell off with his heavy breathing, and his stockings hung ragged and soiled about his front legs.

Suddenly there was another and a louder cry of danger from a chicken, following a slight noise near the door of the coop. Badgy looked that way to see what was coming, and through a hole in the sod wall made out the evil face of a mink, peering in. It came closer, and there were more cries from the chickens overhead, for they had recognized the approach of their mortal enemy. In a moment his long, shining body had come through the hole, and he had paused, crouching, to reconnoiter before making a spring.

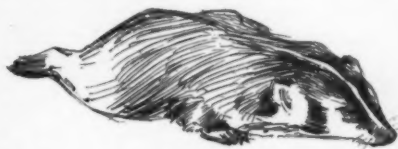
Badgy watched him, his nose curling angrily, his claws working back and forth. Then as the mink crept stealthily forward, measuring the distance to a pullet, Badgy ambled toward him, snarling furiously, his teeth snapping and his eyes glowing red with hatred.

The fight was a fierce one, and the cries of the two animals as they twisted and bit aroused the whole barn-yard. The chickens set up a bedlam of noise, flying about from perch to perch and knocking one another off in their fright. But Badgy and the mink fought on, writhing in each other's hold, the mink striving to get a death-grip on Badgy's

throat, while he tried as hard to rend the mink's body with his teeth and claws.

Suddenly in the midst of the struggle the door of the coop was thrown open and a man's figure appeared. The animals ceased fighting instantly, and the mink, letting go his hold, disappeared down the hole Badgy had dug. But Badgy only stared at the newcomer, and grunted a cross greeting as the light of a lantern was flashed upon him, sitting there crumpled and bloody.

Next morning, when the little girl went out to the haystack, she could not find Badgy. Instead, as she pulled aside the door that closed the entrance to the cave, a strange animal shot out and away before she could catch a glimpse of it. This puzzled her. When she went into the cave she found a great heap of dirt that troubled her still more. She saw that in spite of his stockings Badgy had dug himself out. She hunted for the hole that she knew would tell her where he had come through to the surface again, but she could not find it.



NOT ASLEEP.

She began to run here and there calling him. There was no answering grunt. She thought of the potato-bin, and flew to the cellar to see if he had not returned to his old home, but he was not there.

That night he did not return, nor the next day, nor the next. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth in which he had loved to dig had swallowed him up.



BURROWING WITH MIGHT AND MAIN.

Whenever she spoke of him in the house among the family, there was an exchange of glances between her mother and the oldest brother. But she never saw it—and it was just as well that she did not.

(Conclusion of these extracts from the Biography.)

DOWIE, ANALYZED AND CLASSIFIED.

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK, MADE AT ZION CITY.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE is of current interest as a forceful personality, an ecclesiastic, an autocrat, a financier, and an anti-medicine faith-healer. While his followers adore him, the public is divided in opinion whether he is a calculating hypocrite or only a "smart" self-deceived adventurer.

THE PERSONAGE.

His personal appearance is striking; at the head of an army or as a celebrated surgeon, his figure, though of medium stature, would be imposing. His voice is clear and strong; his eye penetrating; his countenance, naturally stern, frequently lights up with smiles. His bearing in private is that of a gentleman; his official aspect that of a man born to command and incapable of following. His speech is forcible and occasionally ornate; his wit, according to his mood, is refined or coarse, his oratory impressive or grotesque. To his canny shrewdness as a Scotchman he adds the warmth of southern Italy, and the fountain of his tears overflows readily. In him physical endurance and mental activity are equal and extraordinary. As I saw during a two hours' conversation with him, occurring without previous appointment, all his mental faculties are under his control.

THE ECCLESIASTIC.

HE is the founder and "General Overseer" of "The Christian Catholic Church in Zion." Prior to this he was an Independent minister in Australia. The basis of his theology is practically the ordinary doctrines of Christianity as taught by Scotch Presbyterians, with less emphasis on high Calvinism and more upon a personal Deity and a personal devil as factors in mundane affairs, including human beings, than in this age is commonly heard in Christian pulpits. By some he is spoken of as Elijah II; by others as Elijah III. Those who number him as the third count John the Baptist as the second, but he speaks of himself as Elijah the Restorer. Those who ridiculed him as claiming that the soul of Elijah is identical with his own

did so without warrant, for he denies transmigration of souls, knows himself to be John Alexander Dowie, and is as proud of his ancestral tree as any member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Dowie's solemn official declaration, in "Leaves of Healing," that he is Elijah the Restorer is as follows:

The Messenger of the Covenant, Jesus tells us, was John the Baptist.

John the Baptist, Jesus said, was Elijah.

God said through the Prophet Malachi: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord Come." Elijah indeed cometh, said Jesus, and Restoreth All Things.

These facts, therefore, logically require assent to the following:

First. John the Baptist was the Messenger of the Covenant, and Elijah the Prophet.

Second. Malachi and Jesus say that the Messenger of the Covenant and Elijah must come again.

Third. If we are the Messenger of the Covenant, we must also be Elijah the Restorer.

The Messenger of the Covenant and Elijah the Restorer, and That Prophet, of whom Moses spake, are all one and the same person.

The Declaration that we are that person is either what those peculiar theologians . . . the Chicago Press declare it to be, a Great Blasphemy, or it is a Tremendous Fact of the utmost importance to the whole world.

We have not assumed it.

It has been imposed upon us by God himself.

Had we been deceived in this matter then God would have deceived us. That is an impossibility.

He asserts that the exalted function he assumes was revealed to the more devout among his followers previous to his full recognition of it, though he confesses with complacency that inward intimations of his designation to great responsibility had already been received by him.

AUTOCRAT AND FINANCIER.

HIS autocratic spirit, a native endowment, is sublimated and intensified by his ecclesiastical assumptions; for those who admit

his claim to be the Restorer by divine appointment cannot deny him the right "to turn and overturn," condemn or commend, appoint or remove. His manner toward his followers, though such as would be intolerable to others, is suited to his headship and agreeable with their admissions; and none other could be, for his presence awes his people. The elaborate ceremonials when subjects approach their sovereign are artistic expressions of what Dowie's followers manifest in simpler forms.

His natural ability for finance was sharpened by business experience in Australia, and has been further developed by ten years of making both ends meet under strong pressure and against public and private opposition. He knows how to select and utilize bankers, lawyers, real-estate experts, bodyguards, and clerks, and has unusual skill in organizing.

It is obvious that his characteristics would have brought him into prominence anywhere; but his success in securing his special following results chiefly from his anti-medicine faith-healing theories and works. To the effectiveness of these his oratorical powers and, above all, his dominating spirit contribute much.

DOWIE "THE HEALER."

ANTI-MEDICINE faith-healing theories and healers had been in this country for many years before Dowie arrived. Among them had been at work William E. Boardman, a minister and author (founder of Bethshan—the Nursery of Faith—in London); Mrs. Mix, Connecticut's noted faith-healer; and A. B. Simpson, founder of various homes, "alliances," and an independent church. These all agreed in the non-use of medicinal means for the healing of disease. They all made—and those who survive make—as large claims of success as does Dowie, and their followers, convinced by various recoveries, accepted whatever doctrines were preached by those who "healed" them. Whatever their ostentation, none of these claim to be "healers"; they give God the credit and value themselves as teachers having unusual access to God in prayer. These admissions, however, do not prevent their votaries from conferring upon the agents such honor and submission as should be rendered only to the Divine Principal.

The reason such men get a hearing is rooted in the prevalent ignorance of human nature—especially of the latent powers in every

constitution which remain almost to the very threshold of death, and the influence of mental and emotional states in stirring up those powers to eject or counterwork causes of diseased action, and to repair damage already done. What seems to them mysterious and even miraculous is regarded by those who have made a scientific study of human nature as liable to occur at any time.

EXPLANATION OF RECOVERIES.

THAT mental influences, even outside the realm of religion, have often been followed by recovery will be disputed by none. The charming away of warts, the removal of blood-diseases such as scurvy, the curing of scrofula—"the king's evil"—by the king's touch in hundreds of thousands of cases, and that whether the sovereign was legitimate or not, are as well authenticated as any facts in history. Such recoveries result in part from the direct influence of mental and emotional states, and in part from their stimulus to the latent vital force in the patient's constitution.

Nothing is better established than that mental concentration on a part of the body, with or without belief, can produce an effect favorable or unfavorable to health. That concentration *with faith* can operate efficiently in acute diseases, often instantaneously in nervous or functional diseases, or upon any condition capable of modification by direct action through the nervous or circulatory system, has long been an accepted tenet of medical science. These influences work wonders in diseases of morbid accumulation, such as dropsy and tumors. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia, certain forms of contracted joints, may, under the operation of the mind, suddenly change so as to admit of exercise, which exercise, added to the influence of the mental state, by its power over the circulation will work a permanent cure.

Many diseases are self-limited, and sufferers from them often recover with or without treatment of any kind. Well-directed suggestion greatly intensifies nature's efforts to reestablish healthy conditions, and the presence and bearing of the healer and the "testimony" of others are powerful aids to all other favorable agencies. They are also effective in counteracting untoward influences.

Neither Dowie nor any other of these dispensers with natural means accomplishes more in the healing of the sick than pagans, spiritualists, or Mormons.

According to the New Testament,—the authority on which faith-healers rely,—Christ and his apostles made no distinction in diseases, nor between medical and surgical cases, “the maimed being made whole”; and they raised the dead. But these faith-healers cannot resuscitate the dead; neither can they give sight to those born blind, or hearing to those born deaf, nor restore a limb, an eye, or even a tooth; nor do they dare to promise help to surgical cases of gravity or intricacy.

Of diseases in which they seem most frequently to succeed many cases occur which they cannot in the least degree relieve. Often the “cured” patient relapses and the devotee dies from what he had testified that he had been cured of by God in answer to the prayers of Dowie and his own, supported by a faith that threw away dependence on medicine. Confirmation of these statements I published in *THE CENTURY* several years ago, and hundreds of instances have since come to my knowledge.¹

Facts prove that in the practice of the best and even of average conscientious physicians recoveries in proportion to the number of patients and diseases are far greater than among these claimants to special divine aid who refuse to use means. The work of the great hospitals, that receive many almost *in articulo mortis*, gives an immense proportion of recoveries, and they discharge many after operating upon them, or treating them for a few days or weeks, better than they have been for years; the record of deaths, with their causes, is kept; each post-mortem sheds light to guide in similar cases.

SPECIMEN FAILURES.

THE numerous failures of Dowie do not discourage his votaries. One of my friends, a lady of culture and great intellectuality, known throughout this country and loved wherever known, was afflicted with cancer unmistakable and incurable, and having tried medicine and surgery, went to Dowie's institution in Chicago. I attended a service in his church, which was decorated with crutches and surgical appliances left by those who imagined themselves cured. The night was tempestuous, and Dowie had sent a substitute. The building, ordinarily crowded, contained but two hundred persons; but I saw among those who had come from Dowie's institution this lady. How wistfully she followed the remarks of the preacher, how in-

tent and prayerful she seemed! I knew that nothing short of a miracle equivalent to a resurrection from the dead could save her. While buoyed with hope, she seemed to herself to be better; but the malignant disease steadily progressed; she returned to her home and in a few weeks died. Yet just before that event she wrote to a friend: “I do believe that if I had remained a few weeks longer with Brother Dowie I should have been cured.”

In the home maintained by Dowie I attended a meeting for healing where consumptives and sufferers from other wasting diseases were brought in almost with the damp of death upon the brow. The services were nearly as lifeless as were those who hoped to gain life from them. Several of these died within a few days. I conversed with one who had twice, in as many years, been under Dowie's superintendence without improvement. Yet she maintained her faith in that “great man of God.” Her daughter said to me, “Mother clings to this belief, but we know too sadly that she is near her end.”

Even the recent tragic death of Dr. Dowie's daughter does not lessen the ardor of his people. His power of assertion, his devotional manner when not in raging controversy, his seeming success in various remarkable cases, his apparent financial prosperity, hold them; and his readiness to explain his daughter's death by a misapplied passage of Scripture and the implication that it resulted from disobedience to him have strengthened rather than weakened his grasp.

DOWIE'S CHARACTER AND EVOLUTION.

HIS consuming ambition, insatiable love of power, intense self-consciousness, grasp on money and property, vigorous suppression of individuality, commercialism, luxurious way of living, and wholesale entrance of his Zion into real-estate speculation and manufacturing contrast strangely with John the Baptist and with Elijah the great prophet. Reason must first be paralyzed, faith drugged, and this done, it would still seem too large and abnormal a conception for open-mouthed credulity to believe that the Christ of the New Testament should choose the evolver and center of such a flamboyant mixture of flesh and spirit to be the Restorer and his special forerunner. If Dowie believes it, he is in the moonlit borderland of insanity where large movements of limited

¹ See Dr. Buckley's volume, “Christian Science, Faith-healing, and Kindred Phenomena.”—EDITOR.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

SALE-DAY AT ZION CITY LAND OFFICE.

Arrival of prairie-schooners from the West and of crowds to attend the sale of lots.

duration have sometimes originated. If he believes it not, he is but another impostor.

The probable genesis of the Dowie of to-day is this: Beginning his public career with the sincerity and simplicity of the ordinary Christian, he passed into fanaticism, made claims which he believed, but, confronted with failures, he sophisticated his conscience and reason to explain them. Lured by ambition, self-confidence, and love of power into great enterprises which made large sums of money necessary to him, he was obliged to manipulate men, and his shrewdness became cunning. Intoxicated by increasing prosperity, he has come, without divine authority, to believe himself God's special messenger. In that character he judges, denounces, condemns all who do not accept him, and rules his followers with a rod of iron.

HYPOTHETICAL FORECAST OF HIS FUTURE.

WHAT will be the future of Dowie, his Zion and its enterprises?

None can foresee the end or the achievements of a vigorous and healthy crank or of an astute and plausible impostor, especially in religion.

Dowie has created a constituency which bows at his behest. The large majority of his devotees are ignorant, of the very class of which the bulk of the supporters of every fanaticism in religion and politics consists. Of the remainder many are only half educated and half trained, with large imagination, eccentric mental operations, love of

being regarded odd and out of conceit with existing churches. These are the class which are liable to support fanaticism in pseudo-science and extreme variations of theory, and when not caught by a phase of dogmatic religion, they run after the last fad in occultism. Many of both classes are drawn by the fervor of Dowie's meetings and the spiritual power evinced by his sincere devotees; for, outside of his eccentric doctrines, he preaches sound morality and Christian principles. The drawing power, however, is his promise of healing, and though he loses the confidence of some who see how grossly exaggerated are his claims and how many of the recoveries are transient and how large the number of his failures, others who remain in health will adhere to him still. Belief in a superstition ever lulls the critical faculty to sleep. Dowie's recent



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK.
A NEGRO CONVERT.

performances, however, have opened the eyes of many of this sort.

Of, by, and for his adherents he is building a city, of which he will be supreme dictator, and in which, for an indefinite period, will remain an atmosphere favorable to his attempts to heal. Should he die soon, his enterprises will languish and his society decline. If his life be long, a crash of some kind may reasonably be expected before he dies. Should his "lace industry" fail, his real-estate speculations and banking operations become involved, and his business credit be destroyed; should he become conspicuously invalidated; should an unmanageable contagious disease invade his city; or should he lose his reason, his enterprises will collapse, the number of recoveries will diminish, and the pompous name of John Alexander Dowie will be added to the long list of spiritual megalomaniacs. Should he live long and prosper to the last, it will be upon the proceeds of his commercial speculations, where-with he can surround himself with retainers, while the spiritual part of his Zion will languish. At present it consists for the most part of well-meaning people who are by no means to be spoken of with contempt,

though they may be regarded with pity—a sentiment due to every honest fanatic.

RATIONAL FAITH VERSUS SUPERSTITION.

It is not, when *in extremis*, the praying to God by men who believe in him, to heal themselves or their friends, which stamps them as fanatics.

For the mind can influence the body toward health or disease, and God has constant access to every mind. Hence by increasing the invalid's hope or diverting him from pernicious attention to his symptoms, and by insensibly affecting the train of ideas in the minds of physician and surrounding friends or foes, the ever-present God may, without contravening any visible ordinary method of cause and effect, promote recovery. Nor can any prove that God never does interfere directly, though beyond human ken, between natural cause and effect.

But it is the fact that faith-healers of this type claim that to obtain healing from God they must refuse the use of the natural means which he has provided, which shows them to be superstitious, and imprints upon their foreheads the name FANATIC.

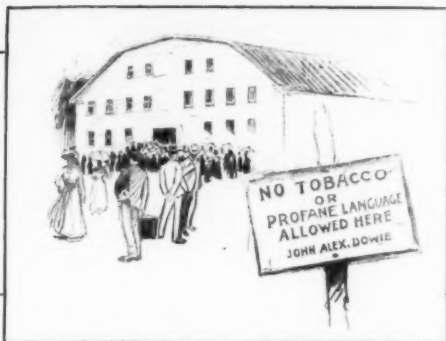


DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE HALT AND THE BLIND: WAITING FOR DOWIE.



A REPORTER.



SHILOH TABERNACLE, ZION CITY.



A TYPE.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE: THE PROPHET AND HIS PROFITS.

A STUDY, AT FIRST HAND, OF "A MODERN ELLIJAH."

BY JOHN SWAIN.

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK, MADE AT ZION CITY.

THE American people has always shown a remarkable willingness to listen to the voice of the Lord, spoken through the lips of whatsoever prophet; and tested by the outward evidences of prosperity, the Reverend John Alexander Dowie, Messenger of the Covenant and Spirit of Elijah the Restorer, appears as a very Goliath among his kind. For Mr. Dowie, who is prophet of prophets for the nonce, has succeeded in a decade of self-exploitation in Chicago in lifting himself from obscurity and comparative poverty, through seasons of prosecution and persecution, noisy riots, and impressive ceremonials, to the absolute leadership of a church numbering, he claims, a hundred thousand souls, and to the lime-lighted prominence of the multimillionaire. Mr. Dowie, in fact, does business on a modern method: he is an organizer, a combiner, a man of deft touch, who picks up a doubtful prophetic enterprise, puts it square on its feet, places himself at the head of it, and appropriates as his fee the greater part of the profits accruing from the enterprise. The power of Mesmer, the doctrine of the faith-healing Newton, the imagination of the born real-estate speculator, and the financial daring of the trained promoter, all are combined by Dowie into a figure which, with a persuasiveness which is all his own, he convinces his followers is that of a Hebrew

prophet brought down to date. Exercising all these united faculties, he has convinced the ailing that they are well; he has bought with their money an enormous tract of land; he has induced them to buy it back from him with more money; and he has gone there to live with them, and rule over them, in a city that, in his rôle of prophet, he declares is the New Jerusalem, the center of the new kingdom of God on earth, for which he, as Elijah, is to prepare them, but which to the practical men of the Northwestern Railway and the national postal service is only the boom town of Zion City, Illinois.

Divested of his mantle and other accessories, Dowie is, in fact, a Scotchman, a former minister of the Congregational Church, a faith-healer, and the General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (John A. Dowie, owner and proprietor). Possessing all the usual characteristics of the first three of these, and being the only example we have yet had of the fourth, he is susceptible of ready analysis and examination. He has a long head for business, a canniness that passes belief, and a bump of acquisitiveness that recalls at once the fate of Mark Twain's three Glasgow Jews, who could not get car fare to escape from Scotland. He has implicit, unquestioning faith in God, a tendency to believe that too large a share of this world's

good things cannot come his own way, and another tendency toward finding the hand of God in all that pleases him and the unconquerable force of the Adversary in all that does not. He has a piety that is not cant, and a sincere goodness (when he is uncrossed) that wins the love of all who become intimate with him. As a faith-healer he has a power which, with the present slight understanding of such phenomena, approaches the marvelous, and which, by virtue of hypnotism, telepathy, or some subtle suggestion, actually does relieve great numbers from pain. As head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (it is as General Overseer that he is almost always referred to by his followers), he possesses the most autocratic power it is possible to wield in this republic, having absolute spiritual and temporal sway over all who believe in him. In his city of Zion, which is the capital of the world to the "Dowieites," he is supreme. Wherever an adult male Dowieite is, there is a vote to be cast as Dowie directs. Wherever a dollar is in the pocket of a Dowieite, there is ten cents that belongs by right to Dowie, and ninety cents more that he can have if he really needs it, as he often does. Wherever the cross and crown of Zion are found, there no alcoholic beverage or tobacco is used, no pork or oysters or drug is consumed, no card game played, no profanity is heard; for these things Dowie, as General Overseer, has tabooed. Moreover, he is plain John A. Dowie, citizen of Illinois, a very human man, and one well worth studying and knowing.

Dowie was born in Edinburgh fifty-five years ago, and lived there, an ordinary Scotch boy, until he was thirteen years old. Then his parents removed to Adelaide, South Australia, and took him with them. He was not a remarkable young man. He studied hard under his father's direction, and acquired the straight-lined religion of his Scotch parents. Adelaide was very provincial in those days, but it was booming. Dowie went to work in a store as clerk,—"mercantile pursuits," he now says he followed,—and supported himself as other young men do for seven years. All that time he was studying and laying the foundation for an education. When he was twenty years of age he was wise enough and rich enough to go back to Edinburgh and study for the ministry. Theologically, he clung to the strict letter of the Scriptures, and saw in himself and his fellow-creatures a personal and watchful Deity who struggled over them with an awful creature called the

devil, to the end that some were saved to endless life with their Maker, while others helplessly fell into the terrible clutches of Satan. He devoured Newman, and fairly committed to memory the writings of other leaders of the day. He went through the theological halls, and from them, in 1872, he went back to Australia ready for his ordination, which took place at Alma that year. He was at once called to the Manly Congregational Church at Sydney, and began to make himself known.

Naturally a strong speaker, a man of earnestness and power, and with a tremendous list of authorities always ready for citation for everything he knew, he did not fail of success. It was only a short time before he was placed in charge of the denominational Collegiate Church at Newtown, near Sydney. Dowie loves to tell of that time. He tells, with that unction with which the egotistical and the consciously clerical love to relate stories favorable to their own self-esteem, how when Archbishop Vaughan—"brother of the cardinal, you know"—came to take the assistant leadership of the church in Australia, under Archbishop Polding, and on his arrival made a bitter attack on the Home Rule party, which was then dominant, no one was considered strong enough to furnish the reply but Dowie. He was therefore asked to do so, and accordingly preached a sermon which, he says, so confounded Vaughan that that worthy prelate withdrew his own address from the book-stalls, where it was on sale, and never mentioned it again. In fact, so successful was Dowie, he tells me, that Sir Henry Parkes offered him the Ministry of Public Education for New South Wales. "And there was no condition attached to the offer, either," says Dowie, "except, of course, that I should get a seat in the legislature, which he was able to guarantee as a certainty for a certain constituency. But I never for a minute considered the acceptance of the seat or the portfolio."

By this time Dowie had begun to find in the literal observance of the Scriptures several departures from the courses sanctioned by custom for human living. One of these was the practice among clergymen of collecting salaries for preaching the Word of God. With success in his own pulpit assured him, and apparently with every prospect for early advancement, Dowie resigned charge of the Collegiate Church in 1878, and announced his intention to devote himself to evangelical work. Since then he has never accepted pay for preaching, but has de-



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

DOWIE AS "ELIJAH THE RESTORER."

pended for his support entirely on free-will offerings. Moving from Sydney to Melbourne, Dowie built a tabernacle for his own use, and became a "popular" preacher—popular in the sense that he preached to the people at large, not that he chose topics of momentary popularity. He studied his Bible even more closely to find in it the passages which seemed to direct the work of the Evangelists. There was one in the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark that specially impressed him:

Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.
FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

That became the central thing in Dowie's religion. In the beginning it was the first part of the word of Jesus that he thundered forth from the pulpit of his tabernacle: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

That was old doctrine, and Dowie, with the power of the zealot, put it into living words. "If the first is true," said he, "so is the rest. 'These signs shall follow them

that believe; . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'" Dowie believed. He laid hands on the sick, and the sick recovered.

At first it was only in a small way; but when he found that he could successfully cure his wife of headache, or, as he prefers to put it, that God cured her upon Dowie's laying on of hands and praying for her, he was ready to try whatever case was brought him.

When he believes a thing, Dowie proclaims it loudly, without hesitation. So he promulgated his new doctrine. He collected into his library all the works against medicine that he could find, and studied them for material with which to attack the doctors. He sought far and wide for instances of apparent faith-curing that he could cite. He got into communication with other believers in divine healing, and at last he founded the Divine-Healing Association. He took into it men and women twice as old as he both in years and in the cult; but he made himself president, absorbed their ideas and their experience, and became the head and front of a live movement both in Australia and in New Zealand.

That was where he became a leader. The desire for leadership is born in him. He can no more follow than a fish can walk. Put Dowie under the leadership of no matter how vigorous and enthusiastic a worker in the divine-healing field, and he would at once see endless flaws in the arguments which he himself now advances, and would chafe and worry until he broke away entirely and placed himself at the head of a new branch.

Dowie was now expanding. He was still a young man, but he had grown in a few years from a biblical student to a minister; from a denominational minister in a small town to a popular preacher in a great city; from that to the leadership of a cult, with authority all through the island continent and its vicinity. He determined to visit England, where he already had many correspondents, and to build up, from London as a center, a following through all the English colonies. He might have done so had he not, in his journey thither, come across America, and found the people of this country eager recipients of every form of "new thought."

He organized the International Divine-Healing Association, absorbed his smaller concern into it, and appointed himself president. He proposed his trip to London as a missionary venture for the new concern, collected revenue to pay his way, and took as

well what he had saved in Melbourne (where the Lord had provided bountifully), and came to San Francisco. He worked up and down the Pacific coast for a while, drifted eastward, and in 1890 arrived in Chicago and set up his tent at Western Springs, a suburb of the city. For two or three years he traveled extensively, organizing centers of the Divine-Healing Association, and arranging for a flow of funds from them to the Chicago office.

That was another display of shrewdness. Had Dowie come directly to Chicago, set himself up as a prophet, and begun to speak, he would have been classed at once with the host of similar speakers who line State street on a Sunday night. He would have preached there till his means were exhausted, perhaps would have founded a small sect, and remained its obscure director. But he went out first to get his campaign fund. He had long ago established among his people in Australia that invaluable adjunct of such a business as his, the tithing habit. He found sufficient authority for this in Scripture, and he was able to persuade his new converts that as regards obedience this law of God was as important for salvation as any other. These tithes at first amounted only to small sums; but Dowie worked industriously, and they increased until he was able to build from them a small wooden tabernacle in Woodlawn, Chicago, near the World's Fair gate.

All this while Dowie's power over his people had been growing greater, and so had his self-confidence. He was coming to stand between them and the Word of God; he was becoming what he is to-day, a theocrat. He had this very distinctly in mind in 1893, when he opened the doors of his "little wooden hut," as it was called, and summoned the people of all nations to hear him expound the law. He preached day and night, seven days a week; and when he was not preaching he was laying hands on the ailing. Thousands came to hear him; hundreds of thousands must have crowded into the "little wooden hut" during the months of the World's Fair. Sometimes more than a thousand persons came in a week to have his hands laid on them to cure disease, and by hundreds of these his praises were sounded not only in Chicago, but all through the country. His success was not limited to cases of hypochondria. With a faith equal to that displayed at the shrine of Ste. Anne, pilgrims came on crutches and went away whole. Paralytics were borne in on litters, and literally "took up their beds and walked."

If Dowie, coming as an unassuming man, had performed such cures and had gone away, Chicago would have remembered him reverently. But Dowie was not unassuming.



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ZION CITY WORKMEN AT PRAYER.

On the contrary, he seized upon every one of these cures as a direct testimonial from God, and advertised it as such. Back of his pulpit he built decorations of crutches and braces "snatched from the devil," and with these he worked on the minds of the easily led, and especially on those of the visitors from Oriental countries.

It was at this time that Dowie, to borrow a slang phrase, "made himself solid" with the Chinese and other Asiatics. Missionaries can preach salvation to these people till

their throats give out, and tell over and over again the stories of Bible miracles, without producing a fraction of the effect on the Oriental mind brought about by Dowie with the apparent cure of a single paralytic and the display of a hundred crutches. That is magic to them that even their own great

every day in the recent life of their leader, love to refer to as "the year of persecution." In that time he was arrested on no fewer than one hundred occasions for violating ordinances regarding care of the sick. He was taken from his bed, from the dinner-table, from the pulpit; but always when he arrived at the station-house he found means of getting bail, so that he was never locked up. When fines were assessed against him, he took appeals, and before the year was over he had spent twenty thousand dollars in lawyers' fees and court costs. But he defeated the ordinances and won his cases, and the advertising was worth the money.

All this while Dowie had been working under the apparent authority of the International Divine-Healing Association. Now, however, he sought a new organization more readily capable of central control, and which would hold his people easily together. He formed the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, and appointed himself General Overseer, a position which carries with it not only spiritual direction of the church, but absolute control of its resources as well. The numerous branches of the old association, now numbering hundreds and found in every State, were promptly changed into Zion churches, and their leaders became elders under appointment by Dowie.

Marvelously Zion grew. St. Paul's Church, a big structure, was secured for a tabernacle and was quickly outgrown. Central Music Hall was used for a time, and then the Chicago Auditorium was turned into a Sunday meeting-house. Rain or shine, he is able to call into that hall five thousand persons every Sunday. With his knowledge of the working of the ministerial mind, Dowie had been able to persuade many clergymen of the correctness of his interpretation of the Bible, and he numbered many of these among his prominent followers. Their familiarity with church organization now came into account in forming the many departments needed to carry on the work of Zion. A missionary corps called the "Seventies" was among the first formed, a mysterious band that goes two by two from house to house through whatever city they are assigned to, carrying the "literature" of Zion, and pleading for Dowie. A college for Zion preachers was started, which is flourishing. A school for Zion children and a training-school for "maternity deaconesses" followed. Charitable institutions on a large scale were established—a "Home of Hope for Erring Women," and various others. Selfish



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A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST IN THE CHOIR.

men cannot excel, and the power that works it is to be propitiated.

While working on these people in this way, Dowie discovered another great truth of the simple-minded. He learned that, like the boys who painted Tom Sawyer's fence, the heathen appreciates what he has to pay for. The missionaries had a free salvation, which they urged as a gift. Dowie assured the heathen that only on the regular payment of tithes could they even hope to share in the blessings bestowed by the power that worked this wonderful magic. The down-trodden, tax-ridden heathen chose cheerfully to pay up and be saved. The close of the year 1893 found believers in Dowie scattered through the world, and tithes flowing in generously even from Cathay.

Since then his progress has been very rapid. The year 1895 found him the target for city ordinances and prosecution. It developed what the faithful, familiar with

in his greed of power though Dowie may be, he devotes to these charities much time and thought and large sums of money.

Dowie had already established a publishing-house. He now made it a branch of the church, and began to issue several periodicals. At present most of his followers get their news of the world entirely through the publications of the church. He established branch publishing-houses in London and Australia. He turned his attention to the more strictly financial side of the church, and organized the Zion Bank, John Alexander Dowie, owner and proprietor. The Zion Bank is the typical Zion business institution. It is in reality a private bank owned and controlled by the prophet—so much so that when the State legislature recently appointed a committee to investigate it, Dowie was able to hold the committee at bay, and to force its recall under threat of a damage suit if it went ahead. Yet the Zion Bank has stockholders. Its capital is subscribed by an unincorporated association. Its stock is nothing more nor less than Dowie's personal note guaranteeing interest. Stockholders have no vote and no right in the bank, and have no security except Dowie's honor. There is no limit on the stock, and Dowie, when he needs money, can and does sell shares as long as he can find purchasers, without being compelled to consult the association. The faithful are urged to bank with Zion.

But Dowie's progress, even in this time of prosperity, was not devoid of trouble and painful incidents. His appearance in public was the signal for rioting and disorder. He went down to Hammond, Indiana, for a lecture, and was mobbed in the streets. He advertised to deliver a lecture on "Doctors, Devils, and Drugs" to the medical students of Chicago, and did so, though three thousand of the students were there, with ill-smelling chemicals, dead cats, stones, and loud voices. Dowie got away under police escort, and two platoons were required to clear the way to his carriage. In Mansfield, Ohio, his elders were mobbed weekly, so that Dowie nicknamed the town "Devilsfield." For protection Dowie organized the Zion guards, a corps of sturdy yeomen, to go wherever he went. But the trouble was so continuous, and the Chicago authorities showed so great a disposition to bring him before the grand jury on a charge of malpractice whenever his patients died, as they unfortunately did at times, that he began to see reason for getting out of Chicago. He called the faith-

ful to his aid, organized the Zion Land and Investment Association on the lines of the bank, and collected enough money on his notes to enable him to purchase six thousand acres of the finest land in Illinois, on the shore of Lake Michigan, forty-two miles



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOON.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSELER.

DR. SPEICHER, OVERSEER FOR CHICAGO.

north of Chicago. There he lives to-day, in the midst of his people. His land cost him more than a million and a quarter of dollars. He purposes to dispose of it on long-term leases for about fifteen millions. He already has five thousand followers there, and more are coming every day.

Dowie the organizer came to the front again in the founding of the new city of Zion, and this time in a way that has won the admiration of many thousands who had hardly given Dowie the faith-healer a serious thought. In the first place, his success in getting possession of so large and compact a tract of land where he did was considered remarkable by real-estate men. But Dowie had it all under option before any one knew who was after it. Then, knowing that to found a city an industry was needed, he determined to start there an enterprise which could hardly fail to be successful, which might be capable of indefinite extension, and which should be unique in the country, thus stamping its product everywhere as "Zion-made." He found the enterprise he needed in Nottingham, England: it was a lace-factory.

There is a curious story about that lace-

factory. It was owned by Samuel Stevenson, an intensely religious man. Stevenson believed in faith-cure, and held meetings at his own home to practise it, but without much success. He heard of Dowie, and wrote him a long letter, with a casual mention of lace-making. Dowie replied with an equally long letter—some eighteen hundred words—and a similarly brief mention of lace-making. In a short time Stevenson, the professional lace-maker and amateur faith-healer, had sold his plant to Dowie, the amateur lace-maker and professional faith-healer. A lawsuit grew out of the sale, in which each claimed that the other was trying to beat him, and each found a public willing to believe his contention. Dowie had called in from the faithful \$440,000 with which to purchase and establish the lace-factory; Stevenson asked \$50,000 for his plant, and then sued for additional payments. He settled out of court for \$175,000, and went home to England rich beyond his wildest dreams, while his brothers stayed to show Dowie how to make lace. Dowie had brought over many other lace-makers to work for him. He got them in to establish a new industry, and, having them in, he locked the gate behind them. There is a sixty per cent. tariff on such lace as he makes, and there are no competitors this side of that wall. There is no wonder that Dowie's followers look with admiration and with hope at the acres of brick buildings that now house the lace-works, or that they are ready to turn over their savings to him to use in founding similar enterprises. Dowie plans to extend the lace-works by adding spinning and weaving mills and founding a large textile industry. He will have in Zion a fine laboring population, sober and industrious, and composed largely of stockholders in his industries.

Up to the time of founding his city Dowie had held over his people merely such authority as he was able to claim as head of their church and interpreter of the gospel. His chief power over them was the love they bore him. This, which I have not made plain hitherto, has been an important factor in all of Dowie's progress. Though in the pulpit he is a man of intemperate language and given to violent outbursts of anger, out of his robes he becomes one of the most lovable men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Gracious without condescension, loving a joke, yet always treating his caller seriously, he draws under the influence of his personality nearly every one with whom he comes into direct relations. Such a love

for the central figure in a church organization is strong enough to hold it together, especially when backed up by the knowledge that to anger Dowie is to be thrust out of Zion.

A city, however, cannot be so controlled. Dowie, in founding it, needed some stronger power to sway his people. This he found in the mantle of prophethood. He wrapped himself in it before opening his great land sale. He announced from his pulpit in the Chicago Auditorium that he was the Messenger of the Covenant, the Spirit of Elijah the Restorer. Acceptance of this as truth was made a requisite of membership in the Church of Zion, and the Zionite who had acknowledged that Dowie was the personal representative of the Deity had, therefore, no ground left on which to refuse to obey him in any contingency. Dowie's people did not object to accepting this declaration. Instead, they gloried in it. Many of them had long urged it upon their leader.

It was in Melbourne, where he had many admirers, that he got the idea that he was the prophet foretold by Malachi. One day, after preaching an unusually strong sermon in which he had harped upon the idea that the kingdom of God would be restored upon earth and that all must prepare for it, an enthusiast said to him:

"Why, you must be Elijah the Restorer."

"Tut, tut, man!" said Mr. Dowie. "Never breathe such an idea to me again."

But he did not dismiss it so easily from his own mind. He did not then believe that he was Elijah, but he thought about being Elijah, and mentally stiffened himself up, and took on added dignity and authority in his tone and bearing, as if trying to live up to the part. Much of his success has been due to daring, and I think much of the daring has been due to the possession of this idea. At any rate, the notion stuck in his mind. After he had become prominent in Chicago, the Australian visited that city and again suggested it to him. Dowie talked it over with some of his elders, and they were delighted to think that this man whom they revered and loved might be something greater than even they had suspected. So, before he opened his city, he announced that he had had a conviction that it was true, and that God had sent him upon earth to prepare for the second coming of Christ. He was not Elijah reincarnate,—he carefully avoided that suggestion,—but he claimed to speak in "the spirit of Elijah," which to his people meant the same

thing. Forthwith, having become a prophet, he prophesied that the new city in which he was about to sell them lots would become the capital of the world, the starting-point of the restoration, the city from which God would personally direct the affairs of his kingdom when he should take charge. This event was even said to be a matter of very few years, perhaps not more than twenty-five.

This is Dowie to-day—a small, bald-headed, pleasant-faced gentleman, stout, well fed, and possessed of a pair of keen eyes that pierce through whomsoever looks into them. Having started his enterprises, he works for them with his whole mind, and often, so he tells me, spends twenty hours of the twenty-four at his work. He has thirty-eight departments in his church, and supervises them so closely that not even in the lace-works is an item of more than five dollars allowed to pass without his personal audit. He speaks many times each week to his people in a temporary tabernacle which seats six thousand people, and which is usually crowded. He leads meetings at all hours. And regularly he collects the ailing together, and lays hands on them and “restores” them. There are already two large hotels full of people who have gone to Zion to be near the healer.

This sanatorium business has always been an important factor in Dowie's progress. He began in 1893, when he opened a “Divine Healing Home,” which was in reality nothing more than a boarding-house in which there was much praying. Every morning he gathered the inmates, and preached and prayed with them and laid hands on them; and every week Mrs. Dowie collected the board money. There was no extra charge for the prayers; for, like some other faith-healers who have gone before him, Dowie maintains the rule of never charging for his services as mediator between the ailing and the Source of Health. He insists that not he, but God, accomplishes the cure. But his recompense flows in from those whose gratitude leads them to send checks and cash to the man who directed them to this “true way.” These checks are sometimes very large, but in no case does Dowie allow them to be presented to him as fees or as his due. They must always come as free offerings of gratitude and good will.

With all his persuasiveness, with all his power of organization, Dowie could never have attained his present position had he not accomplished much in this line of healing. Cures certainly have followed his minis-

trations, as, in susceptible cases, they always have followed and always will follow the conviction on the part of the ailing that the ailment has passed away. Gladly convinced that such healing is the will of God, the patients come to him with their minds made up for just this impression. The reaction that follows his command to “be whole” is quick, and certain of quick result. We do not yet entirely understand this control of the body by the mind: until we do, such men as Dowie will be able to persuade many that there is a supernatural element in it.

There is, for example, the case of the daughter of Mr. Charles J. Barnard, manager of Zion Bank and financial head, under Dowie, of all the Zion institutions. The story was told to me by Mr. Barnard, who is an educated gentleman of quiet and refined manner, a consistent Christian, and was formerly a member of the Presbyterian church of Oak Park, Illinois. He had for twenty years been employed by a national bank of Chicago, and was its head clerk.

“Six years ago,” said he, “my daughter was twelve years old. She was a sweet child, and my wife and I were devoted to her. She became afflicted with curvature of the spine. It progressed, in spite of physicians, until her head was drawn far back and she was in constant agony. We called in many doctors and surgeons, among the latter consulting the most eminent in the country, and were told by all that there was no hope for her. If she lived, she would be a cripple for life.

“Any father or mother can easily understand our grief when we were told that. We determined to move heaven and earth to have her cured. We investigated every means of healing that we could learn of—Christian science, osteopathy, and everything else. At last we heard of some one who had been cured by Dr. Dowie. We determined to listen to him. We did so, and after long study of the Bible became convinced that he was right and that God was willing to heal all who believed in Jesus. We believed; so did our daughter. We went to Dr. Dowie, and he laid hands on her and prayed. Instantly her pain departed from her, and to this day it has not returned. Her back became straight, and she is to-day a healthy, happy, and entirely well young woman, and the joy of our hearts. Understanding that it is any wonder to you that we follow Dr. Dowie with undying love, and obey his wishes even before they are uttered, if we can guess them?”

Deacon Peckham, cashier of the bank,

had a similar experience in his family. Mrs. Peckham was excruciatingly ill in their Indiana home, where her husband was bank cashier and deacon in the Baptist church. Her ailment was diagnosed as an ovarian tumor, and many physicians treated her for it without success. As in the Barnard case, Dowie was tried as a last resort. The Peck-



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.
AN ENGLISH LACE-WORKER.

hams went to Chicago, and listened to Dowie at a public meeting. They went to a cure meeting, and saw what appeared to be marvels worked before them, and Mrs. Peckham was convinced that she could be cured in the same way. She was removed to the Zion Home, and there Dr. Dowie prayed over her and laid hands on her.

"You will hardly credit it," says her husband, "and I would not if I had not seen it, but the swelling of the tumor was so reduced that night that I could put my two fists in the slack of her waistband. A hollow appeared where the swelling had been. The tumor was dissolved, and my wife was permanently cured."

Peckham went back to Indiana, and, remaining in the church by Dowie's advice, spread the doctrine of divine healing among its members. He built up a colony of them, all remaining under the shelter of the church until a new pastor came who told them they must give it up or get out. They chose the latter alternative and withdrew, forming a branch church of Zion, and contributing their tithes regularly to Dowie.

In both of these typical cases it will be seen that the common elements of cure by suggestion were present.

If Dowie's cures have made him, why have not his failures unmade him?—for Dowie has failed in many instances. If God will cure, why does he not always do so when the ailing believe? It is true that most of those who come to Dowie have "suffered much of many physicians and have been nothing benefited" (a favorite quotation of Dowie's). Cases of consumption, tumor, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, whether rightly or wrongly diagnosed as such, are brought to him as a last resort. If he cures such cases, the marvel is for all to see; if he fails, it is only to be expected. For those willing to believe that is a ready excuse; but for the less credulous Dowie has still a reason. It is not true that God is all-powerful. If he were, there would be no evil in the world. Disease is evil, and so is death. These things are the work of a real, live, active devil, who is fighting God at every turn. When a person has not absolute and unquestioning faith in God, the devil gets control of him. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." And if one does not believe with one's whole mind and without trace of hesitation, he is apt to go the devil's way.

This is not to be construed as meaning that the unbelieving spends the next life with the devil. That question is to be considered entirely aside from the problem of dying. There was, for instance, the case of Mrs. H. Worthington Judd, one of Dowie's most noteworthy failures. Mrs. Judd was a conscientious Christian worker, a woman with the respect and admiration of all who knew her. She had brought her husband into the church, getting him first to hear Dowie, and then letting the power of the latter win him away from the Masonic order, and from an overfondness for drink and other bad ways. Mrs. Judd was expecting confinement. She sat on the grass and caught cold. Taken with sudden pains, she sent for a maternity deaconess and later for Dr. Dowie. Prayers were offered for her, but her agony increased, and at last she died. Dowie and others were held by the coroner's jury as responsible for her death, and the grand jury made an investigation. Surgeons testified that there had been no confinement, but that a hemorrhage of the brain had caused death. The case was one impossible of cure to modern surgery and medicine. Under a doctor's care Mrs. Judd must have died. They could only

have prevented her suffering by the use of drugs. So the jury released Dowie.

But if impossible to doctors, why so to God? That was a question the ever-ready newspapers asked of Dowie. And his answer was ready. The cure of Mrs. Judd, ardent Christian worker, was impossible to God because she helped the devil by lack of faith. It was an easy explanation to make, and the faithful accepted it. I have not yet encountered any man capable of successfully contradicting it. "If one has not sufficient faith, God cannot cure him. Mrs. Judd had not, and she died," says Dowie. "How do you know she had not?" one asks. "Because she died." Unable to believe that Mr. Judd would hold such an opinion, I applied to him.

"Yes, it is true," he said sadly. "Only the day before she told me she feared she would not live long. She did not fully believe that God would cure her. She had not faith. The devil was too strong. Death, you know, is his, and Revelation says it is the last thing Christ will conquer."

In many other cases Dowie has failed to keep members of his flock alive. In some instances the law has stepped in and demanded an investigation, but always Dowie has been proved blameless. There was a Mrs. Flanders who died in childbirth, but Dowie showed that the blood-poisoning set in after his elders had been driven away by her husband. A woman from South Chicago, who was badly burned, "did not wish to live," and starved herself to death in Zion Home. But the greatest misfortune of all was the recent death of Dowie's own daughter Esther, aged twenty-one.

Miss Esther Dowie was a student at the University of Chicago, and was her father's favorite. In May of this year she arose early one morning to prepare for a breakfast at which, as the representative of her father, she was to welcome the young Booth-Clibborn, coming to make a report upon the Dowie, which, if favorable, would induce his parents to leave the Salvation Army for Zion. The event was an important one, and Miss Dowie, a comely young woman, prepared with care. She lighted an alcohol-lamp and was curling her hair, when the wind blew her nightdress into the flame, and before help could come she was badly burned from head to foot. She lingered in agony all day. Dowie and his elders prayed by her bedside, and at last Dr. Speicher, a licensed physician who has embraced Dowieism, was allowed to apply vaseline and bandages. It was found that Miss Dowie had inhaled flame,

and that night she died. Yet before she died she begged her father's forgiveness for sinning, and sent word to his people to obey him carefully, lest death come to them also. For one of Dowie's strictest commandments is against the use of alcohol in any form, and he had repeatedly forbidden her to use it in the lamp. In that moment Dowie was supreme. His people in all lands sent messages of condolence and of renewed love to



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.
DOWIE USING THE PRAYING-MACHINE.

him, and reverently accepted Esther's message. And Dowie, with tears streaming from his eyes, and with a heart almost broken, stood beside her body and prayed, not that God would help him to persuade his people that there was a rational excuse for failure to cure the young woman, but that he would forgive Esther, who had sinned against him. The death caused great grief in Zion; but the failure to cure caused not a ripple of questioning, though in Chicago it was thought it would destroy Dowie's power.

Another frequently used excuse for inability to cure is the patient's failure to tithe. Every Dowieite must contribute to the church a tenth of his increase, and this tenth is rigorously looked after. The whole amount is something enormous; yet no account of it is rendered by Dowie except to say to his people that it is all spent in the service of the church, and that for his personal living he depends upon the free-will

offerings of his people aside from tithes. It is well to add that all his enterprises are part of the church, so that whatever he puts the money into, all comes under that head. But the tithes are paid willingly by his people, and indeed one does not wonder at that so much when one understands some of the factors that combine to make the tithing habit a pleasant one.

In the first place, Dowie cuts off the tobacco and liquor bills, among the heaviest that the American people pay. He forbids card-playing and theater-going, and encourages outdoor games and cheap recreations. He directs his people strictly according to the scriptural ritual for clean living. He cuts off all doctors' and drug bills, including the patent-medicine bills, which eat into the incomes of thousands of people. He convinces the ailing that they are well, and sends them cheerfully about their tasks. By a combination of all these things the Dowieites find themselves experiencing a spiritual and physical regeneration that other less militant churches would do well to study. Prosperity naturally comes to such an eager, clean, industrious people. Added to that, Zion works for Zion, so that the efforts of each increase the prosperity of all. Dowie is easily able to persuade his followers that out of all this well-being they should give him, in custody for the Lord, at least a tenth. If they are not convinced, he thrusts them out of the church, Zion's support is withdrawn, and the bad debtor is eager to get back by paying up in full.

Zion believes that Dowie is a prophet; Chicago believes that he is a "fake." I be-

lieve him to be sincere; yet I must admit that he uses all the methods of the charlatan. He possesses a clock stamping-machine. When he receives a request for prayer for the sick, he puts it in this machine, and stamps it, for example, "Prayed May 10, 3 P.M. John A. Dowie." If the patient gets better about that time, he has a record to show what did it. When he receives a request from a man, say, in Boston to pray for a sick wife, he calls up the husband, or, better yet, the wife, on the long-distance telephone, and prays before the receiver, in order that the effect of his words may be felt. In his spare moments he preaches and prays into a phonograph, reproduces the records by a new invention he has recently secured, and advertises that his followers in far-off Australia may now hear his voice conducting services, at so much a service to defray the cost of making the record and forwarding it. He controls a well-known photographer, and has had a lens made large enough for life-size portraits, and has such a picture of himself. In addition, he has a photograph of himself for every time he turns about, and puts one on every periodical or pamphlet that he sends out. He has a robed choir of several hundreds to draw attention to his tabernacle, invests everything he does with impressive ceremonials, drives behind fine horses, lives in style, and can be seen only on special appointment. He advertises as a testimonial a letter from a woman in Indiana who sent him a dollar she earned by scrubbing floors, though she was in sore need herself. He is already planning for his monument a reproduction of the temple of Solomon.

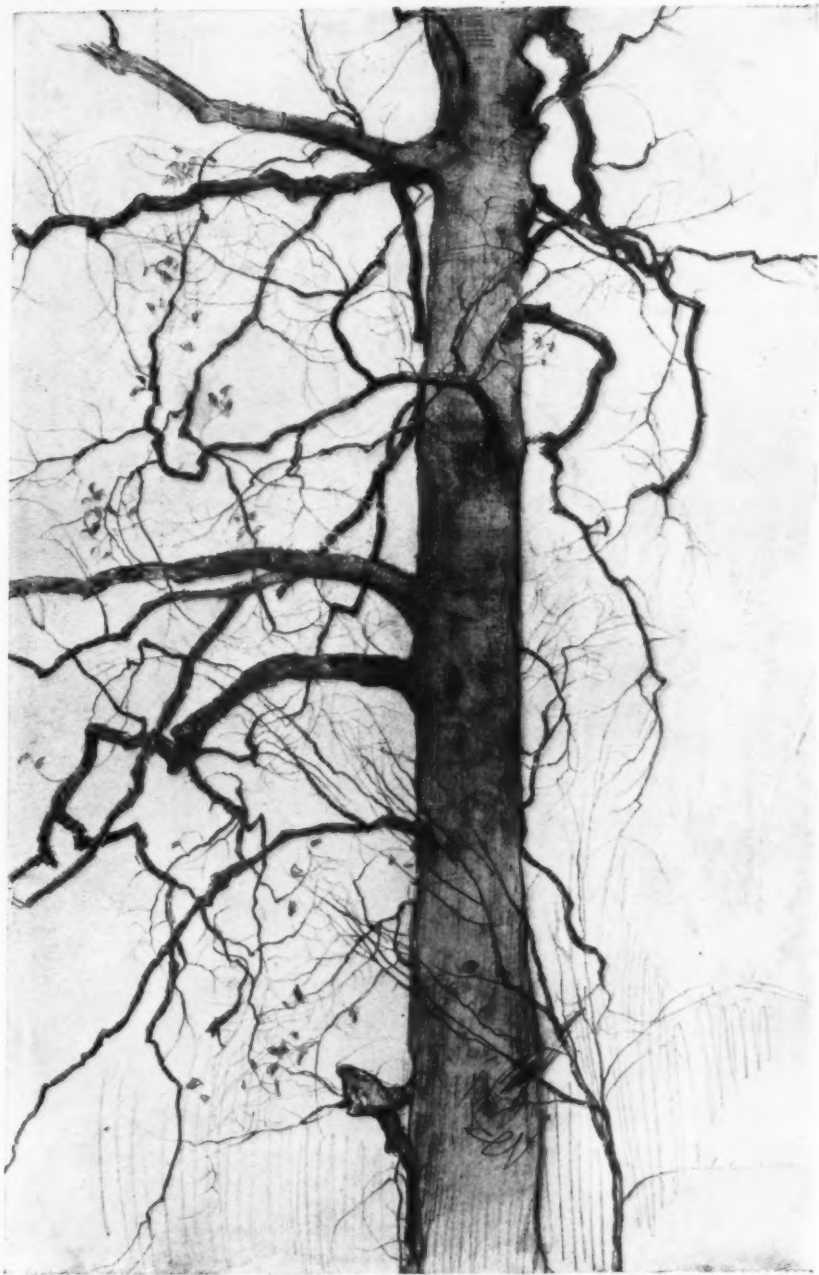
THE UNLEAFED BEECH.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

IF any say that Beauty parts from thee
When frost and wind thy summer honors steal,
Stand forth, O beech, that such an one may see
Beauty as great thy leafage did conceal!

Lo, thou, the West Wind's lithe antagonist,
Art quick to strife, but when his force is spent,
As in a garment meshed of autumn mist
Thy branches sleep in silver-gray content.

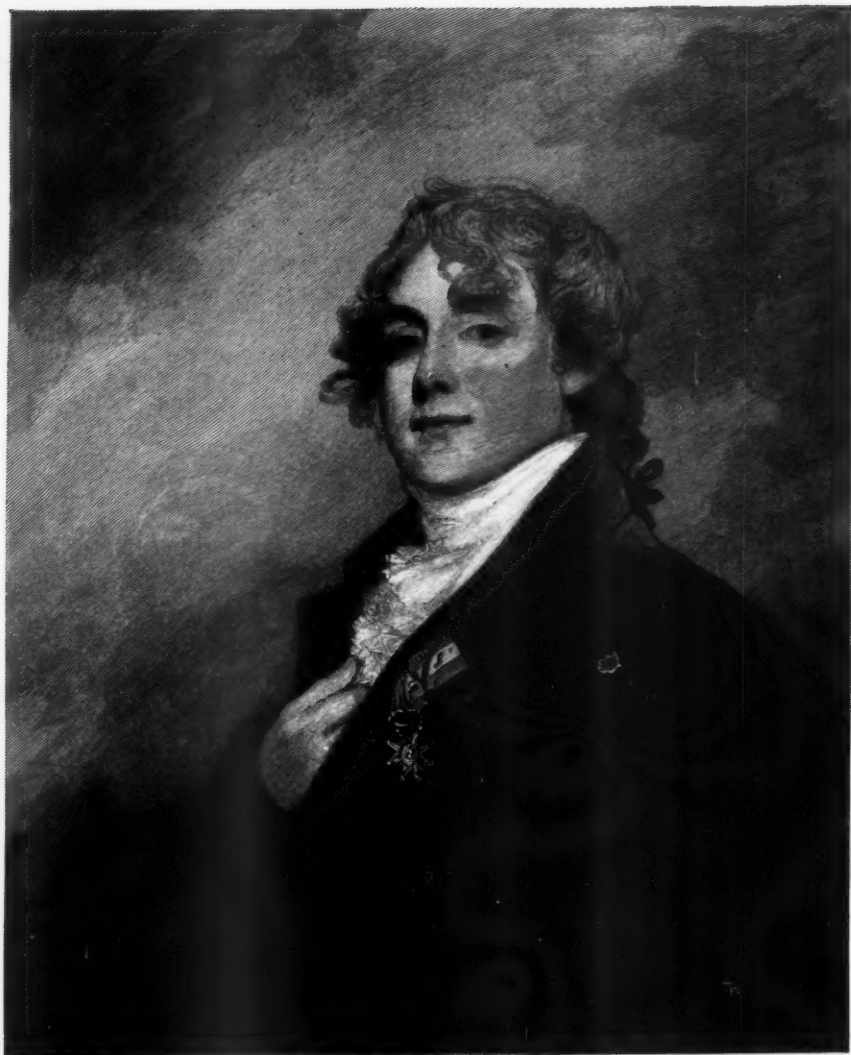
By all the crowning summers thou hast shed,
By all thy well-fought winters, dauntless tree,
Drop benisons upon thy lover's head,
And share thy strength, thy grace, thy hope, with me!



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"THE UNLEAFED BEECH." (STOWE, VERMONT.)

DRAWN BY C. M. TABER.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF MRS. THOMAS MCKEAN, PHILADELPHIA.

CHEVALIER D'YRUJO.

(THE CENTURY'S SERIES OF GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN.)

A SPANISH OPPONENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

CHEVALIER D'YRUJO.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1898, I gave, as the third of Stuart's Portraits of Women, that of Sally McKean, Marchioness Yrujo, and said: "Stuart painted two portraits of the Marchioness d'Yrujo and two of her distinguished husband; but whether the pictures are different, or one merely a replica of the other, I am unable to say, one of each being in Spain, and one of each in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia, a great-grandnephew of the marchioness." Subsequently I learned that Stuart had painted three portraits of each of them, and recently, through the courtesy of the Duke of Sotomayor, who owns two of them, in Madrid, where his sister also possesses two, I have received photographs of these paintings which show that each is a different and original portrait, those of the marchioness appearing to be even finer paintings than the one reproduced, while I should give the preference to the American portrait of the marquis, reproduced in this number, and which is one of Stuart's most exquisite works.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, an excellent authority, once said of this portrait: "A more attractive youthful head was never put on canvas, and no painter who ever lived could have shown more spirit in the pose or more vitality in the audacious glance of the eye; while the daring expedient of relieving the head and the brown velvet coat against a background of cloud-flecked blue sky has resulted in a singular freshness and charm of color." The portrait is actually buoyant and exuberant with life, characteristics not lost in Mr. Wolf's admirable engraving.

Señor Don Carlos Martinez d'Yrujo y Tacon was born at Cartagena, Spain, December 4, 1763. He was educated at the University of Salamanca, entered the diplomatic service, and arrived in Philadelphia, the seat of government, June, 1796, as his Catholic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States. At the inauguration of John Adams, the following March, a contemporary described the minister as "of middle size, of round person, florid complexion, and hair

powdered like a snowball; dark, striped silk coat lined with satin, white waistcoat, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles. He had by his side an elegant-hilted small sword, and his chapeau, tipped with white feathers, under his arm." William Cobbett, under his pseudonym of Peter Porcupine, libeled the minister, calling him, whom he nicknamed Don Yarico, "a fop, half don and half sans culotte"; for which the Spaniard sued him, but on the trial before Chief Justice McKean, the Chevalier's father-in-law, Cobbett was acquitted.

In 1803 he was ennobled, being created Marquis en Casa Yrujo. He is thus described by Henry Adams: "Proud as a typical Spaniard should be, and mingling an infusion of vanity with his pride, irascible, headstrong; indiscreet as was possible for a diplomatist, and afraid of no prince or president; young, able, quick, and aggressive; devoted to his king and country; a flighty and dangerous friend, but a most troublesome enemy; always in difficulties, but, in spite of fantastic outbursts, always respectable." The marquis protested strongly against the Louisiana purchase, on the novel ground that we had bought stolen goods of which Spain was the rightful owner. He subsequently made strong opposition to the purchase of Florida, which culminated in an open quarrel, and the recall of the marquis was requested by this government. He left Washington, but a few months later returned, when he was requested by the Secretary of State to withdraw. To which he replied: "I intend remaining in the city four miles square in which the government resides as long as it may suit the interests of the king my master or my own personal convenience." The marquis remained in this country, by way of bravado, for nearly a year, when he was sent to Rio Janeiro, as envoy to Brazil. Later he was minister at Paris, and then became First Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He died of apoplexy, in Madrid, January 17, 1824. He had three children, born in America. The representative of the family is his grandson, the present Duke of Sotomayor.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
BUST OF THE CARDIFF GIANT.

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A REMARKABLE DECEPTION.

BY THE HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

IN the autumn of 1869 the peaceful valley of Onondaga, in central New York, was in commotion from one end to the other. Strange reports echoed from farm to farm. It was noised abroad that a great stone statue or petrified giant had been dug up near the little hamlet of Cardiff, almost at the southern extremity of the valley; and soon, despite the fact that the crops were not yet gathered and the elections not yet over, men, women, and children were hurrying from Syracuse and from the farm-houses along the valley to the scene of the great discovery.

I had been absent in a distant State for some weeks, but on my return to Syracuse, meeting one of the most substantial citizens, a highly respected deacon in the Presbyterian Church, formerly a county judge, I asked him, in a jocose way, about the new object of interest, fully expecting that he would join me in a laugh over it; but, to my surprise, he became at once very solemn. He

said: "I assure you that this is no laughing matter; it is a very serious thing indeed. There is no question that an amazing discovery has been made. I advise you to go down and see what you think of it."

Next morning my brother and I, in a light buggy drawn by a fast trotter, were speeding through the valley to the scene of the discovery. As we went we saw more and more, on every side, evidences of enormous popular interest. The roads were crowded with buggies, carriages, and even omnibuses from the city, and with lumber-wagons from the farms. In about two hours we arrived at the Newell place, and found a gathering which at first sight seemed like a county fair. In the midst was a tent, and a crowd was pressing for admission. Entering, we saw a large pit or grave, and at the bottom of it, perhaps five feet below the surface, an enormous figure, apparently of Onondaga gray limestone. It was a stout giant, with massive features, the whole body nude, the

limbs contracted as if in agony. It had a color as if it had lain long in the earth, and over its surface were minute punctures like pores. A special appearance of great age was given it by deep grooves and channels in its under side, apparently worn by the water which was flowing in streams through the earth and along the rock on which the figure rested. Lying in its grave, with the subdued light from the roof of the tent falling upon it, and with the limbs contorted as if in a death-struggle, it produced a most weird effect. An air of great solemnity pervaded the place. Visitors hardly spoke above a whisper.

Coming out, I asked some questions, and was told that the farmer who lived hard by had discovered the figure when digging a well. Being asked my opinion, my answer was that the whole matter was undoubtedly a hoax: that there was no reason why the farmer should dig a well on the spot where the figure was found; that it was convenient neither to the house nor to the barn; that there was already a good spring and a stream of water running conveniently to both; that as to the figure itself, it certainly could not have been carved by any prehistoric race, since no part of it showed the characteristics of any such early work; that, rude as it was, it betrayed the qualities of a modern performance of a low order.

Nor could it be a fossilized human being; in this all scientific observers of any note agreed. There was ample evidence, to one who had seen much sculpture, that it was carved, and that the man who carved it, though by no means possessed of genius or talent, had seen casts, engravings, or photographs of noted sculptures. The figure in size, in massiveness, in the drawing up of the limbs, and in its roughened surface, vaguely reminded one of Michelangelo's "Night" and "Morning." Of course the difference between this crude figure and those great Medicean statues was infinite; and yet it seemed to me that the man who had carved this figure must have received a hint from those.

It was also clear that the figure was not intended to be considered an idol or a monumental statue. There was no pedestal of any sort on which it could stand, and the disposition of the limbs and their contortions were not such as any sculptor would dream of in a figure to be set up for worship or admiration. That it was intended to be taken as a fossilized giant was indicated by the fact that it was made as nearly like a human

being as the limited powers of the stone-carver permitted, and that it was covered with minute imitations of pores.

That it was a petrified human being of colossal size soon became a very generally accepted opinion, in spite of all scientific reasons to the contrary, and it became known as the "Cardiff Giant."

One thing seemed to argue strongly in favor of its antiquity, and I felt bound to confess, to those who asked my opinion, that it puzzled me. This was the fact that the surface water flowing beneath it in its grave seemed to have deeply grooved and channeled it on the under side. Now, the Onondaga gray limestone is hard and substantial, and on that very account is used in the locks upon canals. For the running of surface water to wear such channels in it would require centuries.

Against the opinion that the figure was a hoax various arguments were used. It was insisted, first, that the farmer had not the ability to devise such a fraud; second, that he had not the means to execute it; third, that his family had lived there steadily for many years, and were ready to declare, under oath, that they had never seen the figure, and had known nothing of it, until it was accidentally discovered; fourth, that the neighbors had never seen or heard of it; fifth, that it was preposterous to suppose that such an enormous mass of stone could have been brought and buried in the place without some one finding it out; sixth, that the deep grooves and channels worn in it by the surface water proved its vast antiquity.

To these considerations others were soon added. Especially interesting was it to observe the evolution of myth and legend. Within a week after the discovery full-blown statements appeared to the effect that the neighboring Indians had abundant traditions of giants who formerly roamed over the hills of Onondaga; and finally the circumstantial story was evolved that an Onondaga squaw had declared, "in an impressive manner," that the statue was "undoubtedly the petrified body of a gigantic Indian prophet who flourished many centuries ago and foretold the coming of the pale-faces, and who, just before his own death, said to those about him that their descendants would see him again."¹ To this were added the reflections of many good people who found in it all an edifying confirmation of the biblical text, "There were giants in those days." There was, indeed, an undercurrent of skepticism among

¹ See "The Cardiff Giant Humbug," p. 13 (Fort Dodge, Iowa, 1870).

the harder heads in the valley, but the prevailing opinion in the region at large was more and more in favor of the idea that the object was a fossilized human being, a giant of "those days." Such was the rush to see the figure that the admission receipts were very large; it was even stated that they amounted to five per cent. upon three millions of dollars. And soon came active men from the neighboring region who proposed to purchase the figure and exhibit it throughout the country.

The leading spirit in this "syndicate" deserves mention. He was a horse-dealer in a large way, and a banker in a small way, from a village in the next county; a man keen and shrewd, but merciful and kindly, who had fought his way up from abject poverty, and whose fundamental principle, as he asserted it, was: "Do unto others as they would like to do unto you, and *do it fast*."¹

A joint-stock concern was formed, with a considerable capital, and an eminent showman, "Colonel" Wood, was employed to exploit the wonder.

A week after my first visit I again went to the place by invitation. In the crowd on that day were many men of light and leading from neighboring towns, among them some who made pretensions to scientific knowledge. The figure lying in its grave deeply impressed all, and as a party of us came away a most estimable doctor of divinity, pastor of one of the largest churches in Syracuse, said very impressively: "Is it not strange that any human being, after seeing this wonderfully preserved figure, can deny the evidence of his senses, and refuse to believe, what is so evidently the fact, that we have here a fossilized human being, perhaps one of the giants mentioned in Scripture?"

Another visitor, a bright-looking lady, was heard to declare: "Nothing in the world can ever make me believe that he was not once a living being. Why, you can see the veins in his legs!"²

Another prominent clergyman declared with *ex cathedra* emphasis: "This is not a thing contrived of man, but is the face of one who lived on the earth, the very image and child of God";³ and a writer to one of the most important daily papers of the region dwelt on the "majestic simplicity and gran-

deur of the figure," and added: "It is not unsafe to affirm that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who have seen this wonder have become immediately and instantly impressed with the idea that they were in the presence of an object not made by mortal hands. No piece of sculpture ever produced the awe inspired by this blackened form. . . . I venture to affirm that no living sculptor can be produced who will say that the figure was conceived and executed by any human being."⁴

The current of belief ran more and more strongly, and soon embraced a large number of really thoughtful people. A week or two after my first visit there came from Albany a deputation of regents of the State University, including especially Dr. Woolworth, the secretary, a man of large educational experience, and no less a personage in the scientific world than Dr. James Hall, the State geologist, perhaps the most eminent American paleontologist of that period.

On their arrival at Syracuse I met them, and discussed with them the subject which so interested us all, urging them to be cautious, and reminding them that a mistake might prove very injurious to the reputation of the regents and to the proper standing of scientific men and methods in the State; that if the matter should turn out to be a fraud, and such eminent authorities should be found to have committed themselves to it, there would be a guffaw from one end of the country to the other at the expense of the men intrusted by the State with its scientific and educational interests. Next day they went to Cardiff. They came, they saw, and they narrowly escaped being conquered. Luckily they did not give their sanction to the idea that the statue was a petrification; but Professor Hall was induced to say: "To all appearance the statue lay upon the gravel when the decomposition of the fine silt or soil began, upon the surface of which the forests have grown for succeeding generations. Altogether it is the most remarkable object brought to light in this country, and, although not dating back to the stone age, is, nevertheless, deserving of the attention of archaeologists."⁵

At no period of my life have I ever been more discouraged regarding the possibility

¹ For a picture both amusing and pathetic of the doings of this man, and also of life in these central New York villages, see "David Harum," a novel by E. N. Westcott (New York, 1898).

² See letter of the Hon. Galusha Parsons, Fort Dodge pamphlet.

³ See Mr. Stockbridge's article in the "Popular Science Monthly," June, 1878.

⁴ See "The American Goliath," p. 16 (Syracuse, 1869).

⁵ See his letter of October 23, 1869, in the Syracuse papers.

of making right reason prevail among men. As a refrain to every argument there seemed to run jeering and sneering through my brain Schiller's famous line:

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.

(Against stupidity the gods are powerless.)

There seemed no possibility even of *suspending* the judgment of the great majority who saw the statue. As a rule, they insisted on believing it a "petrified giant," and those who did not dwell on its perfections as an ancient statue. They saw in it a whole catalogue of fine quality, and one writer went into such extreme ecstasies that he suddenly realized the fact, and ended by saying: "But this is rather too high-flown, so I had better conclude." As a matter of fact, the work was wretchedly defective in proportion and features. In every characteristic of sculpture it showed itself simply the work of an inferior stone-carver.

Dr. Boynton, a local lecturer on scientific subjects, gave it the highest praise as a work of art, and attributed it to early Jesuit missionaries who had come into that region about two hundred years before. Another gentleman, who united the character of a deservedly beloved pastor with that of an inspiring popular lecturer on various scientific topics, developed this Boynton theory. He attributed the statue to "a trained sculptor . . . who had noble original powers; for none but such could have formed and wrought out the conception of that stately head, with its calm smile so full of mingled sweetness and strength." This writer then ventured the query: "Was it not, as Dr. Boynton suggests, some one from that French colony, . . . some one with a righteous soul sighing over the lost civilization of Europe, weary of swamp and forest and fort, who, finding this block by the side of the stream, solaced the weary days of exile with pouring out his thought upon the stone?"¹ Although the most eminent sculptor in the State had utterly refused to pronounce the figure anything beyond a poor piece of carving, these strains of admiration and adoration continued.

There was evidently a "joy in believing" in the marvel, and this was increased by the peculiarly American superstition that the correctness of a belief is decided by the number of people who can be induced to adopt it—that truth is a matter of majorities. The current of credulity seemed irresistible.

Shortly afterward the statue was raised from its grave, taken to Syracuse and to various other cities, including the city of New York, and in each place exhibited as a show.

As already stated, there was but one thing in the figure, as I had seen it, which puzzled me, and that was the grooving of the under side, apparently by currents of water, which, as the statue appeared to be of our Onondaga gray limestone, would require very many years. But one day one of the cool-headed skeptics of the valley, an old schoolmate of mine, came to me, and, with an air of great solemnity, took from his pocket an object which he carefully unrolled from its wrappings, and said: "There is a piece of the giant. Careful guard has been kept from the first in order to prevent people touching it, but I have managed to get a piece of it, and here it is." I took it in my hand, and the matter was made clear in an instant. The stone was not our hard Onondaga gray limestone, but soft, easily marked with the finger-nail, and, on testing it with an acid, I found it not hard carbonate of lime, but a friable sulphate of lime, a sort of gypsum, which must have been brought from some other part of the country.

A healthful skepticism now asserted its rights. Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale appeared upon the scene. Fortunately, he was not only one of the most eminent of living paleontologists, but, unlike most who had given an opinion, he really knew something of sculpture, for he was familiar with the best galleries of the Old World. He examined the statue, and said: "It is of very recent origin, and a most decided humbug. . . . Very short exposure of the statue would suffice to obliterate all trace of tool-marks, and also to roughen the polished surfaces; but these are still quite perfect, and hence the giant must have been very recently buried. . . . I am surprised that any scientific observers should not have at once detected the unmistakable evidence against its antiquity."²

Various suspicious circumstances presently became known. It was found that Farmer Newell had just remitted to a man named Hull, at some place in the West, several thousand dollars, the result of admission fees to the booth containing the figure, and that nothing had come in return. Thinking men in the neighborhood reasoned that as Newell had never been in condition to owe any human being such an amount of

¹ See the Syracuse daily papers as above. ² See Professor Marsh's letter in the "Syracuse Daily Journal," November 30, 1869.

money, and had received nothing in return for it, his correspondent had not unlikely something to do with the statue. These suspicions were soon confirmed. The neighboring farmers, who in their quiet way kept their eyes open, noted a tall, lank person who frequently visited the place, and who seemed to exercise a complete control over Farmer Newell. Soon it was learned that this stranger was the man Hull,—Newell's brother-in-law,—the same to whom the latter had made the large remittance of admission money. One day two or three farmers from a distance, visiting the place for the first time, and seeing Hull, said: "Why, that is the man who brought the big box down the valley." On being asked what they meant, they said that, being one evening in a tavern on the valley turnpike, some miles above Cardiff, they had noticed under the tavern-shed a wagon bearing an enormous box, and when they met Hull in the bar-room and asked about it, he said that it was some tobacco-cutting machinery which he was bringing to Syracuse. Other farmers, who had seen the box and talked with Hull at different places on the road between Binghamton and Cardiff, made similar statements. It was then ascertained that no such box had passed the toll-gates between Cardiff and Syracuse, and proofs of the swindle began to mature.

But skepticism was not well received. Vested interests had accrued; a considerable number of people, most of them very good people, had taken stock in the new enterprise, and anything which discredited it was unwelcome to them.

It was not at all that they wished to countenance an imposture, but it had become so entwined with their beliefs and their interests that at last they came to abhor any skepticism regarding it. A pamphlet was now issued in behalf of the wonder—"The American Goliath." On its title-page it claimed to give "The History of the Discovery, and the Opinions of Scientific Men Thereon." The tone of the book was moderate, but its tendency was evident. Only letters and newspaper articles exciting curiosity or favoring the genuineness of the statue were admitted; adverse testimony, like that of Professor Marsh, was carefully excluded.

Before long the matter entered upon a comical phase. The great Barnum attempted to purchase the "giant"; but in vain. He then had a copy made so nearly resembling the original that no one, save possibly an

expert, could distinguish between them. This new statue was also exhibited as the Cardiff Giant, and thenceforward the credit of the discovery declined.

The catastrophe now approached rapidly, and soon affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois established the fact that the figure was made at Fort Dodge, in Iowa, of a great block of gypsum there found; that this block was transported by land to the nearest railway-station, Boone, about forty-five miles distant; that on the way the wagon conveying it broke down, and that, as no other could be found strong enough to bear the whole weight, a portion of the block was cut off; that, thus diminished, it was taken to Chicago, where a German stone-carver gave it final shape; that, as it had been shortened, he was obliged to draw up the lower limbs, thus giving it a strikingly contracted and agonized appearance; that the under side of the figure was grooved and channeled, that it should appear to be wasted by age; that it was then dotted or pitted over with minute pores by means of a leaden mallet faced with steel needles; that it was stained with some preparation which gave it an appearance of great age; that it was then shipped to a place near Binghamton, New York, and finally brought to Cardiff, and there buried. It further came out that Hull, in order to secure his brother-in-law, Farmer Newell, as his confederate in burying the statue, had sworn him to secrecy, and in order that the family might testify that they had never heard or seen anything of the statue until it had been unearthed, he had sent them away on a little excursion covering the time when it was brought and buried. All these facts were established by affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois, by the sworn testimony of various Onondaga farmers and men of business, and finally by the admissions, and even boasts, of Hull himself.

Against this tide of truth the good people who had pinned their faith to the statue, those who had vested interests in it, and those who had rashly given solemn opinions in favor of it, struggled, for a time, desperately. A writer in the Syracuse "Journal" expressed a sort of regretful wonder and shame that "the public are asked to overthrow the sworn testimony of sustained witnesses, corroborated by the highest scientific authority," the only sworn witnesses being Farmer Newell, whose testimony was not at all conclusive, and the "highest scientific authority" being an eminent local den-

tist, who, early in his life, had given popular chemical lectures, and who had now invested money in the enterprise.

The same writer referred also with awe to "the men of sense, property, and character who own the giant and receive whatever revenue arises from its exhibition"; and the argument culminated in the oracular declaration that "the operations of water as testified and interpreted by science cannot create falsehood."¹

But all this pathetic eloquence was in vain. Hull, the inventor of the fraud, having realized more money from it than he had expected, and being sharp enough to see that its day was done, was evidently bursting with the desire to avert scorn from himself by bringing the laugh upon others, and especially upon the clergymen whom, as we shall see hereafter, he so greatly disliked. He now acknowledged that the whole matter was a swindle, and gave details of the way in which he came to embark in it. He avowed that the idea was suggested to him by a discussion with a revivalist in Iowa; that, being himself a skeptic in religious matters, he had flung at his antagonist "those remarkable stories in the Bible about giants"; that, observing how readily the revivalist and those with him took up the cudgels for the giants, it then and there occurred to him that, since so many people found pleasure in believing such things, he would have a statue carved out of a stone which he had found in Iowa, and pass it off on them as a petrified giant. In a later conversation he said that one thing which decided him was that the stone had in it dark-colored bluish streaks which resembled in appearance the veins of the human body. The evolution of the whole swindle thus became clear, simple, and natural.

Up to the time of this fraud Hull's remarkable cunning and trickiness had never availed him much. He had made various petty inventions, but had realized very little from them. He had then made some combinations against the internal revenue laws in the manufacture and sale of tobacco, and these had only brought him into trouble with the courts. But now, when the boundless resources of human credulity were suddenly revealed to him by the revivalist, he determined to exploit them. This evolution of his ideas strikingly resembles that through which the mind of a similarly worthless,

shiftless, tricky creature in western New York, Joseph Smith, must have passed forty years before, when he dug up the "golden plates" of the Book of Mormon, and found plenty of excellent people who rejoiced in believing that the Rev. Mr. Spalding's biblical novel was a new revelation from the Almighty.

The whole matter was thus fully laid open, and it might have been reasonably expected that thenceforward no human being would insist that the stone figure was anything but a swindle.

Not so. In the divinity school of Yale College, about the middle of the century, was a solemn, quiet, semi-jocose, semi-melancholy resident graduate, Alexander McWhorter. He had embarked in various matters which had not turned out very well. Hot water, ecclesiastical and social, seemed his favorite element. He was believed generally to secure most of his sleep during the day and to do most of his work during the night. A favorite object of his study was Hebrew. Various strange things had appeared from his pen, and, most curious of all, a little book entitled "Yahveh Christ," in which he had endeavored to demonstrate that the doctrine of the Trinity was to be found entangled in the consonants out of which former scholars made the word "Jehovah," and more recent scholars "Yahveh"; that this word, in fact, proved the doctrine of the Trinity.²

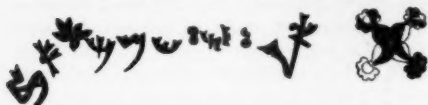
He now brought his intellect to bear upon the Cardiff Giant, and soon produced an amazing theory, developing it at length in a careful article. This theory was, simply, that the figure discovered at Cardiff was a Phenician idol; and Mr. McWhorter published, as the climax to all his proofs, the facsimile and translation of an inscription which he had discovered upon the figure—an inscription which he thought could leave no doubt in the mind of any person open to conviction.

That the whole thing was a swindle, confessed by all who took part in it, with full details as to its origin and development, seemed to him not worthy of the slightest mention. Regardless of all the facts in the case, he showed a pathetic devotion to his theory, and allowed his imagination the fullest play. He found, first of all, an inspiration of thirteen letters, "introduced by a large cross or star, the Assyrian index of the Deity."

¹ See letter of "X" in the "Syracuse Daily Journal," given in the Fort Dodge pamphlet, pp. 15, 16.

² See "Yahveh Christ, or the Memorial Name," by A. McWhorter, and see "Tammuz and the Mound-builders," in the "Galaxy," July, 1872, by the same author.

Before the last word of the inscription he found carved "a flower" which he regarded "as consecrated to the particular deity Tammuz, and at both ends of the inscription a serpent monogram and symbol of Baal."



SERPENT MONOGRAM AND SYMBOL OF BAAL.

This inscription he assumed as an evident fact, though no other human being had ever been able to see it. Even Professor White, M.D., of the Yale Medical School, with the best intentions in the world, was unable to find it. Dr. White was certainly not inclined to superficiality or skepticism. With "achromatic glasses, which magnified forty-five diameters," he examined the "pinholes" which covered the figure, and declared "the beautiful finish of every pore, or pinhole, appeared to me strongly opposed to the idea that the statue was of modern workmanship." He also thought he saw the markings which Mr. McWhorter conjectured might be an inscription, and said in a letter: "Though I saw no recent tool-marks, I saw evidences of design in the form and arrangement of the markings which suggested the idea of an inscription." And finally, having made these concessions, he ends his long letter with the very guarded statement that, "though not fully decided, I incline to the opinion that the Onondaga statue is of ancient origin."

But this mild statement did not daunt Mr. McWhorter. Having calmly pronounced Dr. White "in error," he proceeded with sublime disregard of every other human being. He found that the statue "belongs to the winged or 'cherubim' type"; that "down the left side of the figure are seen the outlines of folded wings, even the separate feathers being clearly distinguishable"; that the left side of the head is inexpressibly noble and majestic, and "conforms remarkably to the type of the head of the mound-builders"; that "the left arm terminates in what appears to be a huge extended lion's paw"; that "the dual idea expressed in the head is carried out in the figure"; that "in the wonderfully artistic mouth of the divine side we find a suggestion of that of the Greek Apollo." Mr. McWhorter also found other things that no other human being was ever able to discern, and among them "a crescent-

shaped wound upon the left side," "traces of ancient coloring" in all parts of the statue, and evidences that the minute pores were made by "borers." He lays great stress on an "ancient medal" found in Onondaga, which he thinks belongs "to the era of the mound-builders," and on which he finds a "circle inclosing an equilateral cross, both cross and circle, like the wheel of Ezekiel, being full of small circles, or eyes." As a matter of fact, this "ancient medal" was an English penny, which a street-urchin of Syracuse said that he found near the statue, and the "equilateral cross" was simply the well-known cross of St. George. Mr. McWhorter thinks the circle inclosing the cross denotes the "world soul," and in a dissertation of about twenty pages he discourses upon "Baal," "Tammuz," "King Hiram of Tyre," "The Ships of Tarshish," the "Eluli," and "Atlas," with plentiful arguments drawn from a multitude of authorities, among them Sanchuniathon, Ezekiel, Plato, Dr. Döllinger, Isaiah, Melancthon, Lenormant, Humboldt, Sir John Lubbock, and Don Domingo Juarros, finally satisfying himself that the statue was "brought over by the foreign colony of Phenicians," possibly several hundred years before Christ.¹

With the modesty of a true scholar he says: "Whether the final battle of Onondaga . . . occurred before or after this event we cannot tell." But, resuming confidence, he says: "We only know that at some distant period the great statue, brought in a 'ship of Tarshish' across the sea of Atl, was lightly covered with twigs and flowers, and these with gravel." The deliberations of the Pickwick Club over "Bill Stubs, his Mark" pale before this, and Dickens, in his most expansive moods, never conceived anything more funny than the long, solemn discussion between the erratic Hebrew scholar and the eminent medical professor at New Haven over the "pores" of the statue, which one of them thought the work of minute animals, which the other thought elaborate Phenician workmanship, which both thought exquisite, and which the maker of the statue had already confessed that he had made by striking the statue with a mallet faced with needles.

Mr. McWhorter's new theory made no great stir in the United States, though some, doubtless, found comfort in it; but it found one very eminent convert across the ocean, and in a place where he might least have expected him. Some ten years after the

¹ See the "Galaxy" article mentioned above.

event above sketched, while residing at Berlin as minister of the United States, I one day received, from an American student at the university at Halle, a letter stating that he had been requested, by no less a personage than the eminent Dr. Schlottmann, instructor of Hebrew in the theological school of that university, the successor of Gesenius in that branch of instruction, to write me for information regarding the Phenician statue described by Alexander McWhorter.

In reply I detailed to him the main points in the history of the case as it has been given in this paper, adding, as against the Phenician theory, that nothing in the nature of Phenician remains had ever been found within the borders of the United States, and that if they had been found, this remote valley, three hundred miles from the sea, barred from the coast by mountain-ranges, forests, and savage tribes, could never have been the place chosen by Phenician navigators for such a deposit; that the figure itself was clearly not a work of early art, but a crude development by an uncultured stone-cutter out of his remembrance of things in modern sculpture; and that the inscription was purely the creation of Mr. McWhorter's imagination.

In his acknowledgment my correspondent said that I had left no doubt in his mind as to the fact that the giant was a swindle, but that he had communicated my letter to the eminent Dr. Schlottmann, that the latter had avowed that I had not convinced him, and that he still believed the Cardiff figure to be a Phenician statue bearing a most important inscription.

One man emerged from this chapter in the history of human folly supremely happy. This was Hull, the inventor of the giant. He had at last made some money, had gained a reputation for "smartness," and, what probably pleased him most of all, had revenged himself upon the reverend gentleman at Ackley, Iowa, who had worsted him in the argument as to the giants mentioned in Scripture.

So elate was he that he shortly set about

devising another "petrified man" which should defy the world. It was of clay, baked in a furnace, contained human bones, and was provided with "a tail and legs of the ape type." This he caused to be buried and discovered in Colorado. This time he claimed to have the aid of one of his former foes, the great Barnum, and all went well until his old enemy, Professor Marsh of Yale, appeared. He blasted the whole enterprise by a few minutes of scientific observation and common-sense discourse.

Others tried to imitate Hull, and in 1876 one William Ruddock of Thornton, St. Clair County, Michigan, manufactured a small effigy in cement, and in due time brought about the discovery of it. But though several gentlemen used it to strengthen their arguments as to the literal, prosaic correctness of Genesis, it proved a failure. Finally, in 1889, twenty years after the Cardiff Giant was devised, a "petrified man" was found near Bathurst in Australia, brought to Sydney, and exhibited. The result was, in some measure, the same as in the case of the American fraud. Excellent people found comfort in believing, and sundry pseudo-scientific men of a cheap sort thought it best to pander to this sentiment; but a well-trained geologist pointed out the absurdity of the popular theory, and finally the police finished the matter by securing evidences of fraud.¹

To close these annals, I may add that recently the inventor of the Cardiff giant, Hull, being, at the age of seventy-six years, apparently in his last illness, and anxious for the fame which comes from successful achievement, has again given to the press a full account of his part in the original fraud, confirming what he had previously stated, showing how he planned it, executed it, and realized a goodly sum from it; how Barnum wished to purchase it from him; and how, above all, he had his joke at the expense of those who, though they had managed to overcome him in argument, had finally been rendered ridiculous in the sight of the whole country.²

¹ For the Ruddock "discovery" see Dr. G. A. Stockwell in the "Popular Science Monthly" for June, 1878. For the Australian fraud see the London "Times" of August 2, 1889. ² For Hull's "Final Statement" see the "Ithaca Daily Journal" of January 4, 1898.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.



SOCIETY is fast becoming richer than was foreshadowed in the most audacious dreams of the past. Measured by the standards of to-day, Cræsus was a person of very moderate fortune; and the revenues of kings are of small account compared with the incomes of the leading capitalists of the twentieth century. There are those who think that the recent production of wealth is abnormal and who are predicting a return to the old scale of values in the near future. There are, however, no signs of any reduction of energy, any decline of force, any exhaustion either of the genius which creates wealth or of the material out of which wealth is developed. There are, on the contrary, many things which indicate that society is in the early stages of a wealth-producing period the like of which has not only not occurred before, but has never been anticipated by the most sanguine men of affairs. Great changes will undoubtedly be made in the methods of distribution of wealth, but there will be no diminution in its production. Historic processes are now bearing the slow fruitage of time in the opening up of the entire globe, the drawing together of races in free competition in the field of the world, the discovery of the magical power of co-operation and combination and their application to commerce and trade on a great scale, and, above all, the application of science to business in all departments, from the uses of chemistry in manufacturing to the uses of electricity in swift communication and conveyance of goods.

It is probable that the severest test to which society is to be subjected lies before it in the opulence of the near future, and there is good ground for the forebodings of those who fear that in the greatness of their material fortunes the spiritual fortunes of men will suffer permanent eclipse. The great races have been great by virtue not of possessions, but of ideas, convictions, and character; and in this respect it is not dogmatic to affirm that history will repeat itself.

The problem of the near future will be to

keep the spirit in command of the body, the mind superior to the hand, the idea supreme above the material which gives it concrete expression. That problem will not be solved by any form of asceticism, by the preaching of poverty, by repression of the full and free play of human energy. Safety lies not in the mutilation of man as God made him, but in persuading him to accept a true scale of values, a real appraisal of his possessions. A complicated problem is never solved by going backward; it is solved by going forward. Society will not be saved by making it poor, but by making it strong. So long as the genius of man has such subtle powers of insight, discovery, and adaptation, and so long as the earth on which he lives supplies him so abundantly with force, material, and method, it is as idle to ask him to limit production as to invite him to commit suicide; he works, and he will work with an increasing skill, by the law of his nature, and he will grow rich by the law of the world in which he works. The only real question, therefore, is, What shall he do with his wealth?

This question is probably more fundamental than any political or economical question now in discussion, and Mr. Carnegie's answer to it has made him one of the foremost men of his time. It is significant that the emphasis of interest in Mr. Carnegie's case has shifted from his wealth to the uses he is making of it; from the material with which he works to the idea which he is expressing through it. He represents a new order of men in the world, and the instinctive feeling that a man's fortune is his private affair and that it betrays a lack of delicacy to speak of it has given place to a recognition of the public aspects of great fortunes when, by organization, they constitute the basis of a new group of forces in society. The great modern capitalist is not and cannot be a private person; he is, by virtue of his power and his responsibilities, as much and as legitimately a public man as the Czar of Russia, the Prime Minister of England, or the President of the United States. He is no longer simply an employer of labor: he is

also the controller and manager of the vast accumulations which numberless private persons have intrusted to him. His property is the security of countless small investments; his integrity and capacity are elements in the well-being of the community.

When great capitalists began to appear there was a great deal of idle and, in many cases, of vulgar curiosity about their habits of life, their amusements and occupations. That kind of curiosity will always exist, and is now the chief stock in trade of cheap newspapers which denounce the rich in leaded editorials and surrender page after page to minute and impertinent accounts of the dress, food, amusements, and dissipation of the same class. Rational interest has shifted, however, from the making of fortunes to their use; from accumulation to distribution.

In the development of the phase of modern life which has produced the great capitalist, Mr. Carnegie has been a significant figure. He was one of the first in point of time to arrive at the position of a great man of wealth by modern standards; to acquire a fortune so vast that its possession gave him historical prominence. His success was the more dramatic because it was achieved by the use of so few tools at the start; it had no visible foundations of inherited capital, organization, or opportunity; it rested solely on the character and force of the man; on his insight into the possibilities of the means, the openings, and the men about him; on his courage, steadiness, power of combination, and sustained force of intellect.

The foundations of Mr. Carnegie's success were laid in his personality, and the work was done in large measure by his ancestors. He is often spoken of as the conspicuous example of the self-made man. If by self-made is meant the making of a powerful person in will, intelligence, and practical force with slight accidental aids from circumstances, Mr. Carnegie is self-made; but if the phrase carries with it the idea of complete organization of character and mind without contribution from others, Mr. Carnegie is not self-made. To the making of every powerful man many agencies contribute: ancestry, racial tendencies, general conditions, local opportunities. No man succeeds without help from others; no man becomes great in any field of endeavor by isolated growth; all development is aided by coöperation; every success is social in its conditions if not in its origin; and, therefore, every success ought to be interpreted in

terms of social service. No man secures anything for himself in isolation, and no man has a moral right to enjoy in isolation the thing he secures.

Mr. Carnegie made his fortune by virtue of qualities in his own nature and with little aid from without; so far as outside help was concerned, he is a striking example of how much a man can accomplish with no tools except those which nature puts into his hands. In the new and greater stage of his career, Mr. Carnegie is now rendering his most distinctive service to the community by his interpretation of the uses and responsibilities of wealth. When the immense sums which he has given and will give for educational purposes in one form or another are added up and the total set down in figures, the imagination of the country will be impressed and its sense of obligation quickened; but in the long run it will probably appear that the greatest service rendered by Mr. Carnegie was not his vast beneficence, but his attitude toward his success, his recognition of the social element in great enterprises, his return in kind to the community which made his rise to affluence and power possible.

The real test of a man comes when the necessity for work is past and he is able to give himself to the things for which he cares. It has often happened that a man has arrived at fortune and ease only to disclose the emptiness of his soul, the poverty of his ideals. It is the way in which Mr. Carnegie has met this test which has made him so interesting a figure of late years, and has revealed, as his years of active business life could not reveal, the variety and range of his interests, the deep springs of youth and activity in his nature. For this endowment of imagination, vivacity, spiritual energy, he owes as much to his ancestry as for his sagacity, energy, and thrift. He comes of a race of extraordinary capacity for dealing with affairs and of extraordinary capacity for living by ideas—a race which not only strikes hard and works hard, but which puts the same force into emotional and moral life; combining in the same person the keenest shrewdness, the clearest judgment, and the capacity for absolute surrender to a great passion or a great cause. Scotland has been the home of "lost causes and impossible loyalties"; and Scotland has also been, taking into account her size and her population, a country of unique spiritual and intellectual influence; the home of thinkers, scholars, poets, romancers; with universities which are

the organized opportunity of the poorest, and a poetry which is the possession of the humblest and the most unlearned.

The vast generosity of Mr. Carnegie to literature and scholarship—for the library is the storehouse of literature and the open door to scholarship—is not a matter of impulse and did not take its rise in suggestion from without. Love of poetry and learning came to him by inheritance. His youth knew the spell and the inspiration of Burns and Shakspeare and those noble old ballads in which the idealism, the passion, and the tragedy of Scottish life found such moving and dramatic expression. Self-made in his independence of material help, Mr. Carnegie was singularly fortunate in the ancestral influences which penetrated and enriched his nature far below the region of his practical activity and efficiency, that deeper part of him which has found expression in these later years, and has asserted its priority of spiritual importance over the executive side of his character.

This background of early life, becoming constantly more distinct in Mr. Carnegie's later career, must be taken into account in any attempt to explain the man, but can only be lightly touched here. In a Scottish home of the kind from which Mr. Carnegie came there are to be found not only the qualities which command success in affairs, but the higher qualities which weigh and measure success in terms of spiritual values. Among those vigorous, honorable, thrifty Scottish folk, with their keen native sagacity and their equally keen appreciation of learning, of poetry, of the finer things of the spirit, several figures may be recalled: a father endowed with the gift of imagination, poetic in temperament, eloquent in speech, passionately interested in all movements for the betterment of his kind; a mother from the Highlands, with the Celtic sensibility and fire, an inexhaustible store of

old ballads in her memory; an uncle who became a foster-father, and who has but recently gone to his rest, feeble with the weight of years but of an unbroken courage and that sweetness which is the flower of a lifelong rectitude and a lifelong cherishing of the traditions, the songs, the spiritual impulses of a race whose labors and hardships have never lacked the illuminating touch of the imagination. This uncle, who loved liberty because it is the heritage of brave souls, in the dark days of the American Civil War stood almost alone in his community for the cause which Lincoln represented. He loved education with the passion of an ardent nature, eager to open the doors of opportunity, and his happiest hour came when Mr. Carnegie endowed a school for manual training in the Scottish town in which he lived and attached his name to it. His working hours knew the constant solace of poetry, and he taught the boys growing up about him the songs of Burns, the Scottish ballads, and the plays of Shakspeare as they learned their crafts. "I made myself a boy that they might be men," he once said, recalling the days when, as they worked together, they impersonated the actors in the great stories of Scottish history and tradition. His eyes kindled when the old songs were sung, and his youth came back to him as, with undimmed memory and unspent feeling, he recited the lines which he carried in his heart. A beautiful figure, this old uncle, venerable and yet touched with the spirit which knows not age, in deep sympathy with the upward movement of the world, and one in heart with the struggle for larger opportunities everywhere. In the light of the memory of such an ancestry it is easy to understand why Mr. Carnegie has ceased to be an organizer of industry and become an organizer of opportunity, and is now, on a scale unpractised before, transmuting fortune into knowledge, thought, freedom, and power.

BETRAYAL.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

"WHOM I shall kiss," I heard a Sunbeam say,
 "Take him and lead away."
 Then, with the Traitor's salutation, "Hail!"
 He kissed the Dawn-Star pale.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR IN CHILDREN.

BY KATHERINE A. CHANDLER.

IN all our humorous columns and periodicals a certain percentage of the jokes are children's sayings. These generally show the child's inability to accept his environment as conceived by the adult mind, and are relished by the mature because of the unexpected and incongruous revelations. The child himself sees nothing laughable in his statements, unless he has been spoiled by adult analysis in his presence.

A teacher in the primary grades of a public school in one of our prominent cities became interested in the occasions that awakened mirth in her pupils. The mortification or discomfort or hoaxing of others caused a tide of laughter that ebbed and flowed irregularly until the mind was raised to different levels, while a witty remark passed unnoticed, unless a grown person initiated the smiles.

Hoping to learn what the children themselves would consider humorous, she consulted with teachers of all the grades from the second year of school life to the completion of the grammar course. As a result of the conference, a week after a vacation all the grades were assigned this topic for composition in a regular language exercise: "Describe the best joke you heard during vacation." By putting the topic outside the school session it was hoped that the fun associated with the school-room would not be described, and that more individual results would be obtained.

There were about seven hundred papers returned, written by children from eight to fifteen. The majority of the children were of American parentage, and they came from the comfortable homes of the middle class. They did not confine themselves to the last vacation, which was the summer recess, but, without questioning, described anything outside school sessions. The papers were segregated by years, which, on the whole, with children of the same social class, represents the average mind development. They were also divided according to sex, although this was found not to count in the younger ages.

The children of eight, without exception, described an action, and one in which they

had personally participated, either as joker or as observer. The jokes recorded were always on some one else. They all embodied an idea of discomfort to somebody or something. A companion was tripped, or knocked into a water-trough, or frightened by a snake, or burned with a hot spoon, or shot with firecrackers, or pinched, or beaten for a birthday, or scared with a Jack-o'-lantern. One boy wrote: "The best joke I saw was when a grisley sat down and howled when people crowded about his cage." Tick-tack-toe and Hallowe'en tricks were the mildest forms of their fun. In fact, the replies seemed to bear out the theory that the individual passes through the culture epochs of the race; and these children of eight, as far as their sense of humor goes, were in the era of primitive savagery.

Those aged nine continued to describe actions, but with some difference. Now they were almost always the principals, and they introduced occasions on which they themselves were tricked. The jokes, too, showed more preliminary planning, as placing salt in the sugar-bowl, and sometimes they exhibited inventive genius. A little girl wrote: "My father is very fond of chicken. One day I cut out a picture of a chicken and put it among some weeds out in the chicken-yard. Then I told papa to come out, and that I had a chicken that I could pick up it was so tame. Then when he came out I went out in the chicken-yard and took it up from the weeds."

As a rule, the boys relate a joke which they played on some one else, while the girls often tell of being deluded themselves. One lassie wrote, "A girl brought a rose with a pin in it and told me to smell it and I stuck my nose."

Now appears a number of times "fooling" by means of a lie, as: "I told my mother to look out for the spider near her sholder and she jumped and screamed and there wern't no spider there."

Here, too, is a glimmer of what adults deem humor: "Once I asked my papa if he knew any jokes and he said No and I said well I will tell you one I said I know where

you got that neck tie And he said Where and I said around you neck."

While the children of nine show a little more ingenuity and more ability to appreciate their own mishaps than do those a year younger, yet over seventy per cent. of their jokes were on the same plane—that of personal discomfort.

The children of ten still cling to the jokes of action, but the occasion is more deliberately planned for. "Fooling" by mere mental exertion, or, in other words, by an unvarnished lie, reaches a higher percentage. Now more boys appreciate fun at their own expense. One little fellow reveals a whole story in his: "They put Maree unde the table and they ask me do you like Maree and ask do you like her mother and her fathe. Then when they ask me good many things Maree came form under the table."

There is displayed a stronger tendency to appreciate adults' humor. Probably this is due to the fact that children are imitative. At ten they are able to read fairly well, and cannot escape seeing at least the humorous column of the newspaper. Then they begin to reconstruct their ideas of what is funny; and, when asked for a joke, the most tactful will give what they think grown persons would like. The girl who indited the following was probably influenced by her parents' appreciation of the catch: "The best joke I had in vacation was when papa brought home a new pencil and he said it would write any color you wanted it to. Mama told him to right Blue and he rote the word Blue."

Another girl unconsciously furnishes a second source of humor in her account. As the rest of her spelling is perfect, it is probable that she is in the Mrs. Malaprop stage that so many girls pass through between ten and thirteen. "A Frenchman came to America and he could not pronounce his words well. He asked an American if he knew what a polar bear did. 'Why, yes,' said the American, 'sits on ice.' 'What else does he do?' asked the Frenchman. 'Eats fish.' 'A friend of mine died and I am to be one of the polar bears,' said the Frenchman, 'but I would n't like to do that.' He meant that he was to be one of the paul buryers."

The children of eleven differ a little from those of ten. The action is often more original, and with no element of annoyance in it, as in the girl's "The best joke that I plade on Olive I put a spool of white thread in my pocket and took a needle and drew it throw my cloak two times and let the end

hang out like basting thread and Aunt Olive pulled at the thread and keeped on and then I took out the spool and showed it to her."

Now the unexpected termination is often the part that awakens the child's risibility, as is shown by the following girl: "Once Mary and I were up on Popes big lawn, there was a sprinkler there, Mary said 'O lets have a telephone,' I said 'all right,' then we began to talk throug the sprinkler (my brother was there too) and my brother turned on the hidren and got us all wet."

A greater number of boys cite mental tricks rather than physical, some of them introducing riddles and arithmetical catches. The growing familiarity with historical heroes is in evidence in these two, both from boys. "The best joke I played was I said to a boy say do you no who died and he said no and I said George Washington died." "When Lincoln went to school he had dirty hands and the teacher said if he could find a durtier hand in the room she would not punish him and he held up his other hand and did not get punished."

From twelve on an increasing percentage of the children relinquish the idea that self is necessary in the joke, and give more impersonal accounts. Girls, more frequently than boys, quote the humor of the refined adult, and in personal experiences often describe occasions of their own timidity. This is probably due to the different home training a girl receives. She is continually drilled "to be a lady," which in most cases means to drop her natural instincts and to imitate the adults of her environment. About twelve she loses the fearlessness she has hitherto shared with her brothers, and becomes good prey for their "scaring" schemes. This seems to develop the boys' teasing abilities; for, while before almost all their tricks were on their own sex, now the acme of their fun as recorded is to frighten some girl or to make her look ridiculous. A boy of twelve illustrates this tendency, and by his mixed clauses gives further material for smiles: "The best joke I saw played was putting a bunch of fire-crackers by a lady that were not lit and they scared her."

Many of the scenes of action the boys describe are similar to the coarser pictures in our comic papers, as: "While I was at Capitola I went to the beach and saw some ladies in bathing. One of the ladies was short and fat. A great big wave came and knocked her down, she hollered as if she

was drowning. When she got up she could hardly walk because she was so scared."

Minstrels and humorous books are directly referred to, punning is introduced, Irish bulls become popular, and the sayings of young children are quoted. In fact, by the time children reach fifteen their sense of humor is the same as the adult's as represented by the comic department of the Sunday newspaper. To some the elements of the ridiculous and the vulgar appeal, while others appreciate only the higher, more delicate vein.

An inspection of these compositions would lead one to believe that in children younger than ten the sense of humor is not differentiated by sex, and that it is akin to that of the savage who smiles grimly at his victim's throes. From that year on the influence of our present educational system is felt. The girls are not only trained to be like adults, but there is developed in them a sensitiveness that makes them feel with the person

laughed at, and so they lose both their initiative fun-loving proclivities and their appreciation of their brothers' pranks. It is an old saying, "A woman has no sense of humor"; but if her education were the same as her brother's, she would at least retain the native stock of her childhood. The girls who receive the most liberal physical training—and in this day of sports they are becoming many—are as able to appreciate humor as are their men companions.

The boys are less hampered by traditions of dignity, and they advance in humor as in other lines. As they become more civilized, they value more subtle jokes than the physical dodges of their childhood. They would rise to a still higher plane were their reading matter in this subject as well pruned as in other branches. It might be wise for the suffering teacher or parent to encourage the jocose urchins, for upon them mainly depends that source of humor which we need to irradiate our too solemn old earth.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Curiosities of Credulity.

THE article on the Cardiff Giant by the Hon. Andrew D. White and those on a modern Elijah by the Rev. Dr. Buckley and Mr. Swain in the present CENTURY are highly entertaining and valuable contributions of data for the study of human credulity. The great spread of education in the United States, and the fact that there are probably more readers in proportion to the population than in any other nation, have not yet prevented the country from being the hospitable home of the grossest humbugs and the most fatuous fads—to a degree hardly believable by any who have not given special attention to the subject.

It would only seem necessary for any impossible wonder or curiosity to be vociferously proclaimed in order to have it widely believed in; and, in the religious field, there are at the present moment schools and faiths so various and numerous as to escape possibility of exact enumeration. The new faiths are seldom novel in essence, though new in leadership and demonstration. Most of these new faiths have attached to them some theory and practice of healing. There are not only large and important organizations, but also in various communities separate prophets, and curers of human ills, whose fame and following are purely local.

So great is the vogue of some of these or-

ganizations that, in some localities, the churches are not without anxiety, and even alarm. In a population as colossal as ours any sort of success may at any time run into enormous numerical success.

Looking broadly at this vogue of healing faiths and healing individuals, one cannot help being affected by a sense of pathos. It is the old cry of humanity for an escape from physical ills; for, as Bagehot says,—and many a philosopher and poet has had occasion to say the same,—“though the costume and circumstances of life change, the human heart does not.” Dr. Buckley gives certain reasons for the apparent, and possibly actual, success of some of the curers. There is another reason, however, and that is that people always recover from every attack of illness—except the last. Suppose a man has ten illnesses, and dies, as he surely will, with this last one, he has then been “cured,” either by doctoring or by “faith-cure” or “mind-cure” or no “cure,” just nine times. The failure is then only one in ten! As for the final, fatal illness, that always is accounted for satisfactorily to those who are the faithful of the faithful.

It is not impossible to be tolerant to what we regard as superstitious or mistaken, or partly superstitious or mistaken, if we see resulting good. On this subject there is an interesting

passage in Lecky's "History of European Morals," which we quote only in part:

Superstitions appeal to our hopes as well as to our fears. They often meet and gratify the inmost longings of the heart. They offer certainties when reason can only afford possibilities or probabilities. . . . They sometimes even impart a new sanction to moral truths. . . . We owe more to our illusions than to our knowledge. The imagination, which is altogether constructive, probably contributes more to our happiness than the reason, which in the sphere of speculation is mainly critical and destructive. The rude charm which in the hour of danger or distress the savage clasps so confidently to his breast, the sacred picture which is believed to shed a hallowing and protecting influence over the poor man's cottage, can bestow a more real consolation in the darkest hour of human suffering than can be afforded by the grandest theories of philosophy. The first desire of the heart is to find something on which to lean.

But the man altogether brave and altogether honest will instinctively refuse happiness at the expense of truth. There are many minds so constituted that they cannot avail themselves of any offer of cure in which a faith in that which they doubt must actively assist. Although it is claimed by some that faith on the part of the sufferer is not necessary, the so-called "cures" where the subject does *not* assist at all in the operation are probably of doubtful frequency, if they exist at all.

This is certain, that those systems of cure which rule out the always advancing science of medicine; which despise, discredit, and would abolish the gains for humanity obtained through the experiments and discoveries of such men as Pasteur, Lister, and Koch, are extremely dangerous agencies and influences in our modern life.

An Incident at West Point.

We were much interested lately in a letter to the editor from a Southern reader who objected to the use of the word "Rebellion" by a contributor to THE CENTURY in connection with the American Civil War. We are ourselves inclined to think that the Civil War is so decidedly over, and the Union so solidly and irrevocably established, that an occasional phrase like that ought not unduly to irritate, and cannot do any great harm. Besides, "The War of the Rebellion" is a part of the legal title of "The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." The number in the North is certainly diminishing of those who keep up the strenuous attitude that followed the war. The reasons and motives of the action of the people of the South are yearly more and more understood, just as the Northern position is more clearly understood and respected by Southerners. Furthermore, the North has repented itself of the reconstruction measures; and, still further, there was the complete fraternization of the Spanish-Cuban war. There, too, is Lee's name in the "Temple of Fame," and there is the recent incident at West Point.

This incident was the appearance, as a speaker,

of General E. Porter Alexander, at the West Point Military Academy, by invitation of the associated graduates, on the 9th of June, 1902, the centennial of the institution. On that occasion General Ruger represented the Union army, and General Alexander the Confederate army. General Alexander was Longstreet's chief of artillery and directed the fire of the Confederates in the tremendous artillery duel, so called, which preceded the desperate charge on the third day at Gettysburg. General Longstreet himself was present on the platform, and was loudly cheered. Listen to the words of Alexander:

Whose vision is now so dull that he does not recognize the blessing it is to himself and to his children to live in an undivided country? Who would to-day relegate his own State to the position it would hold in the world were it declared a sovereign, as are the States of Central and South America? To ask these questions is to answer them. And the answer is the acknowledgment that it was best for the South that the cause was "lost." The right to secede, the stake for which we fought so desperately, were it now offered us as a gift, we would reject as we would a proposition of suicide.

The present writer once asked a Confederate general, long after the Civil War (but now many years ago), how he really felt about the failure of himself and his associates to establish a separate government. He said: "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" The answer was, of course, "Yes." "Well," said the honest old veteran, "I am sorry we failed; I think we should have done well as a separate nation." We honored him for his frankness, and afterward told the incident to another Confederate general, who said: "Did General — say that? Well, he always was a failure!"

We find it difficult to believe that the stubborn old Confederate, were he living to-day, would still declare that he was "sorry." But if he did so, he would be, as the years went on, still more of an exception, still more of a psychological curiosity.

Humor, and the Female Sex.

It may be said of humor, as Mark Twain in conversation once said of bacon, that it would improve the flavor of an angel. Those who enjoy humor certainly enjoy it very much; indeed, it would not be strange if half the world should consider the extravagant praise of humor by the other half as in very poor taste, since it is acknowledged by him who laughs, as by him who refrains, that the lack of this quality of mind (or shall we say of mind and body?) may consist with the most admirable qualities of character. There is a second count in the indictment: that praise of humor implies in the praiser the conceit of possessing it. However, as no one wanting in humor ever praised it, the latter consideration may be neglected.

The time has come when no one seriously discusses the old academic question whether women as a sex have, in the broad sense, a sense of humor. Whoever denies this argues himself devoid. It is a matter of demonstration, if need were, by a whole Modern Library of the Humor of Wo-

men from Mme. de Staël to the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Whether the sex once lacked this attribute and it has been developed by evolution, certain it is that, as they increasingly go out into the world and have a more intelligent judgment of the passing show, women are in larger numbers making literary contributions to the gaiety of nations. The number of such writers is growing in arithmetical, if not geometrical, ratio, and wholesome indeed is the greater part of the product.

What is of more interest is whether there is any determinative quality in the humor produced by women varying from that of men. Is it gentler, or more biting? of a wider, or a narrower range? This, of course, can only be discerned from a large number of data, and we await a (female) philosopher of sufficient penetration to determine the fact. It certainly seems that in much of the humor of women there is a trait closely allied to the retort courteous, as shown, for instance, in the following citations. It was a woman who, *en revanche* and with gentle satire, said: "I am sorry for Man: just at that awkward age between the ape and the angel." Another woman it was who remarked, after reading the Carlyle Letters: "Yes, it is true; Mrs. Carlyle was a martyr, but she was n't a good martyr, or we'd never have heard of it." Better known is the anecdote of the learned and fastidious New England woman who, being in need of a pin, was asked by a friend, who was somewhat in awe of her, what kind of pin she wanted, and hit off the situation wittily with her indignant reply, "The common white pin of North America." In all these instances one may discern something of "the look downward." It would be interesting to know if this is characteristic of the humor of the sex.

Nothing is commoner than the setting up of one's favorite humorist, be it Lamb or De Quincey, Dickens or Thackeray, Holmes or Harte, Stockton or "Dooley," as a test whether the reader, and especially the woman reader, has a sense of humor. Out upon such tyranny! The bigotry of such narrow minds must not be allowed to interfere with the right of private judgment in the enjoyment of fun; for humor reveals itself

in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Let us enjoy it where we find it and be tolerant of other standards than our own, thankful that the world can smile and laugh even where we cannot.

But the reader who thinks of humor as something only trivial or frivolous has quite missed the mark. Aside from the mere relief it furnishes to an existence which presses seriously upon all,—the oil to the machinery of the day's work,—humor has great uses. It is a foe of vanity and humbug, a city of refuge from misfortune, a promoter of sanity. It gives a wider and inspires a braver view of life. A writer in a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly," speaking of an American poet, says that "he lacked that deeper appetency, that gusto, which marks the large, vigorous nature and gives rise to that high form of courage which we call humor." We have seen just this sort of courage in many women. The linking of humor with high qualities of character as distinguished from qualities of intellect has many conspicuous instances among men, and none more admirable than that of our great War President, sustained through the sorest trial of the nation by his ability to see men and things in the true perspective of a finely balanced sense of humor.

Magazine Readers.

To what class, or rather sex, are the leading magazines of our day especially addressed? To men or to women? The question was being discussed lately by a group of persons particularly and professionally interested in the subject. One of the debaters assumed as follows: "There are two audiences to whom a modern magazine must appeal with great force: one of these audiences consists of men, the other of women."

Readers of THE CENTURY will, we think, be inclined to accept this dictum, as applying at least to this magazine, if they will accept the invitation of the editors to examine with some care the partial list of announcements for the coming year published in the advertising columns. As the successive numbers appear it will be found, also, that the tastes of the young people of the family have not been forgotten, though they are especially provided for in THE CENTURY's brilliant companion, ST. NICHOLAS, of which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Widow's Might.

THE senior member of Starkweather & Starkweather had been something of a spellbinder in his day, but had long been suppressed by his sleek, unctuous son, who was wont to say: "You've had



"MISERLY OLD DEACON
SORREL."

your day, father—a day of claptrap oratory, when sentiment ruled rather than law. That was all very well for a primitive community; but Cherryville has advanced, and we must adopt modern methods." The only rejoinder "old Starkweather" was known to make was: "I wonder how such an old fool as I am happened to have such a smart son."

He resigned himself to a back seat, not because he had any faith in modern methods, but because he wanted to give his boy a chance. He frequently threatened revolt, but only once broke out into open rebellion. That was when his son refused

to take the case of Widow Sharpe in her suit against the miserly old Deacon Sorrel, who held the whip-hand over her by a legal technicality.

"I'll take the case myself," thundered the old

man. "It sha'n't be said that a Starkweather refused to defend the defenseless."

"You're crazy, father," remonstrated the son; "there's nothing in it."

"There's a widow in it," was the laconic reply.

"A widow!" sneered the son. "What's a widow, when the law's all on the other side?"

"Widows and orphans have always been my long suit," said the old man, ruminatively. "I'll back a widow with a jury against all the law in Blackstone. I've touched up widows—fore modern methods was introduced in Cherry County—till there wa'n't a dry eye in the court-house and the jury was unanimously blubberin'."

"But, father," pleaded the son, "don't you see that won't do now? You'll have to drop the case."

"I'll drop it when I win it," the father replied, his nostrils dilated as if they scented battle.

When the day arrived for Silas Starkweather to plead the cause of the Widow Sharpe, the little court-room at Cherryville was packed. All those who had known the old lawyer in his prime were there to do him honor. Even among the jurymen there were old friends. For in Cherry County, in spite of modern methods, certain farmers seem to enjoy the privilege of "settin' on the court," as they call it, during life or good behavior. It was death that accounted for the five unfamiliar faces. To these five unconquered Mr. Starkweather addressed his plea. He began with the flowery peroration that had always found favor in other days, but, with the true orator's instinct, was quick to detect that, as far as the five were concerned, it was falling on stony ground. He saw also—and it hurt him very much more—that his son sat with his hand before his face. To see a gleam of pride in the eyes that were hidden in shame now seemed a greater victory than to conquer the five. He



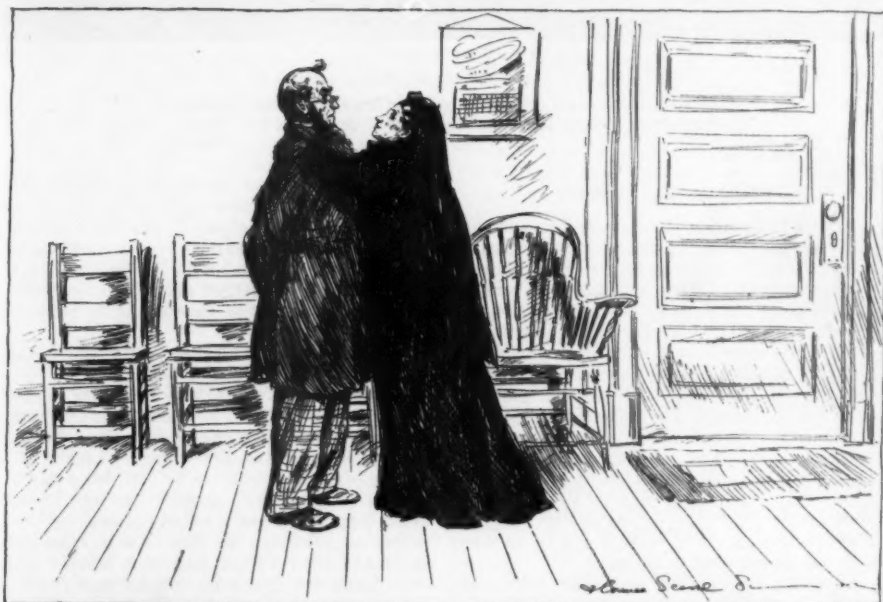
"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO 'DISSOLVE THE JURY IN TEARS.'"

cut short the peroration, and began a simple, direct, sincere plea. An unconscious vein of poetry, a depth of sentiment, transformed his crude everyday speech into eloquence. He saw that it was impossible to "dissolve the jury in tears"; but he glorified the widow till her cause seemed the cause of justice and righteousness, until even the five were surreptitiously casting sentimental glances in her direction. Then, when he caught his boy's eye beaming proudly upon him, he rested the case.

"Very sudden, ma'am," agreed the lawyer, as he racked his brain for a loophole out of the difficulty. It had never occurred to him to consider the effect of his eulogy upon the widow herself.

"I suppose folks will be expectin' it of us," she suggested tentatively. "I suppose you will be expectin' it of me."

The old lawyer gently loosened her clinging fingers, and stood for a moment thoughtfully chewing his beard. "Far be it from me to let



"I HAD N'T THOUGHT OF CHANGING MY STATE."

After the verdict was read, and while the crowd was pressing forward to congratulate him, he was besieged by the jurors, who, with sly winks and nudges, demanded to be presented to the widow. But the widow had disappeared. "Gone to take off her halo," suggested Starkweather junior. Just then a boy plucked the old lawyer by the coat-tail and whispered audibly that the widow was waiting in one of the anterooms and wanted "pertickerly" to see him alone. He no sooner entered the room and cautiously closed the door than she flung herself upon him, sobbing:

"Oh, Mr. Starkweather, I'd no idy you felt so toward me. I knew you'd been awful kind to me, and taken a great interest in my case, but I never dreamed you cherished such tender feelings toward me till I heard you express them to-day. It was like a public declaration, and it seems as though I ought to reciprocate—in the name of gratitude, it seems I ought to. But it's sudden-like, and I had n't thought of changing my state."

you sacrifice yourself out of gratitude," he said piously. "I—ahem!—honor the state of widowhood too much to try to change it. Besides," he added, with a roguish twinkle of his deep-set eyes, "I'd have to fight every man on that jury if I did—leastways the widowers and bachelors. They all seem terribly interested; and Abe Stebbins—the Stebbins, you know, who owns a third of Cherry County—whispered to me, as I came out, that his vote ought n't to count, as he was prejudiced in your favor."

It was not, however, until the widow actually became Mrs. Stebbins that the old lawyer, who dearly loved a joke on himself, felt it safe to relate his narrow escape.

"Served you right, Silas Starkweather," said one of his old cronies. "She ought to have sued you for breach of promise."

"And if she had," chuckled the lawyer, "I reckon I'd have taken the case against myself, widows and orphans bein' my long suit."

Elizabeth Overstreet Cuppy.



DRAWN BY CHARLES LIVINGSTONE BULL.

THE DANGEROUS PACE.

I've heard if you set a very fast pace you 'll go to the dogs, you know;
But I am in such an amusing place I 'll go to the dogs if I'm slow.

Clinton G. Fish.

Black Mammy, Creditor.

WHAT an incarnation of motherly love and sympathy was the old black mammy! How comforting it was always to have some one standing between you and danger, to know that amid the turmoils of childhood's life there was always one sure rock of refuge around and against which the waves of parental ire could beat in vain! How familiar to Southern ears the old nurse's cry as she ran out into the yard, carrying her little charge: "Put down dat slipper, Mis' Lee! Yer ain't gwine tech my chile, dat yer ain't!"

With what vivid distinctness memory brings to mind one faithful old aunty in particular! Though slavery days were past, still old Calline stoutly maintained: "O! Miss an' de chillun 'longs ter me jes de same, an', 'fo' de Lo'd, I 's jes as happy as I was 'fo' freedom broke out."

One fine, bright May day, little Alice, aged seven, came sniffing home from school with a bad report.

The teacher had hurt her feelings sorely by telling her that she had the worst report in school, and that if she did not study harder she would be punished severely.

Alice hunted up faithful old nurse Calline at once, sure of overflowing black motherly sympathy. She found her perched on the railing of the back gallery, combing her hair in long "corn-rows."

Quickly spying the heartbroken child, Calline ran to her, and carried her up the steps on her shoulder. Then, setting her down, and untying her blue lawn sunbonnet, and wiping away the tears with her own clean white apron, she began indignantly:

"What ails ma precious baby, humph? What dat yer say? Bad erport? Don't yer neber let me catch yer bringin' home anudder bad erport. I 'll w'ar yer out ef yer do."

"Why, Calline, I did n't know you 'd mind," sobbed poor little Alice.

"Mind!" screamed the mammy. "Co'se I mind! Don't neber bring 'em home! Burn 'em up! Dat 's what yer do wid 'em eb'ry time, honey—burn 'em

up. Don't yer mind what dat good-fer-nuffin' teacher say. Miss Susie ought ter be 'shame' on herself, great, big, tall 'oman like her a-mekkin' ma leetle baby cry! She done fergot when she lib near our house: she was a perfec' limb ob Satan. Ax her ef she done fergot when she 's a chile, an' de time she done put de dade cat in de teacher's desk.

"Dese heah teacher ladies seems like dey-all done fergot dey eber *was* chilluns.

"Go 'long; you 're de smartest chile us eber had. I 's tuk notice, honey, dat dese chillun in Louisville what neber misses a lesson, an' stand at de head ob de class, dey is mighty hard ter lib wid, an' dey ain't *wuth* killin', an' when dey is growed up dey cyan't make a half-way libben. Come 'long in de house; nobody 'd fink yer been cryin', an' I 'll wash yer face. I sabs some gingerbread fer yer. 'Pears like we 'll lose dis heah chile, lettin' her cyarry all dem big pile o' books—po' leetle honey-lamb, habin' ter stedy so hard! My Lo'd! I could n't stand de goin's on me does wid yer chilluns ef I had ter work ma min' all de time. Dey 'd put me in Cabe Hill, whar dem books done put many a lamb 'fo' yer bawn. Gib me dat erport dis minute, an' let me chuck it in de fiah!"

When, upon other occasions, little Alice would prove refractory, old Calline would quickly bring her to terms by calling to her fiercely: "Run back in de house! Yer is a-gittin' so v'gus, I kin see de pin-feathers 'ginnin' ter sprout all ober yer shoulder-blades—dar dey is dis heah minute. Yer know, all yer white babies is borned wid white pin-feathers all ober yer bodies, an' us niggers picks 'em all off clean,—dat 's all some niggers is borned fer,—an' I 's pick feathers off lot o' Kentucky chillun. Den when a chile gits rale ostrep'us, lak yer is dis minute, de feathers 'gins ter grow ag'in."

How one pities the children at the North who have missed the mammy joys! What a fine thing it would be to import a few old aunts to teach the children of the playgrounds how really to play and be childishly children!

The Southern child owes a large debt of grati-

tude to the old negroes for surrounding him with a wealth of love and sympathy, and giving him an inexhaustible store of witching tales of those old African days when they, anticipating Darwin, believed that men and animals were once brothers. The agriculturists and ornithologists are more deeply in debt to our old mummies than they dream of. What boy or girl does not develop into an ardent lover and protector of all animal life under the influence of these fascinating legends?

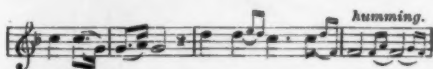
I have seen a patient old nurse dress six children for Sunday-school and never once lose her temper! She enters into the children's inner secrets, sees life from the little ones' standpoint, as we white mothers seldom can. She surrounds each little stone and stick with a story all its own. In fact, she is as fine a natural kindergarten as Froebel ever was, only her methods differ; for when *she* plays, she *plays*, and when she works, she works. Never catch her mixing the two together! In fact, you never catch her working, anyhow.

How devotedly religious is the old mammy! Many are the white children she has led to her Master's feet. Hers is the old orthodox faith: Jesus is the life of her every task; she sings the Bible through and through in her wonderful crooning spirituals, and receives from them a living inspiration in all her round of work. She believes in the divine origin of every word of the blessed Book, and though occasionally she may be turned out of church for dancing or crossing her feet, she will never be put out of the sanctuary for heresy—not she!

She begins the baby's religious training early, for she teaches him that it is Jesus who sends love and food and pleasures, and then she impresses him with the truth that afflictions and the scourges of life come from his hands also. What could be sweeter than the little song she sings at bedtime, and is it not a regular kindergarten creation, too, as she suits the action to the word?



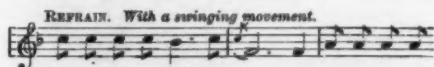
1 Who's gwine nuss de ba-by? Who's gwine



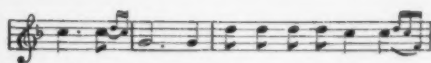
nuss de ba-by? Who's gwine nuss de babe, 'm—



Je-sus nuss 'im in er my arms.



Roll 'im an' er roll 'im ba-by, Roll 'im an' er



roll 'im ba-by, Roll 'im an' er roll 'im



babe, 'm— Je-sus roll 'im in er my arms.

2 Who's gwine walk de baby? Who's gwine walk de baby?

Who's gwine walk de babe, 'm—Jesus walk 'im in er my arms.—REF.

And so on, the word "walk" being replaced by "tote," "rock," "dress," "feed," "lub," "kiss," "trot," and "whup" (whip), and the refrain following in each case.

I, for one, shall not be surprised if, some day, in the coming everlasting happiness, many a tired white Southern pilgrim, pointing to some old mammy, will sing aloud joyfully: "Praise the Lord! But for your devotion, and your life and faith and teaching me as a little child, I should never have reached this blessed shore." And as he looks up to her, clothed in garments of glistening white, seated on the right hand of the Father, there will come into his heart the full meaning of the verse she once taught him, but which he had never understood, that Christ meant the old mammy when he said, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Jeannette Robinson Murphy.

How an Idol Broke.

"SHE was a phantom of delight"—
I noticed that when first I met her.
A goddess seemed a perfect fright
Beside her, she was so much better;

More charming far than Venus fair,
Queenlier than Her Highness Juno,
Wiser than Pallas,—that I swear!—
Or any blooming maid that you know!

In my mind's eye, Horatio,
She dwelt so far aloft from terra
Firma, I never dreamt that so
Superb a soul could yield to error.

Yet frail she was. I might have brooked
Some petty fault, some weakness merely;
But this could not be overlooked:
She fell in love with yours sincerely.

Melville H. Cane.



Overheard in a Kitchen Garden



WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HERFORD.



THIS writer fellow¹ has a way,
The Beet was saying to the Pea,
"Of telling all the Flowers say.
He never writes of you or me.
He hears it if a Rose but sneeze,
But has no time for Beets or Peas."

"I know why Roses turn his head;
I've often heard it whispered round,"
An Early Rose Potato said
With husky voice from underground.
"Such shameless flaunting things are they,
They let him kiss them every day."

"T is true, indeed, he never walks
Around near me," the Cabbage said.
"He even shuns the Hollyhocks,
Because they're in our garden bed.
He has no thought of how we grow,
But sends a gardener with a hoe."

"And we on whom in time he'll dine,"
A voice that squeaked was heard to say
(It came from a Tomato-vine),
"Get not a look from him all day.
He sits and listens hours and hours
To gossip from the silly Flowers."

The Radish said: "T is quite absurd!
The Lily calls our garden rough.
She told the Rose she overheard
The Poet say that we were tough.
I'm thankful that we never yet
Have had such creatures in our set."

The Onion then put in a word
To help along the argument.
"Such silliness I never heard.
The Roses brag about their scent.
Such pride! when everybody knows
The Onion quite out-ranks the Rose."



¹ Oliver Herford, "Overheard in a Garden."



The Poet here came down the walk.
 "Hist, hist!" cried one, "I hear his tread.
 We must not let him hear us talk.

He 'll tell the Flowers all we've said.
 I should n't like them to suppose
 A Beet was jealous of a Rose."

William M. Elliott.



A Fatal Success.

THERE was once a very nice young woman. She was no vainer than any other girl during beau-time, and she tried to fulfil a reasonable destiny by helping her mother with the younger children and going to cooking-school.

She had kept her ears and eyes open, and could occasionally speak what seemed to be her mind pretty clearly.

On one of these occasions somebody—a good, easy friend—said:

"Why don't you write? Lots of people do who are n't half as smart as you are."

The nice young woman pondered this, and was struck with its exact truth. She came to the conclusion that it was not at all necessary to learn how, but just to do it. So she began.

Shortly afterward, clearly type-written and duly stamped, she sent forth the attempt. It was neither so good nor so bad as to need definition.

But the editor, to whom it arrived in a lazy moment, needed a bit of filling, and accepted it and put it in.

From the hour in which the nice young woman's eye fell upon herself in print she became a changed being. The unexpected and the undeserved had happened to her, and they became the deserved and the expected.

She writes the unnecessary, and besieges with it all doors of publicity. She sends, along with the manuscripts, all kinds of appeal: the pert letter, the humble, the indignant, the pleading, the smartly witty. She lives to please none but the unknown and stony editor. She watches feverishly for each and every new publication,—the more ephemeral the better,—and when one appears she is absorbed among the dry bones of old manuscript.

Her once frank smile has become twisted, her open face sagacious. Her eye has a lurking devil of hope and suspicion. Her life is vanity, and her atmosphere vexation of spirit.

She has nothing to say, and she says it.

She has been spoiled for life by a first acceptance.

Dorothea Moore.



DRAWN BY E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

POLITE CRITICISM.

The features are decidedly like him—
The eyes, the nose, and the ear;
But the general expression, for John, I think,
Seems a little bit too severe.

E. Warde Blaisdell.

The Poor Man's Automobile.

WHEN the day's stint is finished, and master and man
May find their enjoyment wherever they can;
Ere the lamps are alit at the coming of night,
And the freshness and coolness of even invite
The heart to gain courage and concord anew
By draughts of the gloaming perfumed by the dew,
Then, skimming the pavements, the world is
awheel—

And my wife and I take our automobile.

A nod to our buttoned, blue-girded chauffeur,
And away are we flying, with none to demur—
Away through the thoroughfares, mile after mile,
And turning the corners in dexterous style,
With the voice of our watchful, imperious gong
Proclaiming our nearness, and warning the throng;
While leaning like monarchs, ensconced in our seat,
We haughtily gaze at the sights of the street.

Or, Sundays, when all of the city is out
With bicycles, carriages, gliding about,
We call for *our* auto, and entering in,
Are off on a joyous, enrapturing spin
(And who would forbid us an innocent lark!)
For rest and for pleasure, to lake or to park,
Our vehicle one which the lightnings equip,
And a touch of the lever in place of a whip.

Of course it may seem (as I do not deny)
That we're rather extravagant, wife and I,
For people whose income, in dollars and cents,
Is barely sufficient for needful expense.
But, bless you, although so pretentious we are,
When we're "taking our auto" we're boarding
a car!

And *that* is our horseless conveyance, you see—
But I doubt if a nabob is gayer than we.

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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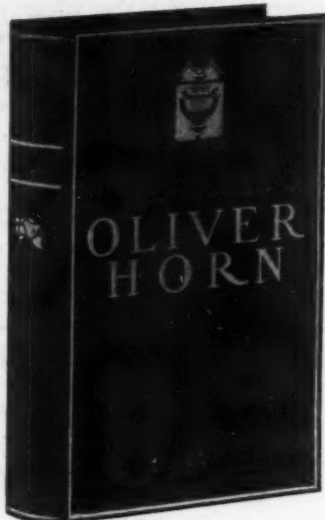
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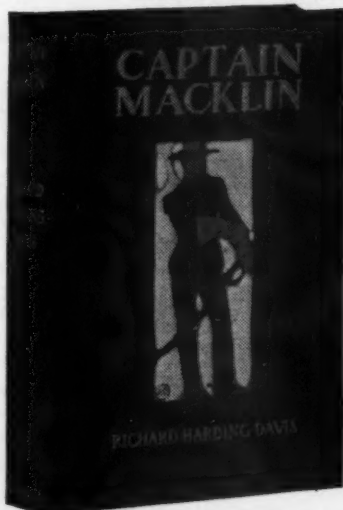


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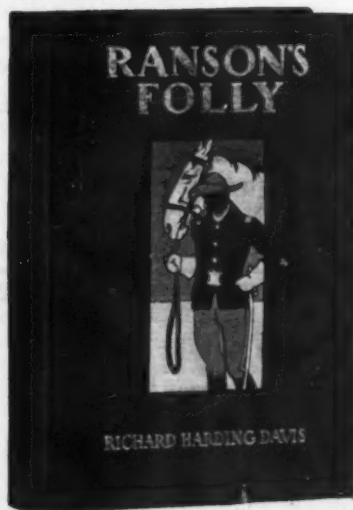
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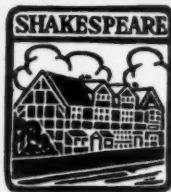
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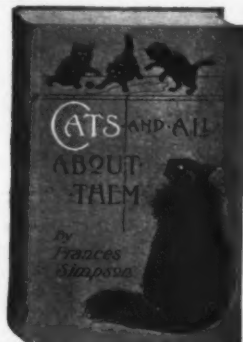
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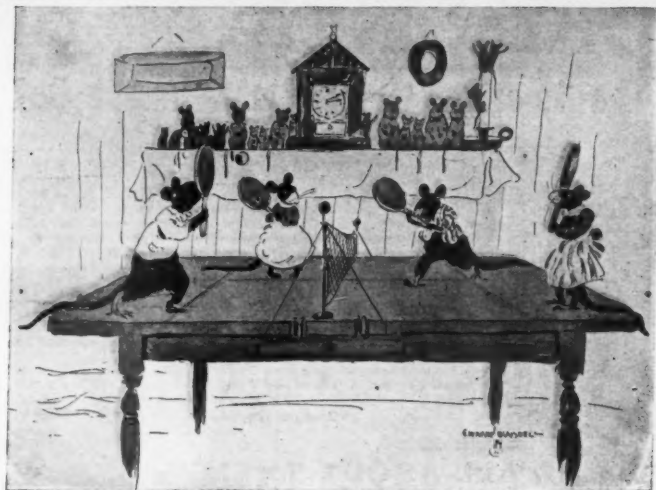
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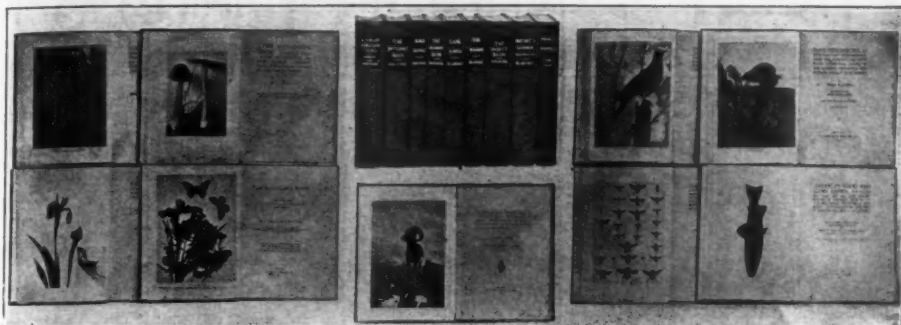
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matter has been examined. Hundreds of volumes have been read, the archives of England, Canada, and this country have been searched, and private collections and the vaults of historical societies have been liberally drawn upon. From Cambridge to Quebec, and from New York to Quebec, the routes of the troops have been followed and the most important fields of action repeatedly visited. In topography, as in documents, it is believed that interesting discoveries have been made.

The first article, which will appear in the November *CENTURY*, covers "Montgomery's Montreal Campaign." It will be followed by descriptions of Arnold's battle with the wilderness, the struggle for Quebec, and the final retreat of the American armies from Canada.

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A Serial Story by the Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Lovey Mary



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The Great Exchanges of the World

Under this head, and by various hands, will be described and pictured some of the great exchanges of Europe and America, including New York, Chicago, London, Paris, and Berlin. The article on the New York Stock Exchange will be written by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. Both in letterpress and in illustration this will be one of the most interesting series of articles ever printed in *THE CENTURY*.

Letters of Sir Walter Scott

THE CENTURY has come into possession of a charming collection of unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott, written to Mrs. Hughes, the grandmother of the distinguished author of "Tom Brown at Oxford,"—a very interesting character in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Census Studies

The Hon. W. R. Merriam, Director of the Census, will furnish to *THE CENTURY* three very interesting papers which are in the nature of a summary of certain interesting results of the last census. The first paper, "The Evolution of American Census Taking," will show at a glance the enormous change that has taken place in extending the census from six inquiries, the first enumeration, to over thirty thousand in the last.

A New Novelette by the Author of "The Rescue"

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*From an illustration by Miss Harding
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Mr. Baker, whose articles on "The Great Southwest" — which have appeared in THE CENTURY during the past year — with the striking pictures by Mr. Maxfield Parrish, have attracted wide attention, is now engaged upon a similar series covering the resources, industries, characteristics, and outlook of "The Great Northwest." The illustrations will be contributed by Mr. Ernest L. Blumenschein, whose striking pictures of "The Mining of Iron" and "The Transportation of Iron" in recent numbers of THE CENTURY will be remembered. Messrs. Baker and Blumenschein will also describe and picture

The Cañon of the Yellowstone

John Muir, the discoverer of the Muir Glacier, will describe in the November number

The Cañon of the Colorado

In the same number Mr. Parrish's remarkable picture of the Cañon, which appeared in the magazine in black and white with Mr. Baker's first article on the Southwest, will be printed again in the original colors.

Mr. Dooley's Course of Reading



Mr. F. P. Dunne, whose delightful humor is followed from week to week by thousands of people, will contribute a series of papers to the coming year of **THE CENTURY**, giving Mr. Dooley's opinions on various literary subjects, following up his successful study, in a recent number of **THE CENTURY**, of "Books and Reading."

Animals in British Parks

Written and Illustrated by Two American Artists

Those fine delineators of animals, Charles Knight and J. M. Gleeson, have prepared for **THE CENTURY** a delightful series of pictures showing some of the most famous animal parks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The painters themselves have written the notes which accompany the illustrations.

Stories of Diplomatic Life in Peking

A new field for fiction seems to have been discovered by Miss Abigail H. Fitch, a member of the family of the former United States Minister to China, Mr. Denby. Miss Fitch's vivid and picturesque sketches, which will appear in **THE CENTURY** for the coming year, will be illustrated by Sydney Adamson, himself recently returned from China.

Other Short Stories in The Century

The magazine will continue to print short stories from leading writers, including Ruth McEnery Stuart, Will N. Harben, John Luther Long, Elliott Flower, Frank Norris, Eden Phillpots, Kate W. Hamilton, George Hibbard, Herbert D. Ward, Edwin A. Dix, David Gray, and others. Readers of Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz's "The Mystery Play" in the last Christmas number of **THE CENTURY** will be glad to know that a group of stories in which the genial and original "Pa Gladden" is a prominent figure will appear in **THE CENTURY** during the coming year.

THE CENTURY IN 1903

An Old Maid's Corner

By Lillie Hamilton French

A series of graphic sketches under this title will be furnished by the author of "Hezekiah's Wives," etc. The topics are: "Some Particular Old Maids," "A Winter Night," "Some of My Sunday Visitors," etc.,—and the papers are full of wisdom and geniality.

Engravings by Timothy Cole and Color Work

The magazine will present its readers with the result of Mr. Timothy Cole's work in reproducing on wood the great pictures of the old masters of Europe, the best wood-engraving that is now being given to the world. For eighteen years Mr. Cole has been engaged in this labor. He has already given THE CENTURY readers reproductions of the most famous pictures of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools, and he is now engaged upon the paintings of Spain.

Artists

Whose work is now appearing in THE CENTURY include:

SYDNEY ADAMSON	JULES GUÉRIN	HOWARD PYLE
E. W. BLAISDELL	CHARLOTTE HARDING	FLORENCE SCOVIL SHINN
E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIDER	OLIVER HERFORD	GRANVILLE SMITH
ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE	ARTHUR I. KELLER	JESSIE WILCOX SMITH
H. C. CHRISTY	CHARLES E. KNIGHT	F. D. STEELE
FANNY Y. CORY	LOUIS LOEB	ALBERT STERNER
HARRY FENN	F. H. LUNGREN	SARAH S. STILLWELL
A. B. FROST	J. N. MARCHAND	FREDERICK C. YOHN
JOSEPH M. GLEESON	MAXFIELD PARRISH	

The best color work that can be had will appear from time to time in the pages of THE CENTURY. The November number will open with

A Sevenfold Colored Frontispiece

Terms:—\$4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit to us in P. O. or express money-orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk.

Bound volumes (containing the numbers for six months), in old gold or green cloth, gilt top, each \$3.00, or without gilt top, \$2.75. The same in half russias, gilt top, \$4.00.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in gold cloth, with gilt top, for \$1.00 per volume (six numbers); half russias, for \$2.25; olive-green cloth, plain top, 75 cents each; subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on THE CENTURY volumes, 38 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.* Cloth covers for binding THE CENTURY, 50 cents. Volumes end with April and October numbers.

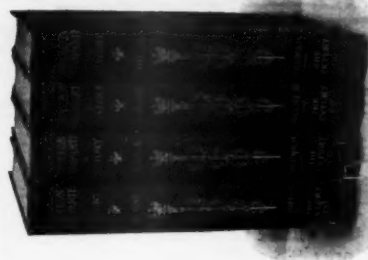
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Union Square, New York, N. Y.

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NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE: A HISTORY

Complete in four volumes

Complete in four volumes

THIS famous publication is now offered at a price which places it within the reach of every one, and no veteran of the Civil War, no one who has a library of reference books, no lover of American history can afford to miss the chance of securing it. The men who led the armies or fleets and fought the battles are its authors — Generals Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Beauregard, Johnston, Pope, Colonel Mosby, Admiral Porter, Captain Eads, Captain Ericsson, and hundreds more. That the work might be perfectly impartial, the battles were described by a participant from each side. The illustrations, numbering over 1700, include a remarkable collection of portraits, battle-scenes, maps, diagrams, etc.

*You cannot afford to be without
them at present prices and terms.*

THE "Life of Napoleon" by Professor Sloane is the standard biography of Bonaparte in the English language. Of late years there has issued from the press a flood of new Napoleonic literature, some of which has thrown light on disputed questions. Of all this Professor Sloane has made free use.

Every resource of The Century Co. has been brought to bear to enrich the narrative with pictures worthy of the subject. The illustrations include superb reproductions in color, pictures in tint (blue, green, sepia, and red), and beautiful examples of wood-engravings and process-work in black and white.

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS ON REQUEST.

**THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK**

The Century Co.'s New Books

Ready during October

Send for
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trated Catalogue

or by November 1st

New Books About Foreign Places

THE STORY OF ATHENS. By Howard Crosby Butler, A.M. 8vo, 520 pages, illustrated with many photographs and from drawings by the author, about 130 pictures in all. With index. Price, \$2.40 net (postage 18 cents).

This is an important work on an important subject. The volume is not a critical review of the history of the classic city, but, as the title rather suggests, "a simple sketch of the life and art of Athens from its earliest beginnings."

Against a background of historical incidents dealing with war, commerce and politics, sketched in outline, the author has silhouetted in chronological order the figures of the men and women to whom Athens owes most. The illustrations are peculiarly satisfying, and in their selection is displayed Mr. Butler's fine apprecia-

tion of Greek art. His pen picture of modern Athens is particularly valuable in helping us to a clearer understanding of its historic past. Mr. Butler is Lecturer on Architecture at Princeton University.

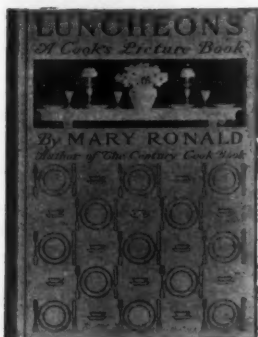


THE EAST OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York. 12mo, 190 pages. The book is the result of Bishop Potter's visit to Japan, China, India, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines. Price, \$1.00 net (postage 9 cents).

Having made his visit to the East just after the close of serious hostilities in the Philippines and the quelling of the Boxer movement in China, neither a more opportune time nor a better qualified man could be found to write of the present conditions and future prospects in these countries than the versatile and keen observer, Bishop Potter. As he deals with the religion, tradition, class

prejudice, method of living, politics, and the beginning of development in these two countries, so has he also treated Japan, India, and the Hawaiian Islands. The chapters are straightforward, concise, and full of prophecy, as well as of comparisons relative to the material to work upon and the work done by civilized and conquering nations in the respective countries.

A New Book for Women



LUNCHEONS. Supplementing "The Century Cook Book." By Mary Ronald, author of "The Century Cook Book." Illustrated with 208 photographs. With index. \$1.40 net (postage 15 cents). Just issued.

This book is a guide to the preparation of dainty dishes for dainty meals. The author calls it "A Cook's Picture Book." It contains fourteen chapters, commencing with a general one on luncheons,

and following with receipts for all the different dishes that can possibly be needed for luncheons. It is a book of illustrated receipts, thoroughly indexed, and will prove a most helpful assistant to the housekeeper. It is elaborately illustrated by photographs, each showing some tempting dish properly garnished, ready to be served. Instead of various menus, lists of dishes are given, which are placed at the head of sections, where they can be easily read, each section representing a separate course.

The Century Co.'s New Books

New Fiction



From "Confessions of a Wife," illustrated by Granville Smith.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE. By Mary Adams. 12mo, 400 pages, illustrated by Granville Smith. Price, \$1.50.

No serial story published in *The Century Magazine* for several years has attracted as much attention as this remarkable book by an unknown and pseudonymous author. It is the story of a wife from the beginning of courtship and ending about three years after marriage, and it is one of the most intimate heart biographies ever written. As a well-known critic says, "There is a sense of freshness pervading the whole that lifts it above the ordinary." It is thus described by the critic of the *Chicago Record-Herald*:

"It is a story dealing with the subject of marriage, and the first chapter describes how a wild and reluctant girl is captured by love and a man against her will. It is told in the form of a diary and letters, but it is done with such sly humor and admirable literary reticence that it captures the reader as insensibly and completely as *Marna* was captured by the unreasonable man. Whoever the author, 'Mary Adams,' may be, she has a dainty and original touch."

"A gem of fiction."—*Times-Democrat, New Orleans.*

"Creating a literary sensation."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"A story of unusual power and distinction."—*Out West.*

"Palpitates with romantic passion."—*Boston Beacon.*

"Piques curiosity as to its anonymous author."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A New Book by the Author of "Sonny"

NAPOLÉON JACKSON: THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PLUSH ROCKER. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. 16mo, 132 pages, illustrations by Edward Potthast printed in tint. Price, \$1.00.

This new book by the popular Southern writer, Ruth McEnery Stuart, author of "Sonny," "A Golden Wedding and Other Tales," "Carlotta's Intended," "Holly and Pizen," etc., is a capital study of negro life in an exceedingly humorous vein. The hero, "Mr. Napoleon Jackson, Esquire," is unable to work because he has been "marked for rest," so his good-natured wife assumes the role of provider. The descriptions are clever, the

idioms of speech accurate, the situations ludicrous, and the humor subtle. It is simple in plot, but its development shows a deep understanding of life, and it is evident that the story was not written merely to amuse.



Two Books of Verse

POEMS. By Robert Underwood Johnson. 16mo, 270 pages, \$1.20 net (postage 7 cents).

About two thirds of this volume is devoted to Mr. Johnson's two previous books, while the other third contains his later work, opening with the ode-like

"Italian Rhapsody," and including many ballads and lyrics. "The volume will be welcome to all lovers of genuine poetry."—*Chronicle, San Francisco.*

THE CALL OF THE SEA. By L. Frank Tooker. 16mo, 175 pages, \$1.20 net (postage 6 cents).

A volume of the collected poems (some hitherto unpublished) of a writer whose work has attracted wide attention in the magazines. Issued in very attractive form.

The Century Co.'s New Books

New Fiction



A New Book by the Author of "Tom Beauling"

ALADDIN O'BRIEN. By Gouverneur Morris, author of "Tom Beauling." 12mo, 300 pages, \$1.25.

Aladdin O'Brien is the lovable, rollicking hero of Mr. Morris's latest romance. Humor and pathos play hide-an'-seek through the pages of this charming love story with its quaint char-

acters and strong, well-conceived situations. It is the old story of two men in love with the same girl, but it is told in the delightfully original style that is distinctive of this promising young writer.

The climax occurs during a famous battle of the Civil War,—an intense, moving, and highly novel situation,—and a good, old-fashioned ending follows the storm and stress of a story of decided human interest.

BARNABY LEE. By John Bennett, author of "Master Skylark." 12mo, 454 pages, including 34 full-page illustrations by Clyde O. DeLand. Price, \$1.50.

The time and scene of this book bring its young hero to New Amsterdam during the sway of doughty Peter Stuyvesant. Barnaby—a runaway from the tyranny of a scoundrelly ship captain little better than a pirate—is rescued from his many troubles by the timely capture of the Dutch city when the English fleet arrives. Many colonial notables, drawn with the truth and force the author exhibited in his exquisite "Master

Skylark," play their stirring drama on this little stage. The book appeals to grown people and to young folks. Girls will find a heroine and boys a hero or two in its pages.



The Hit of the Year

One of the Best Selling Books in the United States.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. 16mo, 155 pages, \$1.00.

This is one of the most successful books of the day. It is "the story of a brave Christian woman who, under the most discouraging circumstances, still keeps a smiling face toward a confident tomorrow." It has been called "a sure cure for the blues," and "a gay challenge to pessimists in general." As the critic of *Harper's Weekly* says, "Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan can safely be hailed as a fresh arrival. Her artistic touch, her gift of humor, her sense of the tears of things shining like sunshine after rain, are stamped with individuality and an inimitable talent which should carry her far. The pages are as fresh and dewy as a spring morning. Mrs. Wiggs and her plucky boys, Jimmy and Billy, and the girls with their geograph-



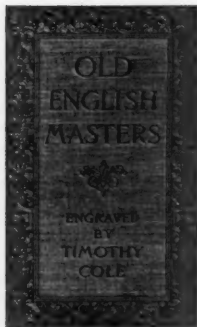
ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

ical names, Asia, Australia, and Europa (even the horse was christened 'Cuby'), are a delightful enlargement of the lovable types Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has created in American fiction. In fact, Miss Hegan is, in her own way, the Mrs. Wiggins of the South, and I know of nothing so entirely novel and refreshing as her little book since 'The Birds' Christmas Carol.' I, for one, wish success to Miss Hegan and 'Mrs. Wiggs,' whose philosophy comes out in passing round the cake: 'Somehow, I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else.'

The *Congregationalist* calls it "a book to be thankful for—pure fun and pathos of the happy sort that makes both smiles and tears."

The Century Co.'s New Books

The Art Book of the Year



OLD ENGLISH MASTERS. Engraved by Timothy Cole, with historical notes by John C. Van Dyke, and comments by the engraver. *Superroyal 8vo, 223 pages, 48 wood-engravings. Price, \$8.00 net (postage 38 cents).*

"Wherever these splendid examples of the possibilities of wood have been seen they have evoked praise and surprise. This admiration has been bestowed, not alone for the fidelity of the reproduction, or for the power and refinement of the engraver's work, but for the success with which the spirit and style of the artist have been conveyed."—*N. Y. Times.*

For the past eighteen years Mr. Timothy Cole, greatest of wood-engravers, has been engaged in reproducing upon wood the most famous paintings of the old masters of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and English schools, doing his work in the European galleries in the presence of the originals. No such translation of the old masters has ever been attempted heretofore; and it is safe to say that no similar translation will ever be attempted hereafter. It is doubtful if there is a living engraver on wood save Mr. Cole equal to the task. No mechanical process yet devised will render the exact values of

tones like the lines of the graver.

Already two superb books have been issued containing Mr. Cole's examples of the artists of the Italian and the Dutch and Flemish schools. The present volume, the third in the series, includes Mr. Cole's engravings of the work of the English school, representing the following artists:

Hogarth,	Wilson,	Hoppner,	Crome,	Leslie,	Beechey,
Reynolds,	Romney,	Raeburn,	Lawrence,	Landseer,	Constable,
Gainsborough,	Wilkie,	Opie,	Morland,	Cotman,	Turner.

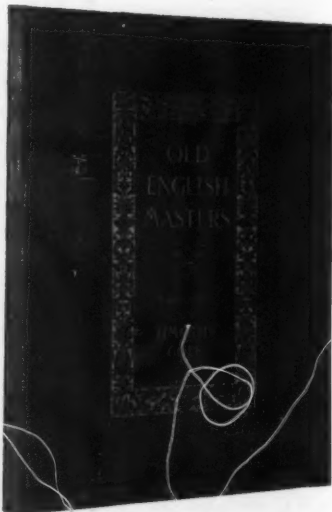
The text which accompanies these engravings is designed to recite not only the life of the individual painter, but to suggest the time and the circumstance of this eighteenth-century art. Mr. Cole's comments on the pictures have a special interest of their own.

"If these woodcuts are ever issued in a portfolio of fine proofs, they will form such an art-work as one rarely sees."—*N. Y. Times.*

PROOF IMPRESSIONS OF THE 48 ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS, ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY TIMOTHY COLE. A superb portfolio in two parts, containing signed proofs mounted on heavy Japan paper. Edition for America limited to 100 numbered copies. *Price, \$150.00 net.*

The Century Co. has the pleasure of announcing to lovers of the fine arts the issue of a superb limited edition of Mr. Cole's engravings of the Old English Masters, limited to 150 copies (50 of which have already been sold in England). No pains or expense has been spared to make this portfolio of proofs the most notable art issue of the day. Each proof is printed on paper 17½ x 14, manufactured in Japan especially for it; and each is signed by Mr. Cole and the printer, Mr. J. C. Bauer, professional proof-printer for wood-engravers. The proof is mounted on heavy Japan paper, and over this is folded another sheet of the same paper, in which a space, lined with gold, is left for the engraving. This is surmounted by a cover of linen paper bearing the number of the cut. The subscribers to the portfolio will receive also a copy of the book "Old English Masters," a special edition of 150 copies of which has been printed for the purpose on Holland paper.

The right to increase the price at any time is reserved by the publishers.



The Century Co.'s New Books

Two Important Biographies

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A short life, condensed by John G. Nicolay from Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln: A History." 8vo, 600 pages, with frontispiece and index. Price, \$2.40 net (postage 18 cents).

That monumental work, "Abraham Lincoln: A History," written by Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, the late John G. Nicolay (for many years Marshal of the Supreme Court of the United States) and John Hay (now Secretary of State), is not only the standard life of the great President, but is one of

the most famous biographies ever issued in the world. In response to a demand for a condensed edition, Mr. John G. Nicolay made such an edition, bringing into one volume all the essential facts of President Lincoln's life,—a book which is entirely an abridgment of the larger work.

DANIEL WEBSTER. By John Bach McMaster, author of "A History of the People of the United States." 8vo, 343 pages, 23 full-page illustrations, and index. Price, \$2.00 net (postage 16 cents).

The author of this study of Daniel Webster is Professor of American History at the University of Pennsylvania, and is also one of the most popular and widely read of American historians. Professor McMaster's biography of Webster will be found a terse yet comprehensive picture of a

striking career, written in an easy, forceful style, and with especial reference to Webster's political career, although the story of his school-days and his early struggles with poverty is given in a most interesting way. It is a concise and well-balanced appreciation of the great American statesman.

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the volumes. The volumes of the "Century Classics" are uniform in appearance, averaging about 400 pages, tall 12mo, with gilt top, the binding (in cloth) being stamped with a distinctive design and lettered in gold. The books are printed on pure rag paper made especially for this series, and watermarked *Century Classics*. The type has been cut with particular care.



New Issues

ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. With a portrait of Charles Lamb from the original engraving by Henry Meyer, lent by Ernest Dressel North, and an Introduction from Walter Pater's "Appreciations."

Nothing can so put the reader atune to the beauties of Lamb's essays as Pater's "appreciation" of

this singularly beautiful life with its tragic environment and its noble self-sacrifice.

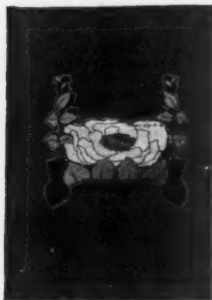
A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. By Laurence Sterne. With a portrait of the author from a mezzotint from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and an introduction taken from Thackeray's "English Humorists."

In some respects this little classic is the crowning work of the famous author of "Tristram Shandy."

The Century Co.'s New Books

"Human Documents"

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL. By Eleanor Gates.
12mo, 350 pages. Price, \$1.50.



This book describes in a most charming manner the life of a little girl in the Northwest twenty-five years ago. Quite apart from its setting as a sociological study of a phase of life which is rapidly disap-

pearing, the book has a delightful human interest as reproducing the spirit of childhood on a farm. It is full of color and adventure, and written in a quite systematic way true to child nature. It is not a novel, but the same characters appear and reappear in the story with a reality which impresses the reader with confidence in the truth of the narrative. The purity of the diction and the aptly turned phrases are refreshing qualities.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYER. By James H. Stoddart. *Talk* 12mo, 300 pages of text, with many illustrations. Introduction by William Winter. Price, \$1.80 net (postage 13 cents).

Mr. Stoddart is the oldest living metropolitan actor, and he holds an enviable position in the theatrical and literary world, both as a man and an artist. He has been identified with the American stage for something like fifty years, and during that period there has been scarcely an actor

or an actress of note whom he has not met and of whom he has not some entertaining anecdote to relate in his delightfully written "recollections." The book is the reflection of a singularly interesting career, giving one glimpses of a sweet and charming personality.

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CORRECT COMPOSITION. A Treatise on Spelling, Abbreviations, Compound Words, the Use of Italic, Punctuation, Proof-reading, etc.

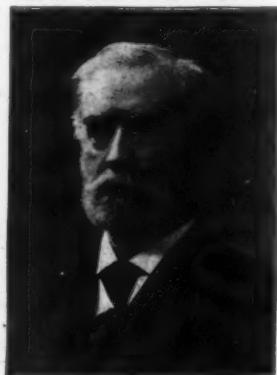
A book which is a necessity not only in every printing-office in the country, but is of the greatest possible use to all who have occasion to write

the English language. It thoroughly covers the art of composition, showing the proper use of capitals, punctuation, printers' marks, etc..

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This is a book for printers, and for those who have to do with printers. It contains the names and definitions of all sizes of book type, with specimens

of each; numerous exhibits of the more important styles of roman, italic, black and display letter, with tables of prices of types here and abroad.



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I N MEMORIAM. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman. 157 pages, with portrait.

"In Memoriam" embodies the author's deepest thoughts on life and death and immortality.

T HOUGHTS OF PASCAL. 147 pages, translated from the French and with an introduction by Benjamin E. Smith. *Portrait of the author.*

The "Thoughts" of Pascal has a place in the world's classics close to those of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius and the "Discourses" of Epictetus.

T HE RIVALS. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 206 pages, with a portrait of the author and an introduction by Joseph Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson's estimate of this work, as set forth in the introduction, and his interesting anecdotes of his own stage experience with it greatly enhance one's interest in reading the play.

A New Nature Book

CATERPILLARS AND THEIR MOTHS. By Ida Mitchell Eliot and Caroline Gray Soule. Giving the life histories and illustrations of 43 species of moths having a wide range in the United States and Canada. 8vo, 300 pages of text, 80 insets, with index. Price, \$2.00 net (postage 18 cents).

This book has been written in response to the request of many teachers and young naturalists. It is the result of more than twenty years spent in studying and rearing moths, and it contains all the facts needed for successful work in this fascinating line, as much structural detail as beginners need to know, an account of the appliances the authors have found most useful, and a list of books on the subject. The life histories of important species are written from actual experience. The illustrations are very striking; they are made from photographs and show actual size.

Oct. 1902.



From "Caterpillars and their Moths."

The Century Co.'s New Books

New Books for Young Folks



THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN. Arranged from the Authorized Version, and with a preface by the Rev. Francis Brown, D.D., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and an introduction by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York. With 24 full-page illustrations from the Old Masters. 4to, about 500 pages, printed in two colors, with illustrations also in two colors. The selections made by Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder and arranged in chapters, each with its own heading, but not divided into chapter and verse as in the regular Bible. Price, \$3.00.

The appeal of the Bible to children's minds is both natural and simple. Its narratives tell their own story. Its poetry chants its own beauty. Nothing has yet been found to take the place of the Bible story. Yet there are some things in it which careful parents would keep from their children, and in reading it aloud to young children one often skips what seems unsuitable. As Dr. Brown says in his preface, "care for childhood prompts this, and not blame for the Bible." The omitted parts include genealogies, also, and whatever we regard as unprofitable for the young lis-

teners. The Bible for Children is made up entirely of the parts suitable for childhood, and, moreover, it has been so divided into subjects forming complete stories in themselves, that the child will be interested in every part of it. As soon as his own reading becomes a resource he can turn every leaf and on every word.

The life of Jesus is nicely put together in a continuous account taken from the four Evangelists. Changes of arrangement have been made, with omissions, but the spelling and wording of the King James version are unchanged.

TOPSYS AND TURVYS. By Peter Newell.

This book contains 36 illustrated subjects selected from the two books of this name issued in 1893 and 1894, and which are now out of print. Price, \$1.00 net (postage 11 cents).

Fun for the young folks. And surprises, too! Wonder and amazement for the older ones. This is a picture-book of a unique character. The pictures are wonderfully clever and have gained a wide popularity. Hold the book in one position for one picture; invert it, and behold! another one entirely different.

The demand for these books has led the pub-

lishers to issue the present volume; which is made up of selections from the previous "Topsy Turvy" books. This collection includes the best pictures from the previous volumes, and is printed in colors throughout. The cover is a "Topsy Turvy" picture.



BARNABY LEE. By John Bennett, author of "Master Skylark." Illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

This is a book for older readers and for boys and girls. It is more fully described on a previous page.

THE WYNDHAM GIRLS. By Marion Ames Taggart. 12mo, 303 pages, with illustrations by C.M. Relyea. Price, \$1.20 net (postage 13 cents).

Young girls used to a life of luxury and extravagance suddenly become greatly reduced in circumstances and set to make a home and a living—such is the ever interesting theme of Miss Taggart's story of city life. There is reality in the book, but there is also the fascinating touch of romantic fiction, and the girls—the Wyndham girls—are charming, bright, humorous, and plucky. That rare thing, a wholesome, clever book for young girl readers.

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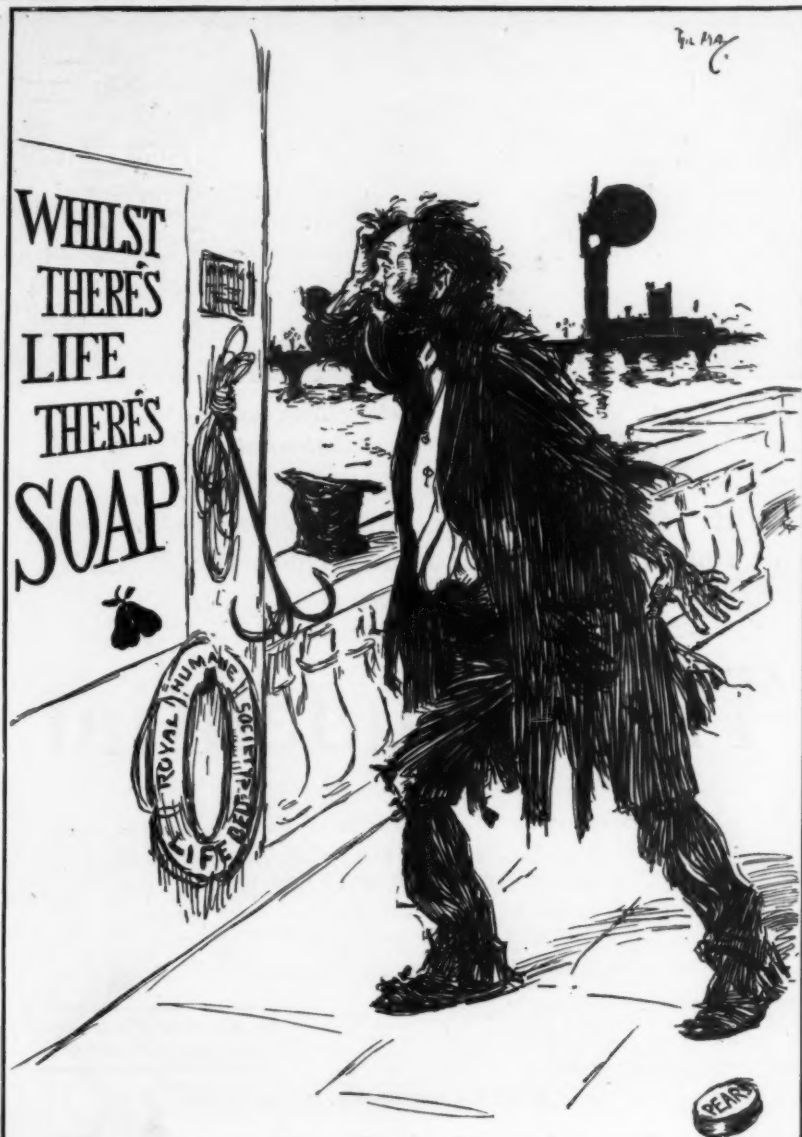
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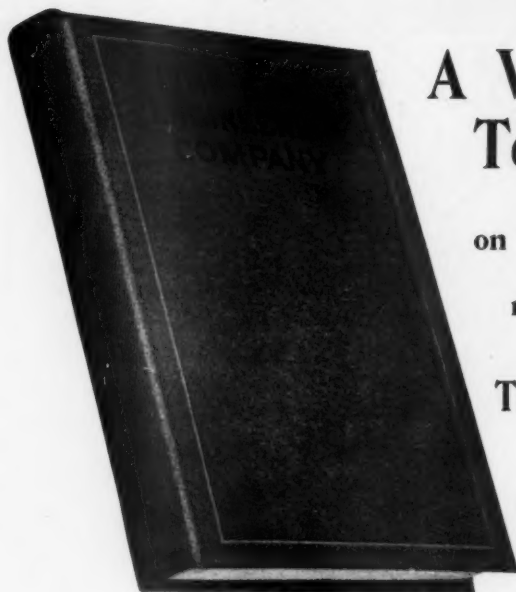
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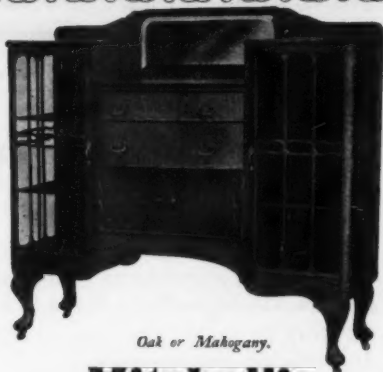
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 52



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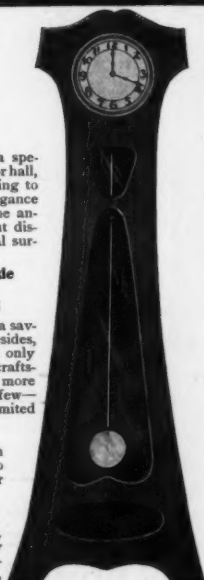
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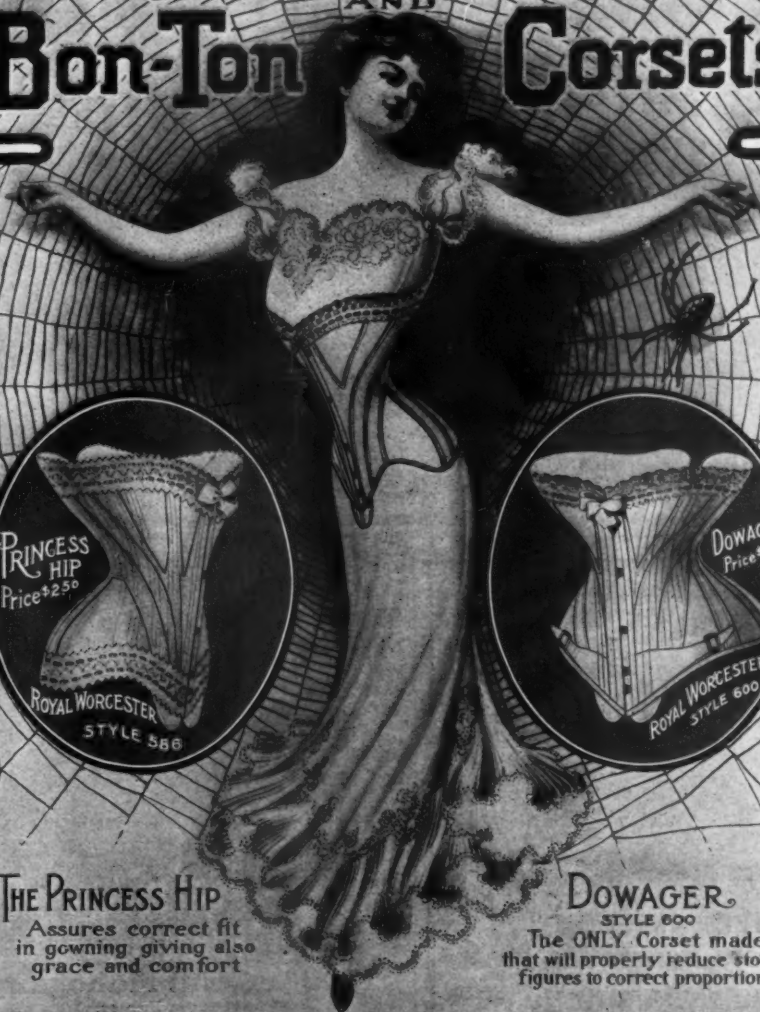
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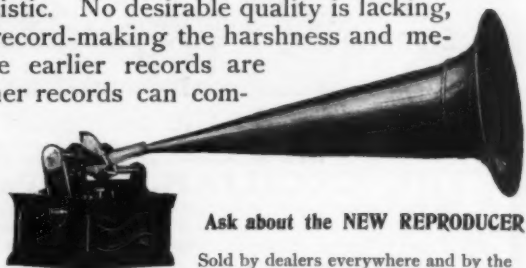
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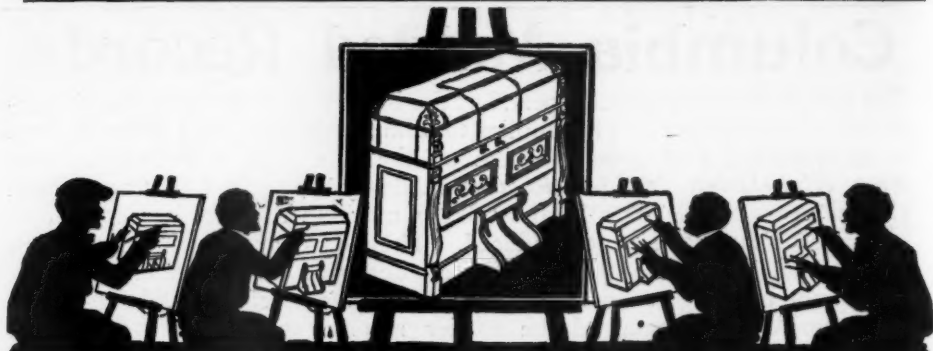
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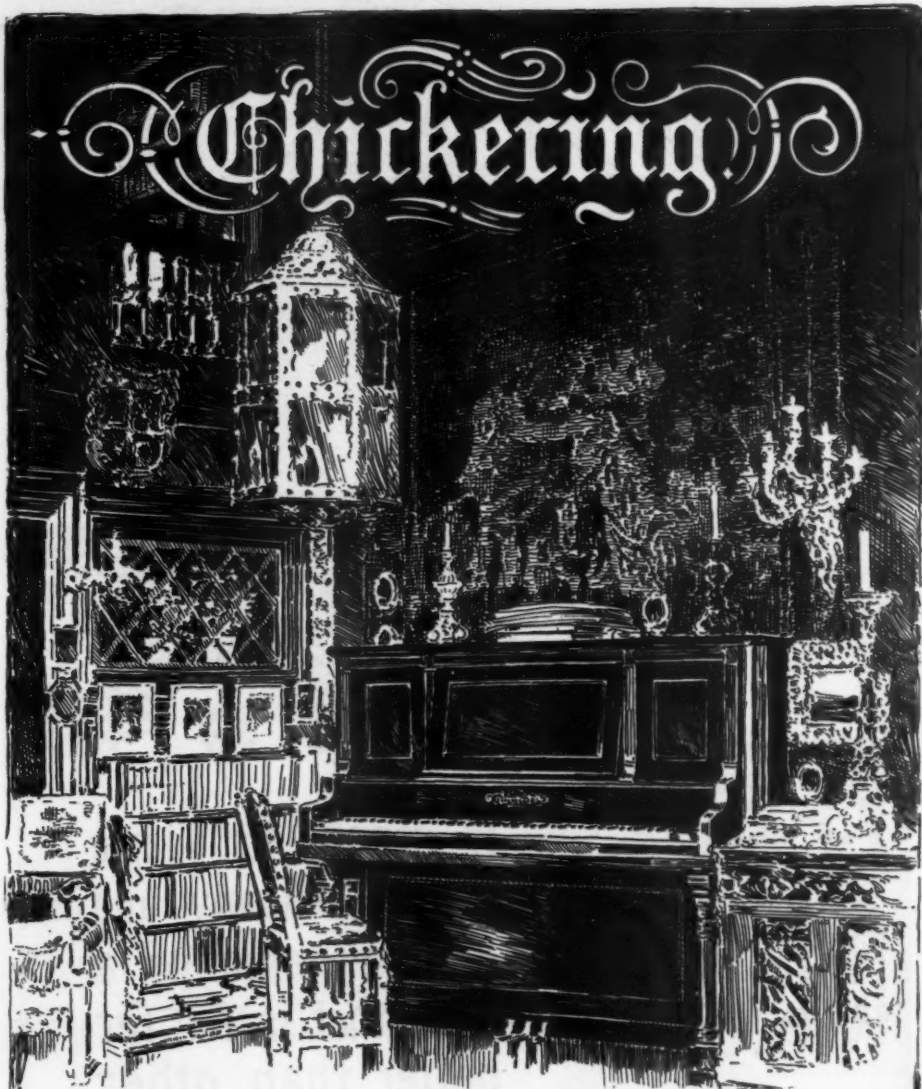
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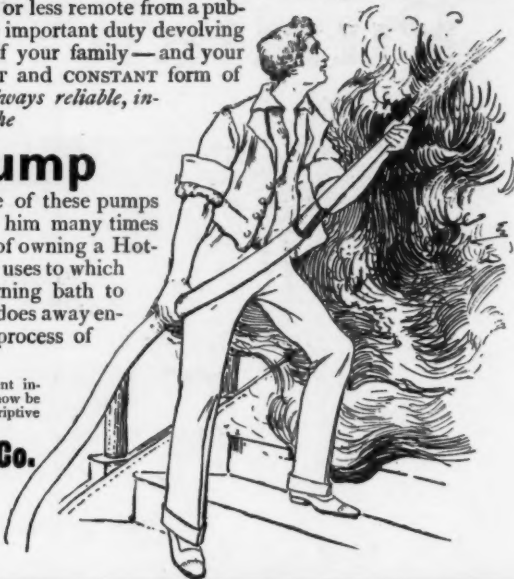
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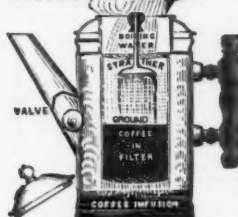


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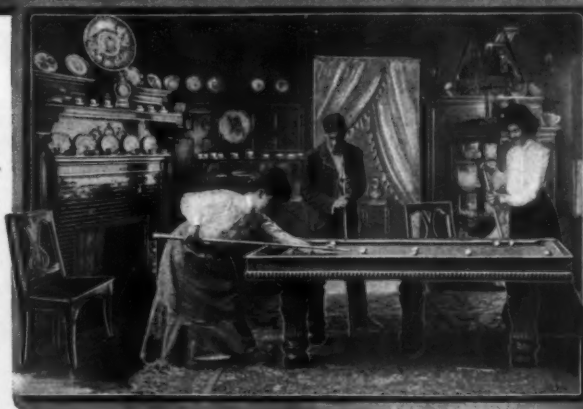
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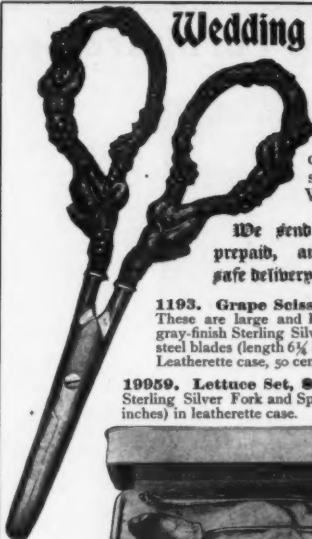
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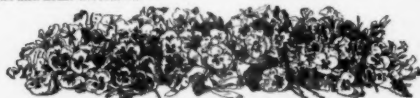
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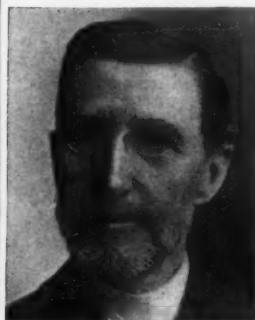
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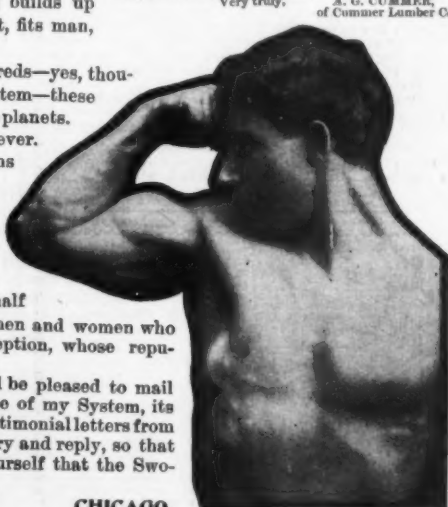
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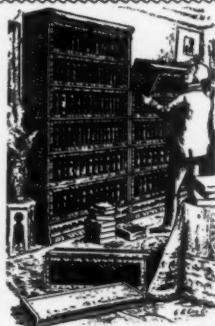
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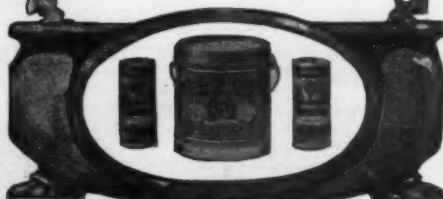
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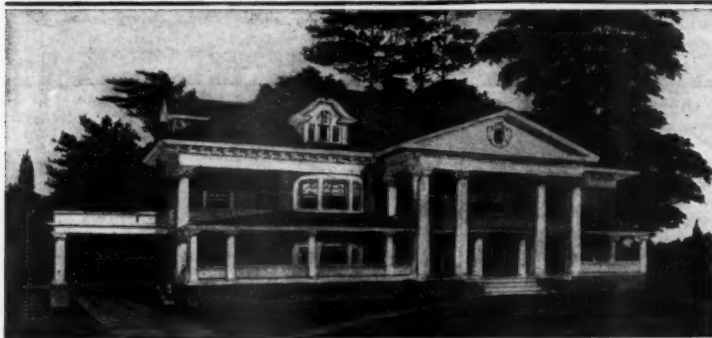
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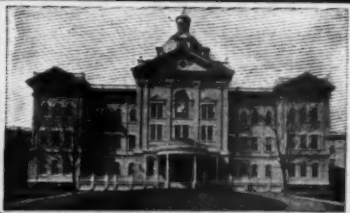
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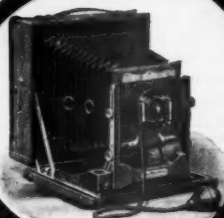
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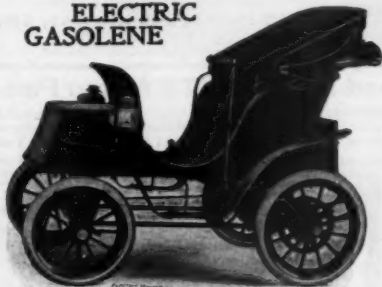
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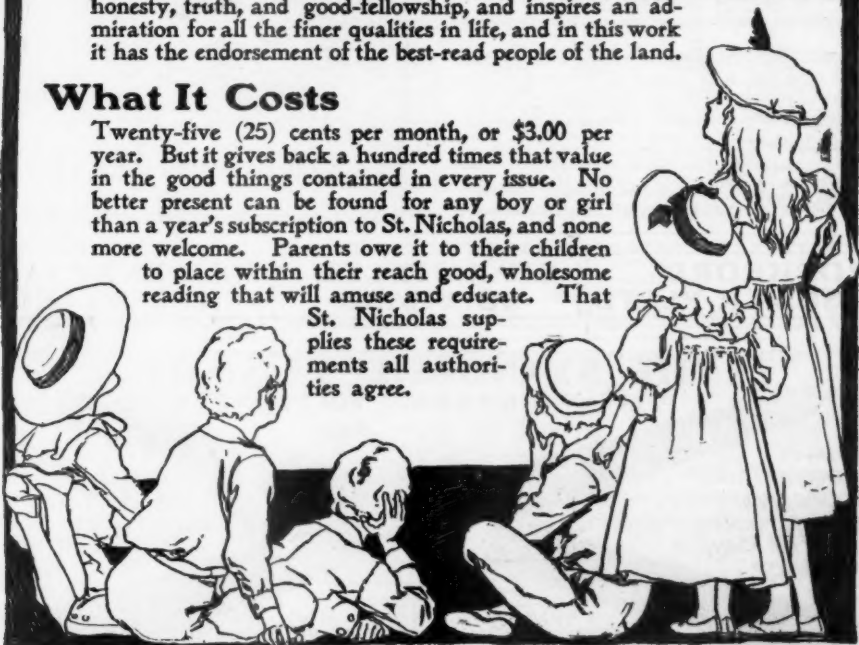
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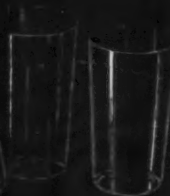
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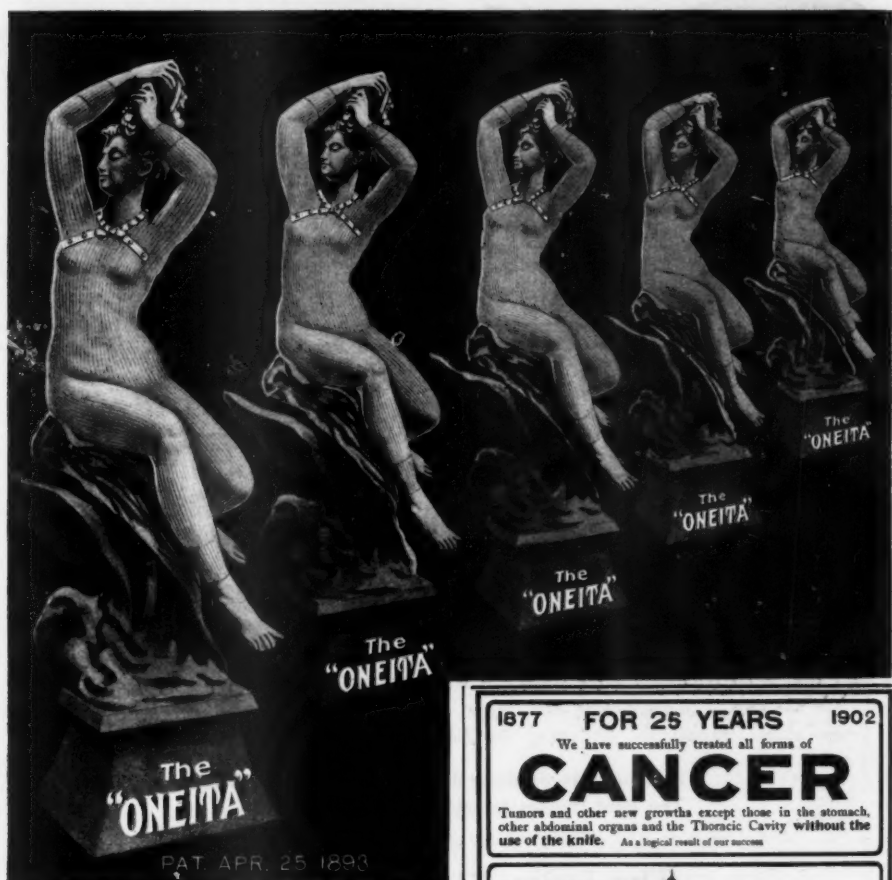
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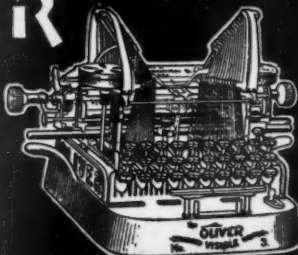
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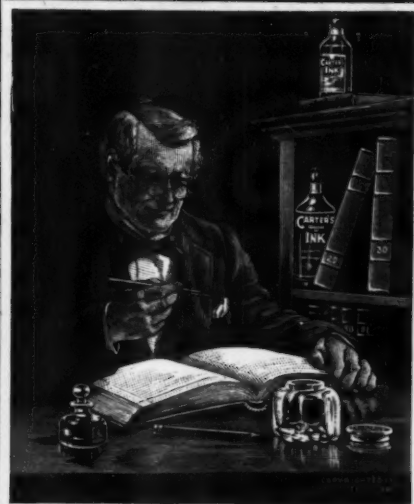


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Crimea, and the Caucasus.**

relieving you of all discomforts of frequent changes, poor accommodations, etc.

Their cruises are patronized by the very highest class of tourists, and you are, therefore, assured of congenial travelling companions. During the last 14 years the HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE has successfully carried out annual cruises to all parts of the world, and the experience they have thus gathered redounds to the benefit of the tourist.

NO OVERCROWDING

**DON'T
FAIL**

to send for itineraries, rates, pamphlets, programmes, etc., giving you complete information.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

35-37 Broadway, New York
1229 Walnut St., Philadelphia
116 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.
401 California St., San Francisco

TO THE
MEDITERRANEAN
ORIENT

MEDITERRANEAN -
BLACK SEA
CAUCASUS
CRIMEA
NEW YORK - MAR 1914

BEYROUT
KALAMAKI

CONSTANTINOPLE

NAUPLIA
CATANIA

LISBON
SOUTH-
EAST

BALACLAVA
ATHLETICS

SEBASTIAN YALTI

PORT of SPAIN
LA BREA

PIERRE
FORTIER

MAIN

1



ALTA.
FFA.





To the Land of Flowers in Sixty-Six Hours

There's a better train and a better route to California than any you have ever used. The train is the

GOLDEN STATE LIMITED

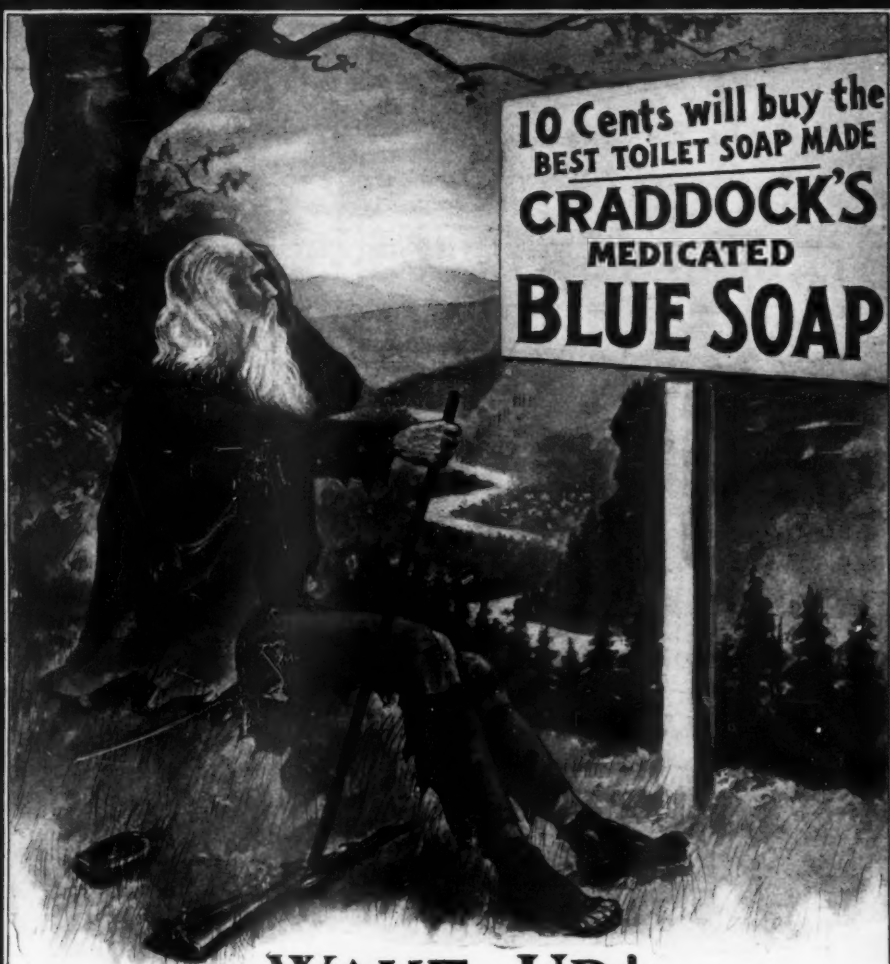
It is the most comfortable train in the world. Lighted and cooled by electricity. Barber shop and bath—everything that any other train has, and some things that no other train has. Leaves Chicago daily on and after Nov. 1st.



The route is composed of the Rock Island and Southern Pacific Railroads, by way of El Paso, Tex. Its advantages are: Shortest to Southern California; easiest grades, lowest altitudes and most southerly course of any trans-continental line. Standard and compartment sleepers, diner, observation and library cars, Chicago to Los Angeles. One sleeper, Chicago to Santa Barbara; another Chicago to San Francisco.

Reservations (which can be made at any ticket office in the United States or Canada), should be made AS FAR IN ADVANCE AS POSSIBLE. Write for our new California Book. Ready October 15th. Beautiful

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago, Ill.



WAKE UP!

to the wonderful progress made in the manufacture of toilet soaps in the last 30 years. Then, 25 cents was a fair price: to day, 10 cents will buy the best toilet soap made. **CRADDOCK'S MEDICATED BLUE SOAP** is absolutely pure and free from alkali. It has a refreshing odor, lathers freely and leaves the skin soft and smooth. No good toilet soap is as cheap. No cheap toilet soap is as good.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS, AT 10 CENTS PER CAKE.

THE EUREKA SOAP COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

More than Twice as Big.

1901—3,800 miles.

1902—8,000 miles.

From a local line, 3,800 miles long, whose interests were almost entirely confined to Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, the Rock Island System has branched out until its rails now fairly gridiron the Central West—from Minnesota to Texas and from the Great Lakes to the foot-hills of the Rockies—a territory a thousand miles long, a thousand miles wide, supporting a population of more than 21,000,000 people, and capable of supporting four times that many.

John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Rock Island System, Chicago.

This is one of a series of announcements which are intended to bring home to the traveling and shipping public the facts that the Rock Island is one of the world's great railroads; that it is in perfect physical condition; that the territory tributary to its lines is as rich as any on the globe; that the Rock Island enjoys the distinction of being the only Western railroad which has north and south, as well as east and west lines—an advantage which, in time, will make it the strongest, most independent and most self-sufficient railroad system in the United States.



Travelers should use the Rock Island. Business men should locate in the towns along its lines. Farmers and stock raisers should buy land in the territory it traverses. Reasons why will be furnished on request.

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

1876

Principal Office, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, N. Y.

1902

FIDELITY BONDS
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY
PERSONAL ACCIDENT . .
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER
PLATE GLASS
BURGLARY
FLY WHEEL
BONDED LIST

OVER \$15,000,000 paid by us for losses in 26 years. Nearly 200,000 policy-holders to-day. Nearly \$5,000,000 this year for premiums. This record should put every one who needs such insurances as we grant on inquiries as to our standing and methods, absolute and relative.

It is prudent to make such inquiries, for *there is quality* in insurance as in other commodities. It will not be difficult to make them, for we have agents and policy-holder all over this goodly land.

WM. P. DIXON, GEO. E. IDE,
 ALFRED M. HOYT, W. G. LOW,
 A. B. HULL, J. G. McCULLOUGH,
 WM. J. MATHESON,

DIRECTORS:

ALEXANDER E. ORR, ANTON A. RAVEN,
 HENRY E. PIERREPONT, JOHN L. RIKER,
 GEO. F. SEWARD, W. EMLEN ROOSEVELT,
 GEO. G. WILLIAMS.

GEO. F. SEWARD, President.
 ROBT. J. HILLAS, Secretary-Treasurer.

HENRY CROSSLEY, First Assistant Secretary.
 FRANK E. LAW, Second Assistant Secretary.



FOR THE SICK



*It Fits the
Spot That Hurts*



BAILEY'S GOOD SAMARITAN HOT-WATER BOTTLE

Beware of Imitations

Here is a Bottle full of comfort; it will give real comfort, and is sure to be appreciated. It is soft as a pillow and soothes and relieves. Fits the body and stays in position. Largest heating surface of any hot-water bottle made. A moist cloth placed in the disk-hollow steams the face in Neuralgia, Earache, or Toothache. Ends button together, making a perfect foot-warmer.

3-inch diameter (face size), \$1.00
 8-inch diameter (1 quart), 1.50
 10-inch diameter (2 quarts), 1.50
 11-inch diameter (3 quarts), 1.75

Every One Guaranteed. All Dealers. Sent on receipt of price. Rubber Catalogue Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
 LEEMING, MILES & Co., Agts., Montreal.

DECORATE YOUR YARD

It means more to your home than your house-furnishings, and costs next to nothing, if you know how.

The **OUT DOOR ART CLUB**, composed of kindred spirits who like beautiful yards and things, has prepared a model design for the decoration of the average city or village lot. This plan is drawn to scale, and shows the location and name of every shrub and plant with full instructions for planting and how to make a perfect lawn. "The man with the hoe" can do the rest.

FOR A TWO-CENT STAMP

we will send pictures of many places beautified by the design; also, full details of Certificate of Membership in the **OUT DOOR ART CLUB**, entitling you to above plan, and to privilege of purchasing flower seeds, roses, and all nursery stock at wholesale, saving nearly 40%.

SEND NOW FOR FALL PLANTING.

OUT DOOR ART CLUB

Box 16, Station F, - - BROOKLYN, N. Y.



STAFFORD'S \$21.00 Desk

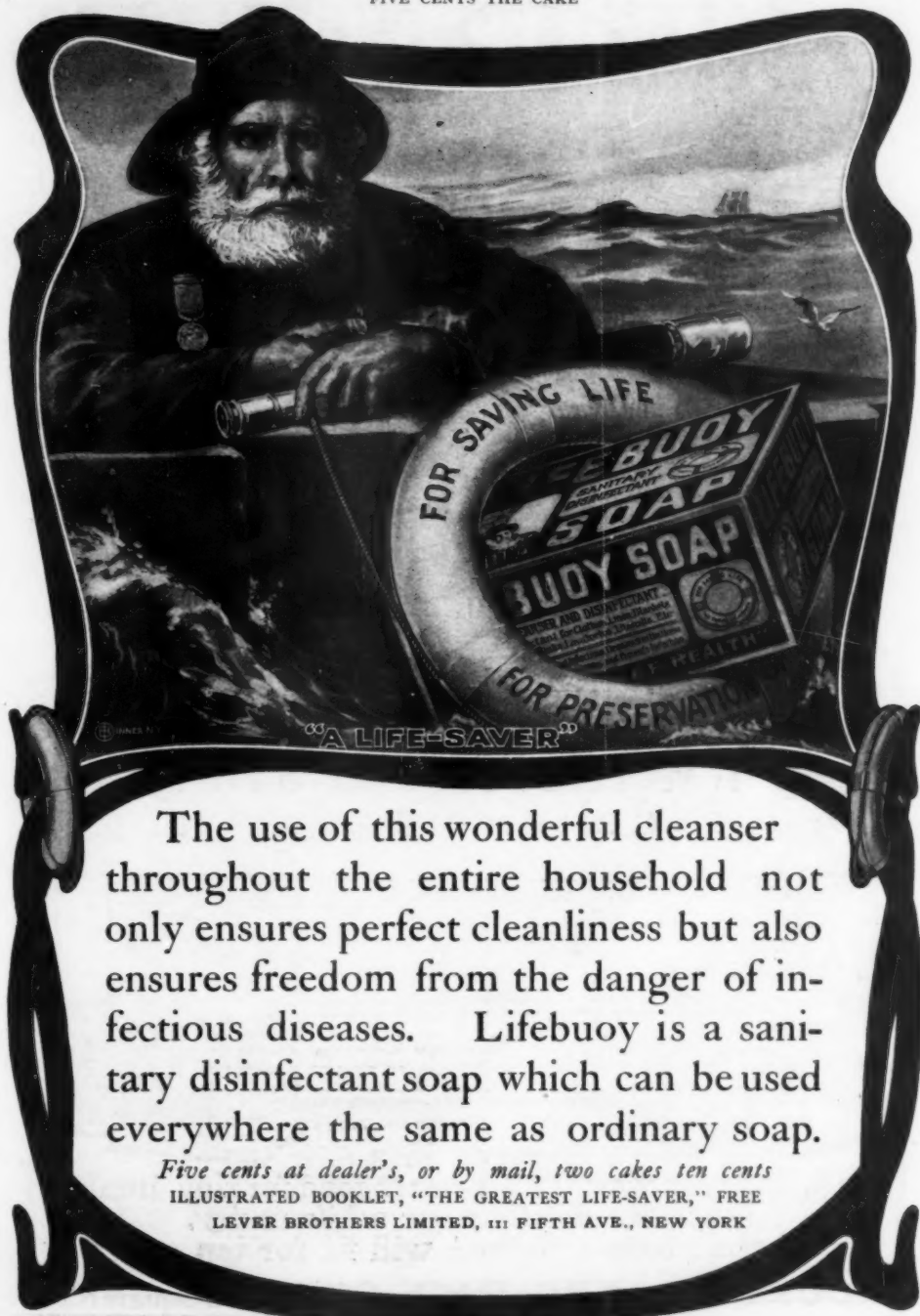
Finished golden polished, square-topped oak front, built up panels and writing bed, double-deck top, moulded stiles, automatic locks, 2 legal blank drawers, letter file, 6 all wood file boxes, supply drawer, hang over front, center drawer, document file, card index drawers with cards, black paneled and polished. 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. Best to any responsible person on approval. Ask for catalogues with factory prices: Office Furniture, No. 81. Home Furniture, No. 82. Typewriters, all makes, "H."

No. 20

E. H. STAFFORD & BROS.,
 18-20 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.



FIVE CENTS THE CAKE



The use of this wonderful cleanser throughout the entire household not only ensures perfect cleanliness but also ensures freedom from the danger of infectious diseases. Lifebuoy is a sanitary disinfectant soap which can be used everywhere the same as ordinary soap.

Five cents at dealer's, or by mail, two cakes ten cents

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, "THE GREATEST LIFE-SAVER," FREE

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, 111 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



EAT
COOK'S
FLAKED
RICE

More healthful than
beef and potatoes
Then too, it's so dainty
and delicious - *Try it!*

Only a minute
to prepare ∴

At the Grocery Store



Prepared in a
little different way it's a perfect food for tiny infants,
Truly it's worth your while to try.
A doll that baby's clothes will fit for ten cents •
COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO. 1 Union Square N.Y.

MINERAL SPRINGS 113

Buffalo Lithia Water

Has for Thirty Years been Recognized by the Medical Profession as an Invaluable Remedy in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and all Diseases Dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis. Time adds to the Voluminous Testimony of Leading Clinical Observers.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. See Medical Bulletin, July, 1902. Gives full clinical notes of nine cases of Albuminuria of Pregnancy and three cases of Puerperal Convulsions in which **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was systematically used with gratifying results, and adds: "The habitual use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** by women who are enceinte is a commendable precaution against the occurrence of Puerperal Convulsions."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, A. M., M. D., Health Commissioner, New York City and State, President Board of Pharmacy, New York City, Examining Physician, Corporation Council, New York City, Etc., writes: "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with great benefit in Bright's Disease."

Medical testimony of the highest order, attesting the value of this water in the other diseases mentioned, mailed to any address. For sale by grocers and druggists generally.


PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, Virginia.

In The Morning

Before rising,
or while dressing,
is the best
time to take—

Hunyadi János

THE BEST
NATURAL APERIENT WATER
IT RELIEVES BILIOUS ATTACKS.



Avoid **Constipation**; it is the beginning of many derangements of the system. If a man, who in the morning is suffering from **Constipation**; from over eating or drinking, will at once, on rising, drink a half-glass of **HUNYADI JÁNOS** he will have prompt and pleasant relief.

Insist on **HUNYADI JÁNOS** and firmly refuse substitutes. They are often harmful.

ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

A NEW FOOD

CORN, the distinctly American food, strengthened the Indians, the Puritans, and the Southern Planters in the form of Hasty Pudding and Cornbread ; but now the most perfect food ever put on the market is here—made of the best White Southern Corn, with all the fiber, etc., taken out, cooked, and made into large, crisp, clean malted flakes.

Delicious
but
Vitalizing

Nutritious
but not
Fattening

Nerve
Building
but not
Heating



Perfect
food for
Athletes

Children
thrive
on it

Invalids
find it
tempting

Jaded appetites—tired of the old foods—glad to find the new foods that have lately become so popular, will find in Korn-Krisp a new, delicious, and in every way *superior* breakfast food.

Large Flakes.

Clean and Uniform.

Crisp Popcorn Taste.

Pleases Every One.

Far more nourishing than Wheat. Much less starch than Wheat. 35 per cent. more brain and nerve food than Oatmeal.

"To hold as't were, the mirror
up to nature."

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is the direct reflection of Nature. It is the whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. It is the NATURAL food intended by Nature for man's use, because it contains *All the Properties in Correct Proportion Necessary to Nourish every Element of the Human Organism.* Man's ignorance as to the uses of the different parts of the wheat was originally accountable for the removal of portions of it in order to make white flour. Custom and habit are accountable for the continuance of this vital error. Faulty bones and teeth, weak bodies and minds are the result of the white flour eating practice."

Snake of the pale, stinky yoke and nourish every part of your God-given mind and body with NATURAL food—thrust the white bread eating habit firmly aside, be well and strong and "share do all that may become a man." Sold by all Grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" Cook Book (Free).
THE NATURAL FOOD CO.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



THE COX'S
NECKBOARD
PACKET
GELATINE
TO ENRICH
SOUPS MEAT
JELLIES etc.
THERE ARE A
HUNDRED USES FOR
COX'S GELATINE
OTHER THAN FOR WINE JELLY.
WRITE FOR "DESSERTS" BOOKLET OF
RECIPES BY OSCAR OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
SENT FREE ON REQUEST. BOOKLET AND PACKAGES
GELATINE FOR TRIAL SENT TO ANY CHILD
DESIRING TO MAKE JELLY FOR INVALIDS. ADDRESS
THE JOHN M. CHAPMAN CO.
AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES OF J & C COX LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1873, CHANSHAM, SCOTLAND

We
eat
Malta-Vita
"The Perfect Food"
For
**Brain
and
Muscle**

PURE, PALATABLE, POPULAR
Millions are eating Malta-Vita, the perfect food.
Tastes good—because it is good
Needs no cooking. Always ready to eat.
Relished by old and young, sick or well.
SOLD BY GROCERS
MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.
Battle Creek, Mich. Toronto, Canada

Mellin's Food



Leslie Jesse Matthes Milwaukee, Wis.

"My little boy, **LESLIE JESSE MATTHES**, has been fed on Mellin's Food ever since he was 12 weeks old. I began nursing him, but I had a great deal of trouble and anxiety about him, until I gave him nothing but Mellin's Food. I found your little book and pamphlets a great aid, and I thank you for same, also for samples with which you have favored me. I would advise every mother, who is unable to nurse her babe, to try Mellin's Food."

OUR BOOK "THE CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS," SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., Boston, Mass.

"Oneida Community Quality"

THE public believes that the goods made by a Community are pure and true. This priceless confidence calls for extraordinary pains, and for this reason the Oneida Community puts a weight of silver on the Spoons, Forks and Knives which bear its name that has never been used before; more than Triple Plate. The price also of these high class goods is the lowest that has ever been made, quality considered. The illustrated story "About Oneida Community" is sent free on application.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET, D

ONEIDA COMMUNITY,
Kenwood,
Madison Co., N. Y.



THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN A CUP OF

Hayden's COCOA
OR
CHOCOLATE

UNLESS IT BE A
SECOND CUP



Hayden's
COCOA & CHOCOLATE
SOLD BY GROCERS
EVERYWHERE

If not handled by your grocer send his name on postal to us at
863 BROADWAY, N. Y., asking for free sample and booklet.

FOOD PRODUCTS

117

When on your Fall and Winter Hunting, Fishing and Camping Trips use

Durkee's Salad Dressing and Meat Sauce

Adds a Relish to all
Game, Fish, Meats,
Sauces, Salads and
Sandwiches



A Superior Dress-
ing for all purposes
for which a Salad
is used

TRIAL BOTTLE,
TEN CENTS.

FOR SALE AT ALL
FIRST-RATE GROCERS

The only bottle imitated. Why?

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET ON "SALADS:—HOW TO MAKE AND
DRESS THEM," GIVING MANY VALUABLE AND NOVEL RECIPES, TO

E. R. DURKEE & CO., 534 WASHINGTON STREET
NEW YORK CITY

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A
Triumph
in
Sugar
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household:—there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike—and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS, and is manufactured only by HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.

Oct. 1902.



Chocolates
and Confections

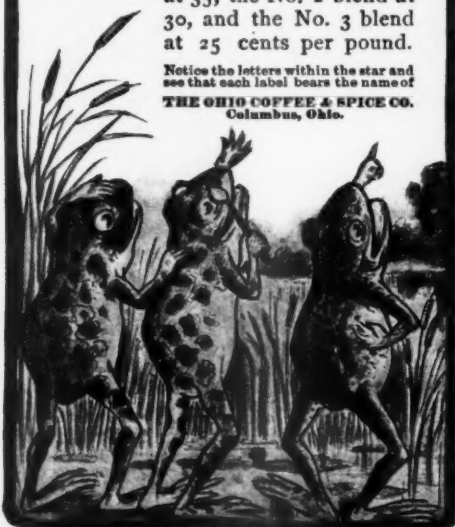
When there's
Whitman's on the
tongue, there's praise
on the lips.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE,
Made in a Minute.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Phila.

The leading grocer in each city is
the distributor and carries in stock
the AA grade of Mocha and Java at
40 cents, the No. 1 Mocha and Java
at 35, the No. 2 blend at
30, and the No. 3 blend
at 25 cents per pound.

Notice the letters within the star and
see that each label bears the name of
THE OHIO COFFEE & SPICE CO.
Columbus, Ohio.



WHITE STAR COFFEE

Buying coffee in one and two
pound cans makes it possible for
you to obtain all the strength and
all the flavor. This is really what
you buy, for the grounds you throw
away.

A pound of **White Star Coffee**
will make more cups than a pound
of any other brand, because it is
developed more highly.

What To Eat

IS REplete with Novel
Entertainments, Hum-
orous bits for the Enter-
tainer, Short Stories,
and gives the best re-
cipes for all kinds of
cookery.

Health Hints

Among the popular features
are articles on diet and health
written in gossip style by
leading physicians. "What
to eat for different ailments,
and when to diet, carefully
considered.

\$1.00 pays for a year's subscription to **What to Eat**.
10 CENTS A COPY.



What To Eat

The Pierce Publishing Co.
Fifth Ave. and Washington St., Chicago.

Ralston

PURINA CEREALS

APPRECIATED
TO-DAY IN A

MILLION HOMES

RALSTON
HEALTH
Breakfast
Food

PURINA
HEALTH
PANCAKE
FLOUR
HYGIENICALLY MILLED
PURINAMILLS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The
**Checkerboard Packages
form the
Health Structure**

Upon Ralston-Purina Cereals we can each build our own Health Structure; they nourish every part of the body and are most appetizing.

Millions of people owe their healthfulness and vigor to the constant use of Ralston-Purina Cereals.

Stop eating ready-cooked, cold cereals, these chilly mornings, and begin eating Ralston-Purina Cereals.—A kind to suit any kind of an appetite.

Sold by all Grocers.

Purina Mills

"Where Purity is Paramount"
St. Louis, Mo.

RALSTON
HOMINY
GRITS

PURINA MILLS
WHERE PURITY IS PARAMOUNT
ST. LOUIS, MO.

RALSTON
HEALTH
BARLEY
FOOD

PURINA MILLS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

RALSTON
HEALTH
BRAIN BREAD


RALSTON
HEALTH
OATS

PURINAMILLS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

RALSTON
HEALTH
OATS

PURINAMILLS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

RALSTON
HEALTH
BRAIN BREAD



The One Food
that is Seasonable
the year 'round:

Van Camp's
BOSTON BAKED
PORK
AND
BEANS

Sold by grocers.
Sample can and
booklet for 6c in
stamps.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO.,
310 Kentucky Av., Indianapolis, Ind.

The advertisement features a central illustration of a woman and a child, both dressed in early 20th-century attire. The woman, on the left, wears a large, ornate hat with a floral arrangement and a long, light-colored coat. She holds a can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans in her right hand and a large, dark, patterned bag in her left. The child, on the right, wears a similar hat and coat, also holding a can of the product. The background is plain white, and the text is arranged around the central figures. The top of the page has a decorative border with the words 'FOOD PRODUCTS' and the number '120'. The bottom of the page has a decorative border with the company name and address.

L' Aiglon

Hart Schaffner & Marx raincoat

You are probably going to have a raincoat this fall ; you're foolish to pay more than this one will cost ; there are none better at any price.

It sheds rain ; ventilates perfectly ; soft, pliable all-wool fabrics, with no hint, in looks or feeling, of the wiry, stiff "water-proof" commonly used. A gentleman's overcoat, rain-proof.

\$18 to \$30 ; best clothiers sell H S & M clothes. The label is in every coat ; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

For a two cent stamp we will send our handsome Style Book ; poster cover in colors ; fall and winter styles illustrated.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers
Chicago and New York





*"Fate Cannot Harm Me, I
Have Dined To-day."*

This expresses the feeling of a man who has eaten Cream of Wheat. It is a food that is both good to eat and "good for you." That is what Cream of Wheat is. A Dainty Breakfast Dish. Delicious Desserts.

Cream of Wheat

What Would the Harvest Be

without the sleek and fat corn-fed porkers so requisite in the production of—

Swift's Premium Hams

and Bacon, the food products of ripest experience in cure, flavor, and quality. Each piece is United States Gov'tment inspected.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard reaps popularity everywhere.

3, 5, 10-lb. pails. Sold by leading dealers.

Swift's Art Calendar for 1903, to be issued in November, will surpass all previous efforts in beauty of design and color. The original is from the brush of a celebrated French artist, while the work represents the highest and most modern standards of lithography. Description, information, and other calendar particulars, will be given in the November number of this magazine.

The price will remain the same as in previous years—10 cents.

Chicago Kansas City Omaha **Swift & Company** St. Louis St. Joseph St. Paul



COPYRIGHT 1900 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



The sweetest thing on earth is the face of a little child. Its skin is exquisitely delicate, like the bloom of a ripe peach. Imagine washing a peach with colored and perfumed soap! Next to pure water, Ivory Soap is the purest and most innocent thing for a child's skin. No chemicals! No free alkali! Just a soft, snow-white puff of down, which vanishes instantly when water is applied.

IT FLOATS.

The drawing by Jessie Willcox Smith, reproduced above, was awarded first prize of Six Hundred Dollars in an artists' competition conducted by The Procter & Gamble Co.



Libby's

**GOOD
THINGS
TO
EAT**



SOUPS The most appetizing, nutritious and most troublesome to make at home, of any article of diet, are offered you, ready to eat by the addition of boiling water : : :

LIBBY'S CONCENTRATED SOUPS

Made in large quantities from the choicest of pure, wholesome materials, by accomplished chefs, are the perfection of excellence.

NO SUCH SOUPS CAN BE MADE AT HOME

Ten cents a can; makes six portions. : : : Ask for our booklet
"HOW TO MAKE GOOD THINGS TO EAT." It tells about all of

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products and how to serve them **APPETIZINGLY**

Send ten cents stamps for Libby's big home Atlas with 32 new maps.
Size, 8 x 11 inches.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Old Reliable

ROYAL



**BAKING
POWDER**

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

*May Be
Hitting You.*

Try leaving off

COFFEE

and use

POSTUM

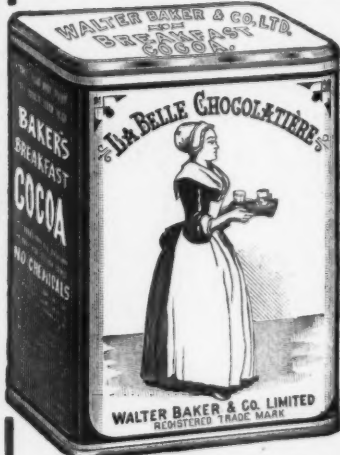
TROUBLE IN DRINK.

Not Always Easy to Discover.

Many highly organized persons cannot digest even one cup of coffee a day.

The trouble may not show directly in stomach, but indirectly in bowels, liver, nerves, headache, or in some other organ. Stop for ten days and see if you have uncovered the cause of your trouble. Take on Postum Food Coffee. It furnishes a pleasant Morning Cup, and contains the selected food elements which quickly restore the nerves and structure of body to a normal state. Demonstratable fact; try it. Grocers furnish at 15 and 25 cents.

LOOK AT THE LABEL!



**40
HIGHEST
AWARDS
IN
EUROPE
AND
AMERICA**

**The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than ONE CENT a Cup**

**WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.**

If it's a
PIANO

*Your selection
should be
THE*

KNABE

*Three score and ten years of
successful growth and experience
represented in THE KNABE of
to-day.*

